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THE
NEW RECITER, READER
AND
ORATOR

A TEXTBOOK ON THE PRINCIPLES OF
ELOCUTION,

WITH CHOICE AND ORIGINAL RECITATIONS EMBRACING THE BEST
SPECIMENS OF THE ART IN PROSE AND VERSE

BY
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PREFACE.

IN bringing the present volume before the public, the author desires to state that his object in compiling the work is to offer students of Elocution a simple, practical treatise of its various constituents, together with a number of the very best specimens of the art obtainable, in both prose and verse. It has been his hope that by excluding the more hackneyed, and, at the same time, mediocre selections appearing in most books upon the subject, he might be able to submit only those which were really worthy of repetition upon a public platform. Several quite original citations appear in the collection, and for permission to insert many valuable copyright works the author has to return his most sincere thanks to their owners and proprietors. If he has unintentionally encroached upon the rights of any one in the course of his labours, he begs to offer every apology.

With regard to the general arrangement of the book, the various novel methods of treatment adopted have their chief defence in the fact that they run upon the lines of the writer's own practical experience, which is sufficient to induce him to make such changes in the usual course of instruction, for the sake of imparting clearness and simplicity to the delightful study of Elocution.

December, 1887.

ON LEARNING BY HEART.

By MR. VERNON LUSHINGTON.

THU he has fairly tried it, I suspect a reader does not know how much he would gain from committing to memory passages of real excellence: precisely because he does not know how much he overlooks in merely reading. Learn one true poem by heart, and see if you do not find it so. Beauty after beauty will reveal itself, in chosen phrases, or happy music, or noble suggestion, otherwise undreamed of. It is like looking at one of Nature's wonders through a microscope. Again: how much in such a poem that you really did feel admirable and lovely on a first reading, passes away, if you do not give it a further and much better reading!--passes away utterly, like a sweet sound, or an image on the lake, which the first breath of wind dispels. If you could only fix that image, as the photographers do theirs, so beautifully, so perfectly! And you can do so! Learn it by heart, and it is yours for ever!

I have said, a true poem; for naturally men will choose to learn poetry—from the beginning of time they have done so. To immortal verse the memory gives a willing, a joyous, and a lasting home. However, some prose is poetical, is poetry, and altogether worthy to be learned by heart; and the learning is not so very difficult. It is not difficult or toil-some to learn that which pleases us; and the labour, once given, is forgotten, while the result remains.

Poems and noble extracts, whether of verse or prose, once so reduced into possession and rendered truly our own, may be to us a daily pleasure; better far than a whole library unused. They may come to us in our dull moments, to refresh us as with spring flowers; in our selfish musings, to win us by pure delight from the tyranny of foolish castle-building, self-congratulations, and mean anxieties. They may be with us in the workshop, in the crowded streets, by the fireside; sometimes, perhaps, on pleasant hill-sides, or by sounding shores;—noble friends and companions—our own! never intrusive, ever at hand, coming at our call!

Shakspeare, Milton, Wordsworth, Tennyson—the words of such men do not stale upon us, they do not grow old or cold. . . . Further: though you are young now, some day you will be old. Some day you may reach that time when a man lives in greater part for memory and by memory. I can imagine a chance renewal, chance visitation of the words long remembered, long garnered in the hearts and I think I see a gleam of rue joy in the eyes of the old man.

For those, in particular, whose leisure time is short, and precious as scant rations to beleaguered men, I believe there could not be a better expenditure of time than deliberately giving an occasional hour—it requires no more—to committing to memory chosen passages from great authors. If the mind were thus daily nourished with a few choice words of the best English poets and writers; if the habit of learning by heart were to become so general that, as a matter of course, any person presuming to be educated amongst us might be expected to be equipped with a few good pieces,—I believe it would lead, far more than the mere sound of it suggests, to the diffusion of the best kind of literature, and the right appreciation of it, and men would not long rest satisfied with knowing a few stock pieces. . . .

The only objection I can conceive to what I have been saying is, that it may be said that a wish for higher literature belongs only to the few; that it is the result of cultivation; and that there is no use in trying to create what must be in general only a fictitious interest. But I do not admit that literature, even the higher literature, must belong to the few. Poetry is, in the main, essentially catholic:—addressed to all men; and though some poetry requires particular knowledge and superior culture, much, and that the noblest, needs only natural feeling and the light of common experience. Such poetry, taken in moderation, followed with genuine good-will, shared in common, will be intelligible and delightful to most men who will take the trouble to be students at all, and ever more and more so.

Perhaps, also, there may be a fragment of truth in what Charles Lamb has said,—that any *spouting* “withers and blows upon a fine passage;” that there is no enjoying it after it has been “pawed about by declamatory boys and men.” But surely there is a reasonable habit of recitation as well as an unreasonable one; there is no need of declamatory pawing. To abandon all recitation, is to give up a custom which has given delight and instruction to all the races of articulately speaking men. If our faces are set against vain display, and set towards rational enjoyment of one another, each freely giving

his best, and freely receiving what his neighbour offers, we need not fear that our social evenings will be marred by an occasional recitation, or that the fine passages will wither. And, moreover, it is not for reciting's sake that I chiefly recommend this most faithful form of reading—learning by heart.

I come back, therefore, to this : that learning by heart is a good thing, and is neglected amongst us. Why is it neglected? Partly because of our indolence, but partly, I think, it, because we do not sufficiently consider that it is a good thing, and needs to be taken in hand. We need to be reminded of it. I here remind you. Like a town-crier, ringing my bell, I would say to you, "Oyez, oyez! Lost, stolen, or strayed, a good ancient practice—the good ancient practice of learning by heart. Every finder should be handsomely rewarded."

If any ask, "What shall I learn?" the answer is, Do as you do with tunes—begin with what you sincerely like best, what you won't most wish to remember, what you would most enjoy saying to yourself or repeating to another. You will soon find the list inexhaustible. Then "keeping up" is easy. Every one has spare ten minutes: one of the problems of life is how to employ them usefully. You may well spend some in looking after and securing this good property you have won.



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ELOCUTION.

ELOCUTION is the art of speaking and reading with such *clearness, distinctness, suitability of gesture, and general artistic effect*, as to convey to an audience both understanding and gratification. It is an art which has been practised since the earliest days of history; which is, and probably ever will be, popular in all the civilized countries of the globe. In ancient Greece and Rome quite a common spectacle was that of a citizen reciting or chanting some few thousand lines of a famous epic before an admiring multitude, especially during the course of the great national games and festivals. Nowadays, reciting is one of the most fashionable of pastimes. Rhetoratory holds the same lofty place in the world's esteem as it did when Demosthenes, Cicero, and others thundered forth torrents of marvellous eloquence in the days of old. Each of these requirements calls for a quick intelligence, concentration of thought, and the cultivation of voice, expression and style; so that their utility—apart from their entertaining qualities—cannot be too highly commended. Readings and recitations are always attractive when delivered with smoothness, grace, and musical expression. The latter especially call into use the powers of memory, whilst strengthening the whole intellectual fibre. The tones of the voice are brought under control in the study of both branches of the art, whilst public reading is invaluable for the development of all the principles of general expression. It need not, therefore, be further insisted how desirable the possession of good elocutionary powers is to a man either in business or in society—at home among friends, or at public assemblies. Thus we may at once proceed to give the directions we propose offering for the guidance of the student; and, since speech is the chief means of communication among human beings, we will, first of all, deal with the voice.

THE VOICE.

THERE is no more attractive gift in the whole range of human acquirements than that of a good voice. It is, however, as rare as it is valuable, although there are hundreds of people possessing vocal powers which need only the training the study of elocution gives, to become of great compass and excellent quality. The most ordinary of voices can be wonderfully strengthened and improved by judicious exercise, so no one need despair. Demosthenes used to speak with pebbles in his mouth to cure himself of stuttering; and he achieved his end. Likewise, he was accustomed to retire to a lonely cave, in order to give his vocal organ full play in company with his thoughts; and he became at last perhaps the finest orator the world has ever seen. Voice is produced in the larynx—or Adam's apple—a kind of musical-box fixed at the top of the windpipe. During the process of expiration, a muscular effort causes the air while passing through into the pharynx (or cavity of the throat) to play upon the vocal chords contained in the larynx, which chords always fly together in the production of voice, and separate to let the air through during the ordinary process of inspiration. When the vocal chords or ligaments act properly, *i.e.*, open and close in perfect unison with the breathing, the voice is clear and melodious; but when they hang loosely together in expiration, the tones lack clearness and strength; whilst, when they meet very tightly, and the air has to force them open with some effort, a hard, sharp, unmusical note is the result.

CULTIVATION OF THE VOICE.

WHEN the sound emerges from the larynx, it is still further developed in the pharynx. Its passage through this hollow, which, on a small scale, is like a cavern on the sea-shore, has the effect of imparting fulness to the voice; and such fulness can be cultivated by judicious practice. For instance, if the larynx is raised in the throat, it follows that the cavity of the pharynx is diminished in area, and the tones become sharp and metallic. If the larynx is lowered, the pharynx is enlarged, and the voice becomes deeper and more sonorous. The palate and other portions of the mouth likewise assist in giving resonance to the sounds; the chief object of the reciter being to make the opening for them to pass through from the throat as high and lofty as possible. For this purpose, in impressive speaking, the tongue should be kept down and the pharynx enlarged; whilst the voice should be produced lower in the throat. Careful and practical study of the enlargement of the cavity of the throat and that of the mouth, will greatly increase the volume, strength and depth of the voice. It is a good plan to utter the vowel-sound, *Ah* / loudly and clearly a number of times, with the musical-box lowered, the head held erect, and the mouth well open. It is also advisable to practise moving about the palate, tongue and lips, in order to bring the different parts under complete muscular control. Below are two selections suitable both for recitation and for the promotion of resonance. Speak them in a deep, full voice.

HENRY V. TO HIS ARMY AT AGINCOURT.

What's he that wishes for ten thousand men?
My Cousin Westmoreland?—No! my fair cousin:
If we are marked to die, we are enow
To do our country loss; and if to live,
The fewer men the greater share of honour.
God's will! I pray thee, wish not one man more.
By Jove, I am not covetous for gold;
Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost:
It yearns me not if men my garments wear;
Such outward things dwell not in my desires;
But if it be a sin to covet honour,
I am the most offending soul alive.

HENRY V. TO HIS ARMY AT AGINCOURT.

No, faith, my coz, wish not a man from England :
 God's peace ! I would not lose so great an honour,
 As one man more, methinks, would share from me,
 For the best hope I have. O, do not wish one more ;
 Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,
 That he which hath no stomach to this fight,
 Let him depart : his passport shall be made,
 And crowns for convoy put into his purse ;
 We would not die in that man's company
 That turns his fellowship to die with us.
 This day is call'd the feast of Crispian :
 He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
 Will stand a tip-toe when this day is nam'd,
 And *trump* him at the name of Crispian.
 He that shall live this day, and see old age,
 Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours,
 And say, "To-morrow is Saint Crispian."
 Then will he strip his sleeve, and show his scars,
 And say, "Ther's a wound I had on Crispian's day."
 Oud ne'a forget ; yet *all* shall be forgot,
 But he'll rememb' (with advantage)
 What feats he did that day : then shall our names,
 Familiar in their mouths as household words,—
 Harry the King, Bedford and Exeter,
 Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloster,—
 Be in their flowing cups richly remembered.
 This story shall the good man teach his son ;
 And Crispian Crispian shall ne'er go by,
 From this day to the ending of the world,
 But we in it shall be remembered ;
 We few--we happy few--we band of brothers :
 For he to-day that sheds his blood with me
 Shall be my brother ; he ne'er so vile
 This day shall gentle his condition ;
 And gentlemen in England, now a-bed,
 Shall think themselves accurs'd they were not here ;
 And hold their manhoods cheap, while any speaks
 That fought with us upon Saint Crispian's Day.

Shaken re.

FITZ-JAMES AND RODERICK DHU.

The Chief in silence strode before,
 And reached that torrent's sounding shore :
 And here his course the Chieftain stayed,
 Threw down his target and his plaid,
 And to the Lowland warrior said :—
 " Bold Saxon ! to his promise just,
 Vich-Alpine has discharged his trust.
 This murderous chief, this ruthless man,
 This head of a rebellious clan,
 Hath led thee safe through watch and ward,
 Far past Clan-Alpine's outmost guard.
 Now man to man and steel to steel,
 A chieftain's vengeance thou shalt feel.
 See here, all 'vantageless I stand,
 Armed, like thyself, with single brand ;
 For this is Coilantogle ford,
 And thou must keep thee with thy sword ! "

The Saxon paused :— " I ne'er delayed,
 When foeman bade me draw my blade ;
 Nay, more, brave chief, I vowed thy death :
 Yet, sure, thy fair and generous faith,
 And my deep debt for life preserved,
 A better meed have well deserved :—
 Can nought but blood our feud atone ?
 Are there no means ? " — " No, Stranger, none !
 And hear, - to fire thy flagging zeal,—
 The Saxon cause rests on thy steel ;
 For thus spoke Fate, by prophet bred
 Between the living and the dead,
 ' Who spills the foremost foeman's life,
 His party conquers in the strife.' "

" Then by my word," the Saxon said,
 " The riddle is already read.
 Seek yonder brake beneath the cliff—
 There lies Red Murdoch, stark and stiff.
 Thus Fate hath solved her prophecy ;
 Then yield to Fate, and not to me."

Dark lightning flashed from Roderick's eye—
 "Soars thy presumption then so high,
 Because a wretched kern ye slew,
 Homage to name to Roderick Dhu?
 He yields not, he, to man --nor Fate!
 Thou add'st but fuel to my hate:—
 My clansman's blood demand's revenge!—
 Not yet prepared!—Saxon! I change
 My thought, and hold thy valour light
 As that of some vain capot knight,
 Who ill deserved my courteous care,
 And whose best boast is but to wear
 A braid of his fair lady's hair."

"I thank thee, Roderick, for the word!
 It nerve, my heart, it steels my sword;
 For I have sworn this braid to stain,
 In the best blood that warms thy vein.
 Now, true, farewell! and ruth, be gone!—
 Yet think not that by thee alone,
 Proud Chief, can courtesy be shown,
 Though not from copse, or heath, or cairn,
 Start at my whistle clansmen stern,
 Of this small horn one feeble blast
 Would fearful odds against thee cast.
 But fear not--doubt not--which thou wilt;—
 We try this quarrel hilt to hilt!"

Then each at once his falchion drew;
 Each on the ground his scabbard threw;
 Each looked to sun, and stream, and plain,
 As what he ne'er might see again;
 Then, foot, and point, and eye opposed,
 In dubious strife they darkly closed!
 Three times in closing strife they stood,
 And thrice the Saxon blade drank blood;
 No stinted draught, no scanty tide—
 The gushing flood the tartans dyed.
 Fierce Roderick felt the fatal drain,
 And showered his blows like wintry rain,
 And, as firm rock, or castle roof,
 Against the winter-shower is proof.

The foe, invulnerable still,
Foiled his blind rage by steady skill ;
Till, at advantage taken, his brand
Forced Roderick's weapon from his hand,
And backwards borne upon the sea,
Brought the proud Chieftain to his knee.

" No, yield thee, or, by Him who made
The world, thy heart's blood dyes my blade ! "

" Thy threats, thy mercy I defy ! "

Let a creature fall, who fears to die ! "

Like a serpent slithering from his coil,

Like a wolf that dashes through the toil,

Like a mounted knight that guards his young

Full at Fitz-James's throat he sprung ;

Recoiled, but reeled not of a wound,

And locked his arms his foeman round ! --

Now, gallant Saxon, hold thine own !

No maiden's arm is round thee thrown !

Thou desperate grasp thy frame might feel,

Though the base of brass and triple steel ! --

They tug, they strain, they strain ! they strain !

The Chieftain, Fitz-James below,

The Chieftain's grasp his throat compresses,

His knee was planted on his breast ;

His doubled locks he backward drew ;

Across his brow his hand he drew,

From blood and mist to clear his sight ;

Then glared aloft his dagger bright ! --

But blood and fury ill supplied

The strength of life's exhausted tide,

And all too late the advantage came

To turn the odds of deadly game ;

For, while the dagger gleamed on high,

Reeled soul and sense, reeled brain and eye !

Down came the blow ! but in the heath

The erring blade found bloodless sheath.

The straggling foe may now unclasp

The flinching Chief's relaxing grasp.

Unwounded from the dreadful close,

But breathless all, Fitz-James arose.

Sir Walter Scott.

THE BREATH.

WHEN the student has carefully practised the foregoing selections, he will doubtless find his voice improved in tone; but, before we give additional instruction for its development, we would impress upon him the necessity of obtaining command of the breath.

Upon his taking care to pause at *proper intervals* during his speech or recital, success in this respect depends; but we have also to speak of the best *method* of breathing. First of all, the shoulders should never be raised, nor the top of the chest unnecessarily expanded. The breath should be drawn quietly into the lungs, and as quietly exhaled. When we are asleep, the chief movement of the body occurs in the diaphragm, a large muscle at the base of the chest, where the greater portion of the lungs is situate.

It is requisite, therefore, to learn to breathe in this—the natural—manner, during our waking hours, and it is not only inadvisable on account of the extra fatigue imposed, but injurious, to expand the upper regions of the chest or the ribs during breathing, at the expense of forced inaction of the lower and more expansive parts of the lungs previously mentioned.

Dr. Shulldham speaks wisely on this subject as follows:—“Breath-taking should never be spasmodic or hurried; this comes of too frequent inspirations, and shows lack of wit; leads to the panting sounds of inelegant speakers; brings about rapid fatigue of voice. The speaker or singer should regulate his inspiration according to his subject, his phrase, and his power; his provision of air should not be too scant, nor should it overload the lungs.”

The whole secret, however, lies in pausing as frequently as is necessary to retain a sufficient amount of air in the lungs, without ever waiting till the stock on hand is nearly exhausted. Such pauses may almost invariably be made during the course of a long sentence or line of poetry, without ill effect upon the sense, and often with advantage. At any rate, stoppages must be made in order to avoid the distressing gasping which often attacks the speaker who has endeavoured to rattle off a long and fiery sentence in one mighty breath.

But we will go more deeply into the question of

PAUSE.

IN addition to the ordinary grammatical pause, regulated by punctuation, there is another species termed the rhetorical, or pause of sense. No elocutionist confines his pauses to those marked by commas and full stops. If he were to do so, the real significance of many passages could not possibly be brought out, as will be shown hereafter. We have already remarked that amateurs often attempt to render an exceedingly long sentence without halting for breath, and become much exhausted, and we might here add, inarticulate, at the finish. This proceeding is also injurious to the health of the voice—like wrong breathing, and should be studiously avoided. Still, ‘the happy medium’ must be maintained, as needless pausing produce tameness. In our chapter on Prosody, we intend discussing the various divisions of verse. Here, we may say that it is generally easy to pause somewhere near the centre of a line of poetry without in any degree destroying the sense. The division in question is called the “*cæsura*.” Example:—

“I am monarch of all I survey.”

Here a rhetorical pause may be made with advantage at ‘monarch.’

Sometimes a halt immediately in front of a stirring word or phrase has a fine effect.

“He rushed into the field, and, foremost fighting—fell.”

It will be seen how full a significance a rather prolonged pause after ‘fighting’ gives to the word ‘fell.’

Another example:—

“In vain for Constance is your zeal;
She—died at Holy Isle.”

In general, however, rhetorical pauses should be shorter than punctuative, and, if the breath be taken at them, this must be done quickly and imperceptibly. In prose, pauses for sense are most requisite, particularly where long sentences have to be dealt with. The student must be careful at the same time not to halt at the risk of interrupting the sense.

In declaiming the following Shaksperian sentence:

“For, within the hollow crown
That rounds the mortal temples of a king,
Keeps Death his court,”

it would be ridiculous to pause for breath, or to give effect at 'hollow' or 'mortal'—but it would be appropriate at 'temples.'

In all this, however, the judgment must be consulted. We append a specimen of recitative verse marked both for rhetorical pause and punctuation. This should be carefully read over aloud, till it can be given off without the least effort of breathing, and with the sense fully developed.

THE VILLAGE PASTOR.

Sweet was the sound, - when oft, at evening's close,
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose ; -
There, - as I pass'd with careless step and slow,
The mingled notes came soften'd from below ;
The swain responsive - as the milk maid sung,
The sober herd - that low'd to meet their young ;
The noisy geese - that gabbled o'er the pool ;
The playful children just let loose from school ;
The watch-dog's voice - that bay'd the whispering wind,
And the loud laugh - that spoke the vacant mind :
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade.
And filled each pause the nightingale had made.
But now the sounds of population fail,
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,
No busy steps the grass-grown footway tread,
But all the blooming flush of life is fled :
All but you widow'd, solitary thing,
That feebly bends beside the plashy spring ;
She, wretched matron, forced, in age, for bread,
To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,
To pick her wintry fagot from the thorn,
To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn ;
She only left of all the busy train,
The sad historian of the pensive plain.
Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden-flower grows wild,
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year ;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race.

Nor star had changed, nor wish to change his place;
 Unskill'd he to saw, or seek for power
 By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour;
 For other aims his heart had learned to prize,
 More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.
 His house was known to all the vagrant train,
 He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain;
 The long-remember'd beggar was his guest,-
 Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
 The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,
 Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims allow'd;
 The broken soldier, kindly bid to stay,
 Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away;
 Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done:
 Shouldered his crutch - and showed how fields were won
 Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow,
 And quite forgot their vices, in their woe,
 Careless then merits or their faults to scan,
 His pity gave, ere charity began.

Goldsmith.

Before leaving the subject of 'breathing' and 'breath-pauses,' we would caution the reader to breathe always through the nostrils - never through the mouth, saving so far as must inevitably occur during the process of speaking. In common with most writers, we can do nothing better than quote a portion of Mr Brandram's excellent essay on the "Hygienic Advantages of Nose breathing," to express our own views on this point: "It has been laid down by great authorities, as a rule without exception, that the air must be inhaled on all occasions, exclusively, through the nose, but this, while in the act of speaking, will be found, at least as far as my experience goes, *practically impossible*. In theory it is quite correct, and, as far as possible, let it be by all means followed, but to carry it out on all occasions, would involve the necessity of a perceptible pause and a sniff calculated to disturb the gravity of the audience. . . . But while disputing the possibility of inhaling only through the nose while in the act of speaking, still, as a golden rule for the preservation of the health, I am quite ready to admit that it is invaluable, and cannot be too strongly insisted on. Air, which is

the breath of life, has always floating in it also the seeds of death. This air, when drawn in through the mouth, goes direct to the lungs, carrying with it all the impurities it may contain, with the frequent result of blood-poisoning and diseases. But the nose is a filter and deodorizer, in passing through which the air is cleansed and sent pure into the lungs. And the nose, moreover, warms the air as well as purifies it, and thus prevents it from being breathed in that raw damp state which is so injurious to those whose lungs are delicate."



AUDIBILITY AND ARTICULATION

THESE are branches of the art of elocution which require the most careful study. It is most aggravating to an audience to be compelled to strain both ears and understanding in order to catch the words and meaning of a speaker, simply because he has neglected to cultivate the proper means of giving clearness and loudness to his utterances. Many people have an idea that the best plan to adopt to make one's self audible at the rear of a large hall is to scream away at the highest pitch of the voice; whereas it is an acknowledged fact that a low, firm, distinct tone is far more effective than the shrillest squeak. It is wonderful to note at what a distance the deep, sustained voice of a finished actor may be heard; whilst the opposite is the case with a high pitched voice, and three times the amount of exhaustion is produced. There is thus one golden rule for audibility: cultivate strength in the lower pitches of the voice. To accomplish this aim, the student must refer to the remark we made when dealing with the formation of speech. The pharynx should be enlarged, by lowering the voice box in the throat; the tongue should be depressed, and the head held well up. The voice should be produced low in the throat, sustained in power, and increased in resonance by muscular control of the lips and lower jaw. The mouth should be kept well open, in order to avoid the common fault of speaking through the teeth. When it is requisite to raise the tone for the expression of feeling, care must be taken not to pitch the voice so high as to cause undue shrillness, and perhaps an undignified break from treble to deep bass. If in practice a higher note than the speaker is capable of giving full expansion to should be struck, he would do well to stop and lower it slightly at once. Try, before going any farther, the following selections, uttering them in a deep, clear, sustained voice:—

THE NIGHT BEFORE THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

Stop!—for my tread is on an empire's dust!
An earthquake's spoil is sepulchred below!
Is the spot marked with no colossal bust?
Nor column trophied for triumphal show!

None ; but the moral's truth tells simpler so.
 As the ground was before, thus let it be ;
 How that red ruin hath made the harvest grow !
 And is this all the world hath gain'd by thee,
 Thou first and last of fields ! king-making victory ?

There was a sound of revelry by night,
 And Belgium's capital had gathered then
 Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright
 The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men ;
 A thousand hearts beat happily ; and when
 Music arose, with its voluptuous swell,
 Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spake again,
 And all went merry as a marriage tale ;—
 But hush ! hark ! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell

Did ye not hear it ? No ; 'twas but the wind ;
 Or the car rattling o'er the stony street ;
 On with the dance ! let joy be unconfin'd ;
 No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet
 To chase the glowing hours with flying feet—
 But hark !—that heavy sound breaks in once more,
 As if the clouds its echo would repeat ;
 And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before !
 Arm ! arm ! it is !—it is—the cannon's opening roar !

Within a window'd niche of that high hall
 Sat Brunswick's fated chieftain ; he did hear
 That sound the first amidst the festival,
 And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear ;
 And when they smiled because he deemed it near,
 His heart more truly knew that peal too well
 Which stor'd his father on a bloody bier,
 And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell ;
 He rush'd into the field, and foremost fighting, fell !

Ah ! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
 And gathering tears and tremblings of distress,
 And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
 Blush'd at the praise of their own loveliness ;
 And there were sudden partings, such as press
 The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
 Which ne'er might be repeated ! Who could guess
 If evermore should meet those mutual eyes,
 Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise !

And there was mounting in hot haste; the steed,
 The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
 Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
 And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
 And the deep thunder, peal on peal, afar;
 And near, the beat of the alarming drum
 Roused up the soldier, ere the morning star,
 While throng'd the citizens with terror dumb,
 Or whispering with white lips—"The foe! they come, they
 come!"

And wild and high the "Cameron's gathering" rose—
 The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
 Have heard—and heard to have her Saxon foes—
 How in the noon of night that music hails,
 Savage and shrill! But with the "ath" which fills
 Their mountain pipe, so full the mountain goes
 With the "Glenlivet" strain, which hails
 The strong memory of a thousand years,
 And Evans, Donald's lambs, and each clansman's ears!

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
 Dewy with nature's tears, as they pass
 Grieving—if aught immortal can grieve—
 Over the unreturning battle-places!
 Ere evening to be trodden like the grass,
 Which now beneath them, but to us shall grow
 In its next verdure: when this fiery mass
 Of living valour, rolling on the foe,
 And bearing with him hope, shall melt and low!

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
 Let eve in Beauty's circle proudly go;
 The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife;
 The morn the marshalling in arms; the day
 Battle's magnificently stern array!
 The thunder-cloud close o'er it, which, when rent,
 The earth is covered thick with other clay,
 Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,
 Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one red burial blent!

Lord Byron.

WILLIAM TELL AND HIS SON.

And have these rebels dared complain, and murmur to their king?
 Swift retribution on their heads their foolish deed shall bring
 Perchance they thought by some strange fate their freedom thus to win.
 Freedom, which ever must be bought with woes and bitter pain.
 I'll teach them 'tis no easy thing to wrest their native land,
 The price of many a hard won fight, from the proud conqueror's hand;
 Subjection they shall doubly feel, and to their bitter cost,
 Learn how completely liberty for aye to them is lost.
 Place high my hat upon a pole, and to each rebel cry:
 "These are your governor's orders which you hear, and must obey.
 Whene'er you pass before this cap, see that you lead you bare,
 For 'tis his representative which he has mounted there."
 So spake the tyrant Gessler, and obedient to his word,
 His servants sallied forth to do the bidding of their lord.
 The imperious mandate then is given, and high upon the breeze,
 Their hated despot's emblem soon each gallant Switzer sees,
 And while they gaze at this fresh proof of the despotic sway
 'Neath whose oppression they have groined for many a weary day,
 Each heart with indignation swells, but ah! too well they know
 That to defy their tyrant now will only work them woe.
 But one brave Switzer stands apart, with bold and haughty mien,
 Determination flashing from his eyes and features seen.
 "Comrades," he cries, "too long this king, with hard and cruel hand,
 Has stretched oppression far and wide o'er all our native land.
 If still my country is not free, I will be free indeed,
 Nor of this symbol when I pass will take the slightest heed.

I will not bow to any one, much less to this vain man,
 Now let him do to William Tell the worst that e'en he can."
 So spake he, and then turned aside, but ne'er, when next that
 way
 He chanced to pass, would William Tell his answer word
 obey

At length the news to Gessler came that one brave Swiss had
 dared
 To tie to his orders with contempt, and also bid him bid
 He feared not aught that Gessler could, in full of manly
 worth
 He orders this presumption. Swift to tell he brought
 forth
 Unflinching before the sternest of the garrison, but,
 Unmoved he bided till he saw with calmness in mind
 give
 "And thou dost, I hear, say that thou didst
 indeed
 To brave my arm and take of me an ill receipt?
 Do thou now know that I am thy king, and what I bid
 thou strive to
 I bid thee do as I bid thee do, and I bid thee do
 "You do not bid me do that which I bid thee do,
 But bid me do that which I bid thee do, and thou
 doest
 And, to me, do the worst thou canst, but never bid it be
 said
 That William Tell to Gessler should bid him bid him bid"
 "And dare thou bid him bid him bid him bid him bid",
 "The mighty word is bold, but he who bids him bid him bid
 wise
 Does thou bid him bid him bid him bid him bid him bid him bid
 I'll prove thee worthy of thy name, I'll show thee how
 Ho, ye seek him the rebels seek for me, I have sped,
 I'll test his courage and his skill by a most worthy deed"
 The tyrant's order is obeyed, soon in haste the boy
 Is led to Gessler, who regards him with a strange joy
 Calm and serene, to outway him, the patriot appears,
 But, ah! what anguish fills his heart, what awful, nameless
 fears,

Not looking on the tyrant's face, and then upon his son,
He dreads the child will suffer now for deeds the father's
done!

But soon the silence Gessler breaks. In tones of scornful
pride,

"Proud Swiss!" he cries, "I'll prove thee now. O'er all
the country wide

They say, unrivalled is thy skill as archer, far and near;
Now shalt thou show thy far-famed power to us assembled
here.

Upon the head of this thy son an apple I will place,
And if thou cleav'st it right in two, I will accord thee grace;
But failing this to do, thy life the penalty shall be.
Now of thy famed dexterity an instance let us see."

With paling cheek and bursting heart listens brave William
Tell

To the fierce tyrant's cruel words, as to his child's death-
knell.

Oh, height of human cruelty, to make the father give
Th' unnatural blow by which his child perchance shall cease
to live.

With quivering hand Tell grasps his bow, but all in vain
essays

To take his aim, for powerless he seems his arms to raise.
The child, who with love's instinct quick divines his father's
grief,

With faith implicit in his skill, seeks to bring him relief.
"Shoot quickly, father dear," he cries; "I know you never
miss

Your aim; so wherefore hesitate, and fear to strike at this?"
Encouraged by his simple faith, his bow at length Tell
draws;

One brief and fervent prayer for help, one silent, breathless
pause,

Then through the air the arrow flies: the apple, cleft in
two,

Falls to the ground, while all unhurt the child stands in
their view.

A smothered groan of thankfulness bursts from the lips of
Tell,

Revealing his past anguish sore, now that he knows all's
well.

SWISSMAN, THEE, AND HIS SON.

Amazed, the tyrant then exclaims, "I see that it is true,
Of skilful archers like to thee there surely can be few.
But wherefore hast thou yet another arrow in thy belt?
Thy son would not he; ye needed two had he the first one
felt."

With haughty mien and flashing eye then speaks the gallant
SWISS:

"'Tis well for thee, O tyrant! that I have not needed this.
Think not that if with my own hand I had laid low my son,
That thou, the cause of all my woe, wouldst still unhurt
have gone!

No; by my faith, if I had killed my child, this arrow then
Had pierced thy heart, and slain one of the cruellest of
men."

Martha J. Nott.

When the above exercises have received their full attention in regard to *loudness* of pitch, try them in a higher and more sonorous key. Do not be afraid to speak out. Practice if possible where no one can hear, and give the vocal organs full play—stopping at once, however, when fatigue sets in.

A great aid to audibility is distinctness of articulation; or the utterance of words in such a manner that their constituents, viz., vowels and consonants, are expressed clearly and purely.

Many speakers utterly spoil their language—and consequently lack audibility—by running words into each other. A good exercise for the amendment of this malpractice will be found in the repetition of the following words and phrases with clarity and distinctness:

Best tales	not	Best tales.
Speaker's eye	"	Speaker sigh.
Clear eyes		Clear rise.
Pain nobody		Pay nobody.
Has sailed		Has ailed.
Learned to glow		Learn to

Also repeat the ensuing list of combinations of words needing distinct articulation:—

Truly rural.	My sister sifts this sifts whistling.
Let Lettio loose Lion.	Slipshod sheets shift swiftly.
The next texts vexed him.	It's effects effectually strengthen.
Mixed crisp biscuits.	

The chief aid to distinct articulation and pronunciation is the proper sounding of the vowels and consonants.

The following tables should be studied, and repeated aloud a number of times. —

VOWELS.

A as sounded in	Bull	I as in	Bird
	Far		Milk
	Vast		Twine
	Rate	O as in	Pole
	Mar		Poll
	Flame	U as in	Sure
E as sounded in	Head		Thus
	Met		
	Bert		

CONSONANTS.

P .	as in	rat, hip	S as	in	star, rats
B .	"	bat, bib	Z "	"	zero, froze
T .	"	tar, tit	ZH "	"	pleasure
D .	"	do, hod	M "	"	mat, ram
CH	"	che, Dutch	N "	"	nut, ran
J .	"	joke, urge	NG	"	ing, ring
K .	"	key, work	L "	"	let, tell
G .	"	glass, dug	R "	"	ray, far
F .	"	fat, off	W "	"	want, raw
V .	"	vice, rave	Y "	"	young, toy
TH	"	that, breath	H "	"	hart
		breath	WH	"	when
SH	"	shut, rush			



COMMON ERRORS.

A FEW remarks ~~now~~ in conclusion. Avoid vulgarisms, and let the final, as well as the initial, letter of each word be heard. To say "I *see* So-and So yesterday," instead of 'saw,' may appear ridiculous in print; but how often—how very often—do we hear it in common conversation. The utterance of such a barbarism as 'aint' is equally common, and even *more* horrible to hear. If anything is *worse*, it is the addition of the letter H to words beginning with vowels, and its omission where it is really required. A true Cockney will say "I *ham* going," but if he refers to an article of food identical in sound to the second word as it now stands, he is almost certain to say "Give me some 'am." We would implore the utmost attention to the aspirate. Below is a list of words which, amongst others, are frequently very dreadfully maltreated by careless or ignorant speakers, but which only require a little study to be put right.

WORD.	HOW IT SHOULD BE PRONOUNCED.	HOW IT SHOULD NOT, BUT OFTEN IS.
Yellow	Yell ow	Yeller
Officer	Off-is-er	Orf-is-er
Sleeping	Sleep-ing	Sleep-in'.
Duke	Dúke	Dook
Engine	En-gine	In-gine
Widow	Wid ow	Wid-der
Girl	Girl	Gal
Roll	Roll	R-roll, or Er-roll
Lightness	Tight-ness	Light-niss
Courage	Cour age	Curridge
Enough	Fnuiff	Inuff
Weakness	Weak-ness	Weak-niss

Final D in 'admired,' and final T in 'aspect,' should be carefully sounded, and also the Letter H in 'which,' 'where,' 'what,' etc., etc.

SELECTIONS FOR EXERCISE IN ARTICULATION.

THE KEYSTONE.

HAIL to thee birth spirit
 Of the universe,
 That thou hast ever been
 God at thy God's feet
 In perfect realms of unpermeated art
 Higher still, and higher
 From the earth thou protect,
 In a world of fire,
 The life deep in wing,
 And singing, thou dost out a tune, ever sincere
 By the golden lightening
 Of the sun and moon,
 Over which thou dost shine,
 Thou dost shine at last,
 Like a unbroken joy whose light just began.
 The pile of earth and
 Melts around thy light,
 Like a star of heaven,
 In the broad daylight,
 Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight.
 All the earth and air
 With thy voice is loud,
 As, when night is bare,
 From one lonely cloud
 The moon rains out her beams and heaven is overflowed.
 What thou art we know not,
 What is most like thee;
 From rainbow clouds there flow not
 Drops so bright to see,
 As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

THE SKYLARK

Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathise, with hope and tears it has adored.

Like a high-born maiden
In a palace tower,
Soothing her love-sick soul
With music sweet, whose law
With music sweet, whose law

Like a glow-worm brightest
In a dell of day,
Scattering unobserved
Its secret hue
Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from the view

Like a rose-crowned queen,
In its own glowing robes,
By warm wind and flower
Till the silent trees
Makes faint, with too much sweet, the so heavy winged thieves

Sound of vocal showers
On the tinkling grass,
Renew the flower,
All that ever was
Joyous, and clear, and fresh thy music doth surpass

Teach us, spirit or bird,
What sweet thoughts are there,
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine,
That poured forth a flood of rapture so divine

(Chorus hymeneal,
Or triumphant chant,
Matched with thine would be all
But an empty vaunt—
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

THE SKYLARK

What objects are the fountains
Of thy hidden strain?
What fields, or waves, or mountains?
What shapes of sky or plain?
What love of thy own land? what ignorance of pain?

With thy clear, keen joyance,
Languor cannot be;
Sorrow of annoyance
Never comes near thee.
Thou lovest, but never knewest love's sad satiety.

Wandering as thy song
Teach of death must deem
Things more true and deep
Than we mortals dream,
Or how could thy joy over pain be swayed and dim?

What little do I fear?
What time do I take?
What but my former song
With my new poems share?
Thou swearest like a rock that never yields to ebb or thought,

Yet fancy would be born
Of thee, and joy and fear,
And all such whirling dross
As makes the brain unclear,
Thou little know'st the joy we ever could come near!

Teach me full of all measures
Of delightful sound,
Teach me to fill my lines
That in books are found,
To the quick and to the dead, thou never of the ground

Teach me full of all gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow,
That all should listen thus: I am listening now.

Percy Bysshe Shelley

THE BELLS.

HEAR the sledge with the bells—Silver bells!
 What a world of merriment their melody foretells
 How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
 In the icy air of night!
 While the stars that oversprinkle
 All the heavens, seem to twinkle
 With a crystalline delight.
 Keeping time, true time,
 In a sort of Runic rhyme,
 To the tintinnabulation that so musically swells,
 From the bells, bells, bells, bells—
 From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

Hear the mellow wedding bell—Golden bell—
 What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!
 Through the balmy air of night
 How they ring out their delight!
 From the mellow golden notes,
 And deep organ
 What a liquid infusement
 To the turtle dove that listens, where he leans
 On the pine!
 On, from out the sounding bells,
 What a gush of euphony vehemently wells!
 How it swells;—how it swells,
 On the lullaby how it tells
 Of the rapture that oppels
 As the swinging and the ringing
 Of the bells, bells, bells,
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 To the rhyming and the chanting of the bells!

Hear the loud clanging bells—Brazen bells!
 What a tale of terror now their turbulency tells,
 In the startled ear of night
 How they scream out their affright!
 Too much horrified to speak,
 They can only shriek, shriek,
 Out of tune.

In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire,
Leaping higher, higher, higher,
With a desperate desire,

And a resolute endeavour
Now—now to sit or never,
By the side of the pale-faced moon.

Oh, the bells, bells, bells!
What a tale their terror tells
Of desolation!

How they clang and clash, and roar!
What a horror they outpour
On the bosom of the pale-faced moon!

Yet the ear it fully knows,
By the twanging and the clanging,
How the danger ebbs and flows,
Yet the ear distinctly tells,
In the jangling and the wailing
How the danger sinks and swells,

By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells—
Of the bells

Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
In the clamour and the clanging of the bells!

Hear the tolling of the bells—'Iron bells'!

What a world of solemn thought their monody compels!

In the silence of the night,
How we shiver with affright

At the melancholy menace of their tone!

For every sound that floats,
From the rust within their throats,
Is a group—

And the people—ah! the people—
They that dwell up in the steeples
All alone,

And who tolling, tolling, tolling,
In that muffled monotone,
Feel a glory in so rolling

On the human heart a stone—
They are neither man nor woman—
They are neither brute nor human—

They are the bells :
 And their king it is who tolls ;
 And he rolls, rolls, rolls, rolls,

A pean from the bells !
 And his merry bosom swells
 With the pean of the bells--
 And he dances and he yells ;
 Keeping time, time, time,
 In a sort of Runic rhyme,

To the pean of the bells--
 Or the bells'

Keeping time, time, time,
 In a sort of Runic rhyme,
 To the clashing of the bell--
 Or the bells, bells, bells,
 To the sobbing of the bells ;
 Keeping time, time, time,

As he kneels, kneels, kneels,
 In a happy Runic rhyme,
 To the rolling of the bell
 Of the bells, bell, bells,

To the clanging of the bells--
 Or the bells, bell, bell, bells--
 Peal, bells, bells

To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

Edgar A. Poe.

NOTE.—The sounds of the various bells, and the ideas these sounds represent
 should be IMITATED as far as possible.



HOW THE WATER COMES DOWN AT LODORE.

HOW does the water come down at Lodore?
My little boy asked me thus, once on a time.
Moreover, he task'd me to tell him in rhyme;
Anon at the word there first came one daughter,
And then came another to second and third
The request of their brother, and hear how the water
Comès down at Lodore with its rush and its roar,
As many a time they had seen it before.
So I told them in rhyme, for of rhymes I had store.
And 'twas in my vocation that thus I should sing,
Because I was laureate to them and the King.

From its sources which well
In the tarn on the fell,
From its fountain in the mountain,
Its ribs and its gills,
Through moss and through brake
It runs and it creeps,
For awhile till it leaps,
In its own little lake.
And thence at departing,
Awakening and starting,
It runs through the reeds,
And away it proceeds.
Through meadow and glade,
In sun and in shade,
And through the wood shelter,
Among crags and its flurry,
Helter-skelter - lorry skurry.

How does the water come down at Lodore?
Here it comes sparkling.
And there it lies darkling;
Here smoking and frothing,
Its tumult and wrath is,
It hastens along, conflicting, and strong,
Now striking and raging,
As if a war waging,
Its caverns and rocks among.

Rising and leaping,
Sinking and creeping
Swelling and flinging,
Showering and springing,
Eddying and whisking,
Spouting and frisking,
Twining and twisting,
Around and around,
Collecting, dissecting,
With endless rebound ;
Smiting and fighting,
A sight to delight in ;
Confounding, astounding,
Dizzing and deafening the ear with its sound.

Reeding and speeding,
And shocking and rocking,
And darting and parting,
And threading and spreading,
And whizzing and hissing,
And dripping and skipping,
And whitening and brightening,
And quivering and shivering,
And hitting and splitting,
And shining and twining,
And rattling and battling,
And shaking and quaking,
And pouring and roaring,
And waving and raving,
And tossing and crossing,
And flowing and growing,
And running and stunning,
And hurrying and skurrying,
And glittering and frittering,
And gathering and feathering,
And dinning and spinning,
And foaming and roaming,
And dropping and hopping,
And working and jerking,
And heaving and cleaving,
And thundering and floundering

And falling and crawling and sprawling,
 And driving and rushing and stirring,
 And sprinkling and twinkling and wrackling,
 And sounding and bounding and rounding,
 And bubbling and troubling and doudling,
 Dividing and gliding and showering,
 And grumbling and lurching and tumbling,
 And clattering and battering and hattering,
 And glancing and leaping and bounding and bounding,
 And rushing and flashing and rushing and gushing,
 And slipping and slipping and slipping and slipping,
 And whirling and whirling and whirling and whirling,
 Retreating and retreating and retreating and retreating,
 Delaying and delaying and delaying and delaying,
 Advancing and advancing and advancing and advancing,
 Recoiling and recoiling and recoiling and recoiling,
 And thumping and thumping and thumping and thumping,
 And dashing and dashing and dashing and dashing,
 And so on and so on and so on and so on,
 Sounds and motions for ever and ever and ever,
 All these, and for ever and ever and ever,
 And in this way the water comes down at Ladore.

Re it so they.



MODULATION AND INFLECTION.

MODULATION is the art of so altering the pitch and tone of the voice as to bring out the passion, sweetness, and whole feeling of a speech or declamation in the most natural manner. It likewise regulates the *time* of the language according to its sense. *Inflection* we intend coupling with *modulation* as a kindred exercise. It means the rising of the voice up and down in musical cadences for the purpose of giving the needed variety of expression to particular phrases. For example, in the sentence, "What a time would it take the gods, if they can tell!" it is clear that to give full effect the voice should gradually rise from the word *could*, and it reaches a high pitch on *could*. Then, with a question word, and the sense completed, the tone should drop till *tell* is gained. Thus, as a general rule, it may be said that the rising slide is used when the *main* or *culminating* point of a phrase is being brought on, and the falling slide is its sense concludes. The degrees of pitch in the human voice are usually divided into three classes: the *higher*, the *middle*, and the *lower*. The *middle* pitch—or monotone—is most adapted to general declamation. Great actors are usually distinguished for their power of speaking in monotone, and it is this level speaking that we half-unconsciously so admire in them. But of course speaking in one key—however deep, full, and firm that key may be—is not all that is required. Voice modulation depends for its artistic effect upon its suitability to the expression of the language. It would be idle to utter sentiments of sharp anger or high resolve in low tones, or sentiments of love and tenderness in high. The rule is, that deep emotions, such as those of sadness, despair, awe, and reverence, should be given off in a low key; descriptive and ordinary language in a moderately developed voice, and feelings of anger, appeal, and lofty determination at a high full pitch.

We give several examples of our meaning:-
Low key.

HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY.

To BE - or NOT to be - *that* is the question ;
Whether 'tis *nobler* in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune -

HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY

Or to take arms against a sea of troubles
And - by opposing - *end* them? - To DIE! - To SLEEP -
No more; and by a sleep to say we end
The heartache and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to - 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To DIE - to SLEEP -
To SLEEP! - Porchance to - DREAM! - Ay, there's the rub -
For in THAT sleep of DEATH what *dreams* may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil
Must give us pause. There's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time
The oppressor's wrong the proud man's contumely
The pangs of despised love the law's delay -
The insolence of office - and the spurs
That patient merit of the unworthy takes -
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? Who would, *and* 's fear,
To grunt and swine under a weary life -
But that the dread of something *after* death -
The undiscovered country from whose bourn
No traveller returns - puzzles the will
And makes us rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of.
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all -
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought
And enterprises of great *pitch* and moment
With this regard their currents turn away
And lose the name of ACTION.

Shakspeare.

Middle Key

MAUD MULLER.

Maud Muller, on a summer's day,
Raked the meadows sweet with hay.
Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth
Of simple beauty and rustic health.
Singing, she wrought, and her merry glee
The mock-bird echoed from his tree.
But, when she glanced to the far-off town,
White from its hill-slope looking down,

EMULATIONS AND INFLECTION.

The sweet song died, and a vague unrest
And a nameless longing filled her breast—

A wish, that she had hardly dared to own,
For something better than she had known

The judge rode slowly down the lane
Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane,

He drew his bridle in the shade
Of the apple trees to greet the maid,

And asked a draught from the spring that flowed
Through the meadows across the road.

She stooped where the cool spring bubbled up,
And filled for him her small tin cup;

And blushed as she gave it, looking down
On her feet so bare, and her tattered gown.

"Thanks!" said the judge, "a sweeter draught
From a fairer hand was never quaffed."

He spoke of the grass, and flowers, and trees,
Of the singing birds, and the humming bees;

Then talked of the haying, and wondered whether
The cloud in the west would bring fair weather.

And Maud forgot her briar-torn gown,
And her graceful ankles bare and brown;

And listened, while a pleased surprise
Looked from her long-lashed hazel eyes.

At last, like one who for delay
Seeks a vain excuse, he rode away.

Maud Muller looked and sighed—"Ah me!
That I the judge's bride might be!

"He would dress me up in silks so fine,
And praise and toast me at his wine.

"My father should wear a broadcloth coat;
My brother should sail a painted boat.

"I'd dress my mother so grand and gay,
And the baby should have a new toy each day.

~~MODERATION AND INFLUENCE~~

"And I'd feed the hungry and clothe the poor,
And all should bless me who left our door."

The judge looked back as he climbed the hill,
And saw Maud Muller standing still.

"A form more fair, a face more sweet,
Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet."

"And her modest answer and graceful air,
Show her wise and good as she was fair."

"Would she were mine, and I to-day,
Like her, a harvester of hay."

"No doubtful balance of rights and wrongs,
And weary lawyers with endless tongues,"

"But low of cattle and song of birds,
And health of quiet and loving words."

But he thought of his sisters, proud and cold,
And his mother, vain of her rank and gold.

So, closing his heart, the judge rode on,
And Maud was left in the field alone.

But the lawyers smiled that afternoon,
When he hummed in court an old love tune;

And the young girl mused beside the wall,
Till the rain on the unraked clover fell.

He wedded a wife of richest dower,
Who lived for fashion as he for power.

Yet oft, in his marble hearth's bright glow,
He watched a picture come and go;

And sweet Maud Muller's hazel eyes
Looked out in their innocent surprise.

Oft when the wine in his glass was red,
He longed for the wayside well instead;

And closed his eyes on the garnished rooms,
To dream of meadows and clover blooms.

And the proud man sighed with a secret pain:
"Ah, that I were free again!"

* Free as when I rode that day,
Where the barefoot maiden raked her hay,
She wedded a man unlearned and poor,
And many children played round her door
But care and sorrow, and child-birth pain,
Left their traces on heart and brain.

And oft when the summer sun shone hot
On the new-mown hay in the meadow lot,
And she heard the little spring-brook fall
Over the roadside, through the wall,

In the shade of the apple-tree again
She saw a rider draw his rein;

And, gazing down with timid grace,
She felt his pleased eyes read her face.

Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls
Stretched away into stately halls;

The weary wheel to a spinnet turned,
The tallow candle an astral burned;

And for him who sat by the chimney lug,
Dozing and grumbling o'er pipe and mug,

A manly form at her side she saw,
And joy was duty, and love was law.

Then she took up her burden of life again,
Saying only, "It might have been!"

Alas! for maiden, alas! for judge,
For rich repiner and household drudge!

God pity them both! and pity us all,
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall.

For of all sad words of tongue or pen
The saddest are these: "It might have been!"

Ah, well! for us all some sweet hope lies
Deeply buried from human eyes;

And in the hereafter angels may
Roll the stone from its grave away!

John Greenleaf Whittier

High key.

TELL'S ADDRESS TO THE ALPS.

Ye crags and peaks, I'm with you once again !
 I hold to you the hands you first beheld,
 To show they still are free. Methinks I hear
 A spirit in your echoes answer me,
 And bid your tenant welcome to his home
 Again ! O sacred forms, how proud you look !
 How high you lift your heads into the sky !
 How huge you are ! how mighty, and how free !
 Ye are the things that tower, that shine— whose smile
 Makes glad, whose frown is terrible ; whose forms,
 Robed, or unrobed, do all the impress wear
 Of awe divine ! Ye guards of liberty,
 I'm with you once again ! I call to you
 With all my voice ! I hold my hands to you.
 To show they still are free. I rush to you
 As though I could embrace you.

Scaling yonder peak,
 I saw an eagle wheeling near its brow,
 O'er the abyss. His broad expanded wings
 Lay calm and motionless upon the air,
 As if he floated there without their aid,
 By the sole act of his unlorded will,
 That buoyed him proudly up ! Instinctively
 I bent my bow ; yet kept he rounding still
 His airy circle, as in the delight
 Of measuring the ample range beneath
 And round about ; absorbed, he heeded not
 The death that threatened him ! I could not shoot !
 'Twas liberty ! I turned my bow aside
 And let him soar away.

Oh ! Emma ! when I wedded thee,
 The land was free ! Oh ! with what pride I used
 To walk these hills, and look up to my God,
 And bless him that it was so ! It was free !
 From end to end, from cliff to lake, 'twas free !
 Free as our torrents are, that leap our rocks,
 And plough our valleys without asking leave ;

MODULATION AND INFLECTION.

Or as our peaks, that wear their caps of snow
In very presence of the regal sun!
How happy was I in it then! I loved
Its very storms! Yes, Emma, I have sat
In my boat, at night, when down the mountain gorges
The wind came roaring—sat in it, and eyed
The thunder breaking from his cloud, and smiled
To see him shake his lightnings o'er my head,
And think I had no master, save his own!
You know the jutting cliff, round which a track
Up hither winds, whose base is but the brow
To such another one? Overtaken there
By the mountain-blast, I've laid me flat along;
And while gust followed gust more furiously,
As if 'twould sweep me o'er the horrid brink,
And I have thought of other lands, whose storms
Are summer-flaws to those of mine, and just
Have wished me there—the thought that mine was free
Has checked that wish: and I have raised my head,
And cried, in thralldom, to that furious wind—
'Blow on! This is the land of liberty!'

Sheridan Knowles.

If the above are practised well, a good general idea, as well as power of, modulation, will have been acquired. Be particular, however, not to develop a sing-songy, artificial manner. Be true to nature, and never change or vary the voice where such variety is wholly unnecessary, merely for the sake of show. To go more deeply into the subject of 'inflections,' we intend presently to give a few specimens for study, but first of all we would say that in sliding the voice upward to the word upon which it should reach its height, the reciter should be careful never to allow it to rise too high, and become shrill and weak, nor, in lowering it, to become inaudible. Only close attention, and a thorough understanding of the nature of inflections, will enable him to overcome this danger.

Some writers attach supreme importance to this branch of elocution, and give musical diagrams to illustrate their meaning; but experience has taught us that if the student is bent upon following nature, by avoiding all artificiality,

MODULATION AND INFLECTION.

he will, if he considers the risk of going to extremes in his slides, and so losing command of the voice, inflect properly. We now submit the following illustrations:—

He told us to *go*—not BLOW.

Here lower the tones gradually to *go*, and raise them at *blow*.

Did he say BLOW—or *go*?

In this sentence the voice should rise at *blow*, and sink at *go*.

“Who would fardels bear? to groan and sweat
under a weary life.”

From a high pitch on *who*, the tones should fall evenly, till the sense is completed at the word ‘life.’

“What is the happiness that this world can give?

Can it defend us from *disasters*, or *distresses*, or *grief*?”

In exact contrariety to the preceding sentence, the voice should rise here from a monotone to a swelling pitch on *disasters*, and sustain its power on *distresses*, and *grief*.

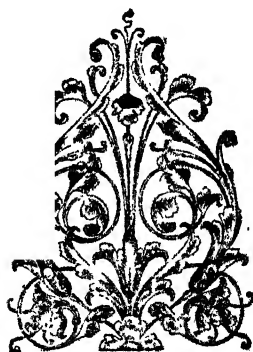


TIME.

THIS is part of the study of modulation, and teaches the degrees of *motion* of the voice in its various uses. The *time* of a passage depends entirely upon what that passage represents. It would be as idle to say "The Lord's Prayer" at a fast speed, as to give "The Charge of the Light Brigade" at a very slow rate, or "Hamlet's Advice to the Players" in anything but a light, tripping tone. Mrs. Siddons gave as a first rule for good reading: "*Take time.*" But this applied rather to the necessity for clear, distinct articulation than anything else. The student must never speak so fast as to render the meaning obscure, for, while the audience is digesting one sentence, the following words escape them. As elocutionists are ready to admit, the great difficulty is to be slow, but not to seem slow. In rising to the heights of passion, many reciters lose all control of the voice, the breath, and modulation, because they will hurry the words along at an abnormal rate, and neglect the proper breath-pause. It is perhaps worse to be too slow, for nothing is more tedious than to listen to a speaker drawling out his words and sentences as though it were an effort to articulate. There may be distinctness, but alas for beauty, expression, energy! Never speak too fast, then, to be distinct, nor so slowly as to become wearisome. Both extremes are injurious to the reciter's health, and utterly spoil the fascination of the most beautiful passage. When a parenthesis occurs in a sentence, it should be spoken at a faster speed and in a lower tone than the main portion, so that the substantive, predicate, and object of the sentence may be distinctly caught and connected.

A few words more to conclude our remarks on modulation and inflection. In reciting scenes from Shakspeare or the other great dramatists, where the words of the different speakers are sufficient to identify them, it is not necessary to attempt to imitate their voices. The tones should be well modulated—for instance, the words of a woman should be uttered softly—but it is inadvisable to change the voice wholly. It is of course necessary to turn from side to side

in order to bring the characters together (see "Final Remarks to the Reciter"), but the other proceeding often checks intensity of feeling, and renders a character unnatural.



EMPHASIS.

THIS branch of elocution deals with the degrees of stress placed upon different words and sentences, in order to distinguish them above others upon which unusual stress is needless. When two words of opposite meaning occur in the same sentence, it is necessary to give those two words superior force, in order to bring to light clearly their contrary relations. When one word seems to over-ride the significance of all others in a sentence, it is obvious that considerable stress should be laid on that word. Here, however, arise one danger of undue attention to rules of inflection. In a sentence like the following: "The curfew tolls the knell of parting day"—it would be absurd to raise the voice to a high pitch on the centre word, and gradually lower it to the end. And why? Because in such a line no particular emphasis is required, and inflection is emphasis of a kind. True emphasis is apart from audibility. The voice should be loud enough to fill the room—"to reach that little boy in the farthest corner," as a well-known elocutionist observes—but, if it is all upon one key—or even nicely modulated—it is altogether incompletely educated unless it gives emphasis to every word and sentence needing extra pressure. Where two words occur in a sentence, the one bearing a relation to the other, but being *stronger* in meaning, emphasis should be laid on the superior word.

Example.—"A man—ay, a CHILD, might understand it." Here it is plain that greater force should be given to the word '*child*.' In "He is not only a *coward*—but a VILLAIN," '*villain*' must receive considerable emphasis, in order to bring out its superiority to *coward*.

Emphasis is used also to demonstrate the particular meaning of a sentence. For instance, in that of "The boy ran *FAST*," if pressure is put upon '*fast*' it signifies that the boy did not run *slowly*. If '*ran*' is accented—the boy *ran* fast—we understand that the boy did not walk, or swim, or crawl, but ran. If '*boy*' is emphasised, the fact is brought out that it was a *boy*, and not somebody else, who *ran fast*.

The above simple specimen proves how necessary emphasis

is, both to distinguish meaning and to add weight and colour to speech of any kind. It is, however, to be understood that stress upon words which do not require superior accent is to be studiously avoided. Only for the two purposes we have just pointed out is it to be employed. There are, too, different shades, as it were, of emphasis. Sometimes very great force of expression is needed to give adequate weight to a word or phrase, and at others but a very slight increase of the adopted tone of the piece. In this, the reciter must consult his own judgment. He will discover for himself that, whereas in such a sentence as "*He shook the fragment of his blade, and shouted—VICTORY!*" the last word should be uttered with plenty of vigour, in order to justify its greater importance; in a simple expression, such as "*He took from the tree AN APPLE,*" it would be folly to shout the last word with tremendous power, although it should be slightly accented to show what was taken 'from the tree.' Nature is the guide, however, to proper emphasis. If the student takes care to be natural, he will not err very grievously. It happens now and again, though, that a most ridiculous result follows pressure upon a word that, above all others in a sentence, should remain unaccented. A minor case of the kind occurred once with the line, "*This lady is certainly a woman of good taste,*" which a reader made to sound as follows: 'This lady is certainly a WOMAN'—(with great emphasis upon 'woman'), a slight pause, and then—'of good taste'; as if the sentence were meant wholly to prove beyond doubt that 'this lady was a WOMAN.' In the employment of sarcasm emphasis is everything. "*The atrocious crime of being a young man*" owed its wonderfully cynical effect in the House of Commons, to Pitt's pressure upon the words in *italic*, which brought out their full measure of irony. "*So are they all—HONOURABLE men!*" says Mark Antony—with a stress upon *honourable* which expresses its opposite meaning with more completeness than a column of abuse could do.

We conclude our remarks on emphasis, with a few strongly marked selections in verse.

THE MANIAC.

Stay, gaoler, stay, and hear my woe ;
She is not mad who kneels to thee :
For what I'm now, too well I know,
And what I was, and what should be.
I'll rave no more in proud despair ;
My language shall be mild, though sad ;
But yet I firmly, truly swear,
I am not mad, I am not mad !

My tyrant husband forged the tale,
Which chains me in this dismal cell ;
My fate unknown my friends bewail—
Oh ! gaoler, haste that fate to tell :
Oh ! haste, my father's heart to cheer ;
His heart at once 'twill grieve and glad
To know, though kept a captive here,
I am not mad, I am not mad !

He smiles in scorn, and turns the key ;
He quits the grate ; I knelt in vain ;
His glimmering lamp 'still, still I see—
'Tis gone ! and all is gloom again.
Cold, bitter cold !—No warmth, no light—
Life, all thy comforts once I had ;
Yet here I'm chained, this freezing night,
Although not mad : no, no, not mad !

'Tis sure some dream, some vision vain ;
What ! I, the child of rank and wealth,—
Am I the wretch who clanks this chain,
Bereft of freedom, friends, and health ?
Ah ! while I dwell on blessings fled,
Which never more my heart must glad,
How aches my heart, how burns my head ;
But 'tis not mad ; no, 'tis not mad !

Hast thou, my child, forgot, ere this,
A mother's face, a mother's tongue ?
She'll ne'er forget your parting kiss,
Nor round her neck how fast you clung ;

Nor how with her you sued to stay ;
 Nor how that suit your sire forbade ;
 Nor how—I'll drive such thoughts away ;
 They'll make me mad, they'll make me mad !

His rosy lips, how sweet they smiled !
 His mild blue eyes, how bright they shone !
 None ever bore a lovelier child :

And art thou now for ever gone ?

And must I never see thee more,

My pretty, pretty, pretty lad !

I will be free ! unbar the door !

I am not mad ; I am not mad !

Oh ! hark ! what means those yells and cries ?

His chain some furious madman breaks ;

He comes,—I see his glaring eyes ;

Now, now, my dungeon-grate he shakes.

Help ! help !—he's gone !—oh ! fearful woe,

Such screams to hear, such sights to see !

My brain, my brain, - I know, I know,

I am not mad, but soon shall be.

Yes, soon ;—for, lo, now—while I speak---

Mark how yon demon's eyeballs glare !

He sees me ; now, with dreadful shriek,

He whurls a serpent high in air.

Horror !—the reptile strikes his tooth

Deep in my heart, so crushed and sad ;

Ay, laugh, ye fiends :—I feel the truth ;

Your task is done—I'm mad ! I'm mad !

Matthew Gregory Lewis

SELECTIONS FROM THE BATTLE OF FLODDEN

Blount and Fitz-Eustace rested still
 With Lady Clare upon the hill ;
 On which (for far the day was spent),
 The western sunbeams now were bent.
 The cry they heard—its meaning knew,
 Could plain their distant comrades view.
 Sadly to Blount did Eustace say,
 " Unworthy office here to stay,
 No hope of gilded spurs to-day ! "

Far on the left, unseen the while,
 Stanley broke Lennox and Argyle;
 Though there the western mountaineer
 Rush'd with bare bosom on the spear;
 'Twas vain:—But fortune on the right,
 With sickle smile, cheer'd Scotland's fight,
 Then fell that spotless banner white,
 The Howard's lion fell.
 Yet still Lord Marmion's falcon flew
 With wavering flight, while fiercer grew
 Around the battle yell.
 A Border Slogan rent the sky,
 "A Home," "A Gordon," was the cry.
 Loud were the clanging blows;
 Advanced,—forced back, — now low, now high,
 The person sunk and rose;
 No longer Blount the view could bear,
 "By Heaven and all its saints I swear
 I will not see it lost.
 Fitz-Eustace, you, with Lady Clare,
 May bid your beads and patter prayer—
 I gallop to the host."
 Then Eustace mounted too—yet stayed
 As loth to leave the helpless maid.
 When, fast as shaft can fly,
 Bloodshot his eyes, his nostrils spread,
 A loose rein dangling from his head,
 Lord Marmion's steed rushed by;
 And Eustace maddening at the sight,
 A look and sign to Clara cast
 To mark he would return in haste,
 Then plunged into the fight.

But lo! straight up the hill there rode
 Two horsemen, drenched with gore;
 And in their arms, a helpless load,
 A wounded Knight they bore.
 His hand still strained the broken brand;
 His arms were smeared with blood and sand,
 Dragged from amid the horses' feet,
 With dinted shield, and helmet beat—

The falcon-crest and plumage gone—
 Can that be haughty Marmion !
 Young Blount his armour did unlacè,
 And gazing on his ghastly face,
 Said, "By St. George he's gone !"
 "Unnurtured Blount ! Thy brawling cease !
 He opes his eyes," said Eustace "*pennon !*"
 When, doffed his casque, he felt free air,
 Around 'gan Marmion wildly stare :—
 "Where's Harry Blount ! Fitz-Eustance where ?
 Linger ye here, ye hearts of hare !
 Redeem my pennon. — charge again !
 Cry—'Marmion to the rescue !' —
 Vain !—lost of my race, on battle-plain
 That shout shall ne'er be heard again ! —
 Yet my last thought is England's :— fly —
 To Dacre bear my signet ring,
 Tell him his squadrons up to bring.
 Fitz-Eustace, to Lord Surrey hie !
 Let Stanley charge with span of fire,
 With Cluster charge, and Lancaster,
 Full upon Scotland's central host,
 Or victory and England's lost.
 Mu't I bid twice lance, varlets, fly !
 Leave Marmion here alone—to die."

They parted—and alone he lay ;
 Clare drew her from the sight away,
 Till pain wrung forth a lowly moan ;
 And half he murmured,—"Is there none,
 Of all my halls have nursed,
 Page, squite, or groom, one cup to bring
 Of blessed water, from the spring,
 To slake my dying thirst ?"

O woman ! in our hours of ease,
 Uncertain, coy, and hard to please ;
 And variable as the shade
 By the light quivering aspen made ;
 When pain and anguish wing the brow,
 A ministering angel thou !—

Scarce were the piteous accents said,
 When, with the Baron's casque, the maid
 To the nigh streamlet ran :
 Forgot were hatred, wrongs, and fears :
 The plaintive voice alone she hears,
 Sees but the dying man.
 She stooped her by the runnel's side,
 But in abhorrence backward drew ;
 For, oozing from the mountainside,
 Where raged the war, a dark red tide
 Was curdling in the streamlet blue !
 Where shall she turn ?—Behold her mark
 A little fountain cell,
 Where water, clear as diamond spark,
 In a stone basin fell.
 She filled the helm, and back she hied,—
 And, with surprise and joy, espied
 A monk, supporting Marmion's head ;
 A pious man, whom duty brought
 To dubious verge of battle fought,
 To shrieve the dying, blest the dead.
 Deep drank Lord Marmion of the wave,
 And as she stooped his brow to lave—
 " Is it the hand of Clare," he said,
 " Or injured Constance, bathes my head ?"
 Then, as remembrance rose,
 " Speak not to me of shrift or prayer,
 I must redress her woes !
 Short space, few words, are mine to spare
 'Forgive'—and listen, gentle Clare !"
 " Alas " she said, the while ;
 " O think of your immortal weal !
 In vain for Constance is your zeal—
 She—died at Holy Isle !"
 Lord Marmion started from the ground,
 As light as though he felt no wound,
 Though in the action burst the tide
 In torrents from his wounded side !
 " Then it was truth ! " he said :—" I knew
 That the dark presage must be true !
 I would the Fiend, to whom belongs
 The vengeance due to all her wrongs,
 Would smite me but a Jew !

EMPHASIS.

For, wasting fire, and dying groan,
And priests slain on the altar-stone,
Might bribe him for delay:
It may not be—this dizzy trance!—
Curse on yon base marauder's lance!
And doubly curs'd my failing brand!—
A sinful heart makes feeble hand!"
Then, fainting, down on earth he sunk,
Supported by the trembling monk.
With fruitless labour Clara bound,
And strove to stanch, the gushing wound:
The monk, with unavailing cares,
Exhausted all the Church's prayers:
Ever, he said, that, close and near,
A lady's voice was in his ear,
And that the priest he could not hear,
For that she ever sung,—
"In the lost battle, borne down by the flying,
Where mingles war's rattle, with groans of the
dying!"
So the notes rung.—
"Avoid thee, fiend!—with cruel hand,
Shake not the dying sinner's sand!
O! look, my son, upon yon sign
Of the Redeemer's grace divine!
O! think on faith and bliss!—
By many a death-bed I have been,
And many a sinner's parting seen,
But never aught like this!"—
The war, that for a space did fail,
Now, trebly thundering, swelled the gale,
And—"Stanley!" was the cry:—
A light on Marmion's visage spread,
And fired his glazing eye;
With dying hand, above his head
He shook the fragment of his blade,
And shouted "Victory!—
Charge! Chester, charge! On!—Stanley!—on!"—
Were the last words of Marmion.

Sir Walter Scott.

THE UNCLE.

I had an uncle once—a man of threescore years and three;—

And, when my reason's dawn began, he'd take me on his knee;

And often talk, whole winter nights, things that seemed strange to me.

He was a man of gloomy mood, and few his converse sought;
But, it was said, in solitude his conscience with him wrought;
And there, before his mental eye, some hideous vision brought.

There was not one in all the house who did not fear his frown,

Save I, a little careless child—who gambolled up and down;
And often peeped into his room, and plucked him by the gown.

I was an orphan and alone—my father was his brother;
And all their lives I knew that they had fondly loved each other;

And in my uncle's room there hung the picture of my mother.

There was a curtain over it—'twas in a darkened place,
And few or none had ever looked upon my mother's face,
Or seen her pale expressive smile of melancholy grace.

One night—I do remember well—the wind was howling high,
And through the ancient corridors it sounded drearily—
I sat and read in that old hall; my uncle sat close by.

I read—but little understood the words upon the book;
For, with a sidelong glance, I marked my uncle's fearful look,

And saw how all his quivering frame in strong convulsions shook.

A silent terror o'er me stole, a strange, unusual dread;
His lips were white as bone—his eyes sunk far down in his head;

He gazed on me, but 'twas the gaze of the unconscious dead!

Then, suddenly, he turned him round, and drew aside the veil

That hung before my mother's face ;—perchance my eyes might fail,

But, ne'er before, that face to me had seemed so ghastly pale !

"Come hither, boy !" my uncle said,—I started at the sound ;
'Twas choked and stifled in his throat, and hardly utterance found :—

"Come hither, boy !" then fearfully he cast his eyes around.

"That lady was thy mother once—thou wert her only child ;
O boy ! I've seen her when she held thee in her arms and smiled,—

She smiled upon thy father, boy, 'twas that which drove me wild !

"He was my brother, but his form was fairer far than mine ;
I grudged not that ;—he was the prop of our ancestral line,
And manly beauty was of him a token and a sign.

"Boy ! I had loved her too,—nay, more, 'twas I who loved her first ;

For months—for years—the golden thought within my soul was nursed !

He came—he conquered—they were wed ; my air-blown bubble burst !

"Then on my mind a shadow fell, and evil hopes grew rife ;
The madd'ning thought stuck in my heart, and cut me like a knife,

That she, whom all my days I loved, should be another's wife !

"I left my home—I left the land—I crossed the raging sea ;—

In vain—in vain !—where'er I turned, my memory went with me ;—

My whole existence, night and day, in memory seemed to be.

"I came again—I found them here :—he died—no one knew how ;

The murdered body ne'er was found, the tale is hushed up now ;

But there was one who rightly guessed the hand that struck the blow.

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"It drove her mad—yet not his death—no—not his death
alone:

For she had clung to hope, when all knew well that there
was none;

No, boy! it was a sight she saw that froze her into stone!

"I am thy uncle, child—why stare so frightfully aghast?—
The arras waves,—but know'st thou not 'tis nothing but
the blast?

I, too, have had my fears like these, but such vain fears are
past.

"I'll show thee what thy mother saw,—I feel 'twill
my breast,

And this wild tempest-laden night suits with the purpose
best.

Come hither—thou hast often sought to open this old chest.

"It has a secret spring; the touch is known to me alone;
Slowly the lid is raised, and now—what see you that you
groan

So heavily?—That thing is but a bare-ribbed skeleton."

A sudden crash—the lid fell down—three strides he back-
wards gave.

"Oh, Fate! it is my brother's self returning from the grave!
His grasp of lead is on my throat—will no one help, or
save?"

That night they laid him on his bed, in raving madness
tossed;

He gnashed his teeth, and with wild oaths, blasphemed the
Holy Ghost;

And, ere the light of morning broke, a sinner's soul was lost!

Henry Glassford Bell.



PROSODY.

PROSODY deals with the construction and character of verse, and is introduced here because the proper recital of poetry depends very much upon the speaker's knowledge of its properties. Verse is distinct from prose; in that it is bound by the laws of *metre*. These are certain rules for the arrangement of words in regular undulations of sound; or, to speak plainly, in successions of accented and non-accented syllables. This arrangement constitutes *rhythm*, or *metre*. In addition, of course, in any but blank verse, *rhymed syllables* are required to conclude certain chosen lines. Every word of two syllables has one of those syllables long, and the other short. Since, as a rule is without its exception, we may mention that there are two words, and two only, in the English language upon whose syllables an equal accent must be placed, viz., *Fare-well* and *A-men*. Examples of the general rule are: *Trea'sure*, *ho'ly*, *wis'dom* (where the *first* syllable is accented), and *restore'*, *revive'*, and *complain'*, where the second is long. In some instances accent is required to distinguish the meaning. For instance, *ob'ject* is a word meaning to oppose; and *ob'ject*, a specified article of any kind. Similarly, we have *con'duct* and *con'duct'*, *rebel* and *re'bel*, etc. It may be stated that most words of *two* syllables have the *first* accented, and that in those of *three* the last is seldom long, whilst the middle one generally is. Examples: *Engin'eer* and *et'er'nal*. A line of verse signifies a combination of accented and non-accented syllables, divided into feet. Each metrical foot is composed of, at least, two syllables, long and short, except in the case of the *Spondee*, which is never used *solely* in the composition of a poem.

The following are the different feet employed in English verse :—

	* NO. OF * SYLLABLES.	ACCENTED SYLLABLE.	EXAMPLE.
The Iambus. . .	2	2nd.	Despair'
Spondee . .	2	Both.	A' men'
Trochee . .	2	1st.	Ne' ver
Anapest . .	3	3rd.	En gin cer'
Dactyl . .	3	1st.	Ge' ne ral
Amphibrach . .	3	2nd.	A bun' dance

Of the above, the Iambic foot is by far the most commonly used in English poetry. We subjoin a specimen :—

"My soul' is dark'; oh, quick' ly string'
The harp' I yet' can brook' to hear';"

As stated before, the *Spondee* occurs only here and there in a poem: as—"Of man's first disobedience, and the fruit"—where "*Man's first dis*" are in the *Spondaic* measure, being equally accented, and the remainder in *Iambic*.

For an example of the *Trochee*, we select the following from Tennyson's "*May Queen*":—

"If' you're wak' ing call' me ear' ly, call' me
ear' ly, no ther' dear';"

where the first syllables are heavy, and the second light.

Cowper's "*Alexander Selkirk*" poem, which we deal with in another portion of the book, supplies us with an *Anapest*.

"I am mon' arch of all' I sur vey';
My right' there is none' to dis pute';
From the cen' tre, all round' to the bay',
I am lord' of the fowl' and the brute'."

The second line is slightly irregular.

A *Dactyl* occurs in the first line of Wordsworth's "*Ode to a Skylark*":—

"Up' with me, up' with me into' the clouds!"
and in Moore's

"Sou'nd the loud ti'm brel o'er E'gypt's dark' sea;"
whilst an *Amphibrach* may be represented thus :—

Oh! wh'at was love ma'de for, if 't is not the sa'me
Through joy and through tor'ment thro' gl'o ry and
shame.

Sometimes we find a mixture of feet in a line of verse. For instance, in the poem of Moore's on "Human Existence," we find:—

"Thus man, the sport of bliss and care
Rises on times e vent'ful sea.

where ri'ses is *Trochaic* and everything else *Iambic*,

When the above exercises have been run through, the student should take up any book of miscellaneous poems, and scan a few verses at random. This will accustom him to giving poetry its *Rhythmic* flow; but, although such adds much beauty to a reading or recital, it should never interfere with the *sense*.

In the lines

"Short space few words have I to spare;
Forgive—and listen—gentle Clare!"

it would utterly spoil the effect to pronounce the words exactly as accented. Rhythm must stand aside a little here, and the lines be delivered as follows:—

"Short space—few words—have I to spare;
Forgive—and listen, gentle Clare!"

Still, as we hinted at the commencement of this chapter, the knowledge of the mechanical construction of a verse gives one command of rhythm and it may be added that due attention to this important feature in poetry may be paid without in the least interfering with the pauses for sense.

Verses differ from prose, of course, in possessing rhyme as well as rhythm; and, although it is not advisable to neglect the rhyming syllable *heavily* in order to make their presence clearly understood, yet they must not be forgotten altogether, especially in 'comic' verse. A slight pause, at the end of each line, for the purpose of bringing out all the beauties of rhythm and rhyme, has been recommended by Sheridan; but, where there is no stop, and the sense flows into the next line, as,

"My soul is dark—oh, quickly string
The harp I yet can brook to hear,"

such a course is detrimental to the meaning.

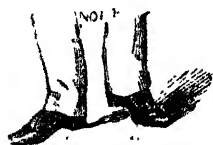
In fact, the very nature of verse, its properties and divisions, suffice to render the rhymes sufficiently distinguishable, although, as it is needless to remark, the voice must be sustained, and not allowed to drop at the close of various lines. Avoid artificiality, let the sense be clearly understood, and the accompanying knowledge of what verse really is, will accomplish a great deal towards extracting the full force and harmony of a poem.



GESTURE.

THIS is a most important accompaniment of the art of Elocution, but an extremely difficult art to acquire from a book. Realizing the virtual impossibility of teaching 'Gesture' in any other manner than by *personal* instruction, many writers on 'Elocution' pass over this branch of the subject with a few general remarks; others, on the contrary, plunge into it very deeply, and offer several hundred specimens and modes of action, more or less puzzling--and often wholly unintelligible--to the anxious student, who, after floundering about in a futile endeavour to catch the author's meaning, generally relinquishes the task in despair.

We intend to confine ourselves in the present volume to the narration of the most *useful* rules for 'Gesture' that have come under our notice, so that the student may form his *complete* style thereon.



To commence with, the *reciter* should study to be graceful; and to ascend this miniature Parnassus will give him far more trouble than he may fondly imagine. It is curious to note how very few amateur actors and reciters of the present day are really graceful in their deportment. How many of them, might we enquire, can really *stand* still before an audience? We would advise the tyro to cultivate this art of standing still first of all, and doubtless the best way to achieve this result is to proceed as follows:

Place the left foot slightly in advance of the right, and turn the latter away at an angle of about 45°. Rest the weight of the body upon the foremost foot, and stand thus, in an easy, erect position, with the ball of the *right* foot, touching the ground, but the heel elevated. Of course, this gesture may be taken *vice-versa*. Do not allow the

body to quiver violently, and take care that the breathing is *diaphragmatic*, so that the shoulders are not raised in any effort to inhale. Now, endeavour to repeat a stanza of any selected poem without the slightest attempt at gesticulation, but simply to practice *standing still* whilst it is being delivered. Part of Longfellow's "Wreck of the Hesperus," running as follows, will do:—

"It was the Schooner Hesperus
That sailed the wintry sea;
And the skipper had taken his little daughter
To bear him company.

"Blue were her eyes as the fairy flax;
Her cheeks, like the dawn of day;
And her bosom, white as the hawthorn buds,
That ope in the month of May."

The next difficulty the student has to face is, the proper method of using his hands and arms. Sometimes these are flung wildly about with no notion of suitability or effectiveness. On other occasions, they are carefully hidden behind the back, or heedlessly and aimlessly slung at the sides. Now, there can be too much gesture, and too little; and, to mis-quote Byron: "Each is idle—all are ill and none can be called *the worst*." In our opinion, the best position in which to place the hands while at rest, is to clasp them in front of the body, the elbows being turned slightly outwards in a graceful curve. This method is especially suitable for ladies; but it is likewise adopted by one of our finest elocutionists, Mr. Child. A change from the 'clasping' posture is that of resting the hands at the sides; and another, that of placing the left arm artistically across the body at an angle, and keeping the right down. Awkwardness, however, sometimes results when this latter position is maintained for too long a period. The head should be held erect, except when inclined in any direction for the purposes of gesture, such as during the process of imaginary listening. The shoulders should be kept well back, and the body pliant and upright; whilst, as an important fact, it may be noted that the finger joints should not be held stiffly, but should be ready, with every nerve in the body, to share in the mingled emotions called into play during the recital by completing the gestures of the arm and hand, and

80 giving full artistic effect to the colouring and feeling of the piece.

All action should commence from the shoulder—none from the elbow. To move the hand and forearm without the upper portion of the arm is to produce a degree of angularity which is positively painful to a critical eye. It is, indeed, necessary to avoid all unsightly angles at the elbow-joint, except in passages requiring great force and expression, when angularity is suitable rather than otherwise. In ordinary descriptive pieces, however, the arm should be moved in a series of graceful curves, and the only way to learn to do this thoroughly is to practise before a mirror. The elbows, as stated, should be curved outward; and, supposing the reciter were to commence Shelley's beautiful "Ode to the Skylark"—where in the first line, "Hail to thee, blithe Spirit!" it is advisable to raise both arms towards heaven,—the gesture would be as follows: The arms should be lifted—elbows outward—in a semi-circle toward the body, and then inclined away again till well up; the whole movement being something like the shape of the letter S. The fingers should be held loosely till the curvature of the arms is completed, when they should be extended in the direction of the object pointed out. If this gesture is performed with grace and evenness it is an extremely effective one for adding weight and expression to all utterances having reference to the sky, sun, moon, clouds, etc., etc.

Another desirable gesture to practice is that movement of the right arm which is used to demonstrate the presence of some particular person or object the reciter is anxious to bring before the mental vision of his auditors. This gesture is on the same lines as the last, except that it is not necessary to direct the hand or hands upward to any great extent, but rather to point it or them outward; and, if the object is a large one, to give a circular sweep of the arm when raised to the requisite height, as though to demonstrate the full bulk of the mountain or sea that may be referred to. When the action is finished, the arm or arms should be gracefully lowered with an inward curve to the side, this being called the 'invisible' gesture. It is really a reversal of the order of the upward curves; that is to say, the arm should first of all cross the body and, then curve outwardly to the side, again performing a kind of S movement.

"*Lord Ullin's Daughter*" is a good exercise for the practice of all the gestures we have described, and with them another we now propose to deal with. This is called the 'listening' gesture, and is most frequently employed. For instance, we might use it in the lines:—

"As the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode armed men,
Their trampling sounded nearer."

To represent the 'listening attitude' one arm should be drawn upward and held about a foot from the ear, whilst the head should be slightly averted from the direction of the supposed sound, as if the ear were drinking it in. The other hand should likewise be slightly elevated, to give finish to the gesture.

It might be stated that most of the action should be performed with the *right* arm, the movements of which form a sort of 'balancing pole' to the pressure of the weight of the body on the left foot.

In recitations requiring demonstrations of anger, scorn, and hatred, *grace* of gesture must stand aside for 'passionate expression', stiff, sharp angles being the rule rather than the exception.

We intend giving a few selections in which there will be plenty of room for the practice of **FORCIBLE** action, but the extent and nature of such must be left to the discretion and the susceptibilities of the reciter, although it may be well to remark that when the hand and arm are thrown up in an appeal to Heaven, or a fierce denunciation, they should first of all traverse the body—never getting outside the shadow of it,—and then rise up across the face to the full height required, afterwards being brought down in a swift, straight line to the side, a complete *triangle* thus being described, as opposed to the *circular* gesture of *grace*. We have said that too much action is to be avoided as well as too little; for the one confuses the eye and distracts the mind from the language, whilst the other renders the recital in most cases weak and watery. Nature should be studied, look and action suited to the word, the word suited to look and action; so that with natural and graceful, or natural and angular (according to requirements) movements, brought into play, and facial expression, which cannot be taught.

accompanying them, the reciter's language may be strengthened and finished off in the best possible manner.

Demosthenes stated once that the first requirement of oratory was action; the second, action; and the third, action. Whilst he, of course, did not mean all that this represents, he was testifying to an indisputable fact when he so lauded the value of *gesture*.

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of death,
Rode the six hundred.
"Forward the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns," he said;
Into the valley of death
Rode the six hundred.

"Forward the Light Brigade!"
Was there a man dismayed?
Not though the soldier knew
Some one had blundered:
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die;
Into the valley of death
Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them,
Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of death,
Into the mouth of hell,
Rode the six hundred.

Flashed all their sabres bare,
Flashed as they turned in air,
Sab'ring the gunners there,

Charging an army, while
All the world wondered;
Plunged in the batt'ry smoke,
Right through the line they broke;
Cossack and Russian
Reeled from the sabre stroke:
Shattered and sundered.
Then they rode back, but not—
Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them,
Volleyed and thundered;
Sterned at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well
Came through the jaws of death
Back from the mouth of hell,
All that was left of them,
Left of Six Hundred.

When can their glory fade?
Oh! the wild charge they made!
All the world wondered.
Honour the charge they made!
Honour the Light Brigade,
Noble Six Hundred!

Tennyson.

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER

A chieftain, to the Highlands bound,
Cries, "Boatman, do not tarry!
And I'll give thee a silver pound
To row us o'er the ferry."

"Now, who be ye would cross Lochgyle,
This dark and stormy water?"
"Oh; I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
And this Lord Ullin's daughter.

GESTURE.

"And fast before her father's men
Three days we've fled together;
For, should he find us in the glen,
My blood would stain the heather."

"His horsemen hard behind us ride!
Should they our steps discover,
Then who will cheer my bonny bride
When they have slain her lover!"

Out spoke the hardy island wight,
"I'll go, my chief—I'm ready:—
It is not for your silver bright,
But for your winsome lady;

"And by my word, the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry;
So, though the waves are raging white
I'll row you o'er the ferry."

By this the storm grew loud apace,
The water wrath was shrieking:
And in the scowl of heaven each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still, as wilder grew the wind,
And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode armed men,
Their trampling sounded nearer.

"Oh! haste thee, haste!" the lady cries,
"Though tempests round us gather:
I'll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father."

The boat has left a stormy land,
A stormy sea before her,—
When, oh! too strong for human hand,
The tempest gathered o'er her.

And still they rowed amidst the roar
Of waters fast prevailing;
Lord Ullin reached that fatal shore,
His wrath was changed to wailing.

SCENE.

For sore dismayed, through storm and shade,
His child he did discover;
One lovely hand she stretched for aid,
And one was round her lover.

"Come back ! come back !" he cried in grief,
"Across this stormy water ;
And I'll forgive your highland chief,
My daughter, oh, my daughter !"

'Twas vain : the loud waves lashed the shore,
Return or aid preventing ;
The waters wild went o'er his child,
And he was left lamenting.

Campbell.



HOW A RECITATION SHOULD BE STUDIED.

WE now propose to select a stanza of some well-known poem, and take the reciter step by step through the various methods for extracting its full beauty, meaning, and effect. We choose, at a venture, the first eight lines of Cowper's well-known poem on "Alexander Selkirk," running as follows:—

"I am monarch of all I survey;
My right there is none to dispute;
From the centre, all round to the sea,
I am lord of the fowl and the brute.
Oh, solitude! where are the charms
That sages have seen in thy face?
Better dwell in the midst of alarms
Than reign in this horrible place."

In reciting, our first duty to the audience is to render every vowel, consonant, syllable, and word spoken *perfectly distinct and audible*. Our tone must therefore be regulated in power according to the area and acoustical properties of the room. A good way to practice the *clear articulation* of the above lines is to cut up each word into syllables, and utter them in the following form slowly and distinctly:—

"I | am | mon'arch | of | all | I | sur'vey; |
My | right | there | is | none | to | dis'pute; |
From | the | centre | all | round | to | the | sea, |
I | am | lord | of | the | fowl | and | the | brute.
Oh, | sol'i-tude! | where | are | the | charms |
That | sages | have | seen | in | thy | face? |
Bet-ter | dwell | in | the | midst | of | alarms |
Than | reign | in | this | hor-ri-ble | place."

In endeavouring to ensure audibility, however, remember our remark that a *shrill* voice has no advantage over a *low, firm, sustained* note, but rather the reverse.

Perhaps the next objects of our study should be the *breath* and *sense* pauses; and, since we have declared that

when reciting verse a slight pause for inspiration or sense may generally be conveniently made at or near the middle of the line, we now cut up the verse as follows, breath being taken swiftly and imperceptibly at *monarch*, *survey*, *right*, *dispute*, etc., etc. :—

I am monarch | of all I survey ;
 My right | there is none to dispute ;
 From the centre, | all round to the sea,
 I am lord | of the fowl and the brute.
 Oh, solitude ! | where are the charms
 That sages | have seen in thy face ?
 Better dwell | in the midst of alarms—
 Than reign | in this horrible place.

Now *Modulation* and *Inflection* claim attention, and in reading and studying the lines it will occur to any person of judgment, that while the first four express either bitter irony, or pride and gratification (we prefer to think the latter), the fifth and remaining lines break off into sorrowful reproach of solitude, so shorn of its alleged charms as to be nothing less than *horrible*. The meaning having been dissected in this way, it is obvious that the voice in the first half of the stanza should be firm and lofty in tone ; that at the words ‘Oh, solitude!’ it should sink to a low, reproachful note ; and that the two concluding lines should be uttered with a burst of something like horror and repugnance.

With regard to inflection, the notes should gradually ascend from ‘I’ to a high pitch on ‘all,’ and then slide downward to ‘survey.’ In the second line a similar inflection should be made, but ‘none’ should be the loftiest, and turning point of the sentence. ‘From the centre, all round to the sea, I am lord of the fowl and the brute.’ In this, the voice should be raised slightly at *centre*, *sea*, and *lord*, and descend very gradually to *brute*. At ‘Oh, solitude!’ the notes should begin to ascend slightly, culminate in force at ‘*Charms*,’ and fall at ‘*face*’; though the fact that the sentence is a question must not be lost sight of. In the final lines the tones should ascend to ‘*alarms*,’ sink again, run up sharply at ‘*horrible*,’ and fall on the last word.

It must not be inferred from the fact that we have endeavoured to inflect the whole of these lines, that the voice

HOW A RECITATION SHOULD BE STAGED

should keep moving in what would quickly become artificial cadences. The tone should be *natural* above everything; but monotony is to be equally avoided; and then the lines should be given with a proper degree of musical rhythm.

In dwelling upon 'inflection' we have almost anticipated our remarks on 'emphasis,' seeing that 'inflection' and 'emphasis' have a very similar effect in developing the real sense and beauty of a passage. In all sentences there are valleys, plains, and mountains. The valleys are the conjunctions, articles, and other words that, as a rule, require only the most limited expression. The plains are those possessing quite an ordinary—though not an extraordinary—significance; whilst the mountains are those words which, unless exhibited in their full strength and magnitude, utterly fail in their object, which is primarily to distinguish and express. If, therefore, 'monarch' and 'all' are not accented above their fellows in the first line, where is the real meaning of the sentence? Similarly with 'none' in the second line. '*None* to dispute' not *half* a dozen, but *none*. However, we need only give the stanza once more with the words to be emphasised in italics, in order to present our full ideas of this branch of elocution as applied thereto.

I am *monarch* of *all* I survey;
 My *right* there is *none* to dispute;
 From the *centre*, all round to the *sea*,
 I am *lord* of the *foul* and the *brute*.
 Oh, solitude! *where* are the *charms*.
 That sages have seen in thy face?
 Better dwell in the *midst* of *alarms*
 Than reign in *this horrible* place.

Of course it must be remembered that the *degree* of expression upon a word entirely depends on that word's *relative importance*.

Little action is required in the selection we deal with, but, such as it is, it should be well thought out. "I am monarch of all I survey" could hardly be delivered with effect if the reciter kept his hands stiffly at his side, and looked vacantly before him. He must give his audience some notion that he is on a desert-island, and alone of his kind. With a graceful outward sweep of the arms, and a

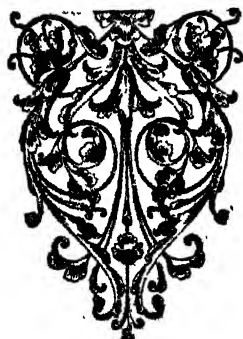
turn of the head as though the eyes were 'taking' in the surrounding scenery, this result may be attained.

A similar gesture from left to right with the right hand, and another from right to left with both, will well describe the *centre-portion* of the island—and the sea opposite. The second and fourth lines require no accompanying action, but should be spoken proudly, and with the head well erect.

The hands might be clasped at 'Oh! solitude,' and, as a gesture of despair and aversion, the right hand would act fitly if it were raised half-way, palm outwards, toward the head; with the latter member turned slightly away in order to intensify the significance of the words.

Of a surety, so much gesture as this might be superfluous, but we give it as a general example of the manner in which appropriate action should be thought out for any recitation taken up by the student, in order to add greater weight to the same by this exterior aid.

In conclusion we would observe that there is no better device for the committal to memory of a number of lines, than that of first reading the piece through carefully several times, and then dealing with six lines at a time, coupling the various divisions together as they are acquired, and repeating the whole from memory till perfect.



CONCLUDING REMARKS.

We have accompanied the reciter through his voice-training, articulation, modulation, and other exercises.

We will now suppose that he is about to perform in public for the first time, and that he is naturally very anxious to make a successful *début*.

He has chosen to recite, we will say, Scott's "Battle of Flodden;" and, having carefully committed it to memory, studied the necessary gesture, and otherwise mastered the piece, he has no fear of a 'break-down' unless such is caused through nervousness. How to conquer this latter feeling is a great consideration, for it is wonderful what a vast difference lies between reciting before the looking-glass or one's friends at home, and facing a sea of eyes, the owners of many of which are both ready and competent to criticise and condemn any defect in the performance.

However, the thing must be done, and the wisest plan is to attempt to take people 'off their guard' by appearing calm, cool, and confident before them, as if no fear of failure were gnawing at the heart.

We once had the pleasure of hearing Mr Brandram recite at Brixton. Just as he advanced to the centre of the platform for his first effort, a gentleman, who had probably not seen the famous elocutionist before, exclaimed enthusiastically, "See how he walks up; he LOOKS as if he could do it, doesn't he?"

This is an instance of the effect of an air of confidence upon a portion of an audience, at least; and thus, although you may be so, do not let anyone see you are nervous.

Just before coming to the front, draw breath long and steadily a few times; otherwise it is probable that in the first few lines a choking sensation will be felt in the throat, and the recital come to an abrupt stop, through the sudden collapse of the air supply.

The proceeding we have advised gives some amount of regularity to the excited breathing.

When walking to your place, move with firm, easy strides, keep the head up, and endeavour to be as graceful as possible. Bow to the audience as a matter of courtesy, and

commence with an announcement of the title and author of your selection. Then, the decisive moment at hand, let the reciter put everything else on one side, and throw brain, heart, nerves, and limbs into the task before him. Let him study to be natural, try to imagine himself amid the scenes described, disregard those around, and stick to the piece.

If the latter is purely descriptive—as distinct from colloquial—it must be addressed direct to the company; but in Shakesperian and other selections, where conversation is indulged in, he should turn from side to side, so that the characters may really speak to each other.

In “Lord Ullin’s Daughter,” for instance, the three speakers—the lover, the lady, and the ferryman—should be grouped together so that, apart from the *change of tone* necessary for their fit representation, they may also appear, from the various attitudes taken up by the reciter, to be really communing with one another in a group of three. A turn to the right for the lover, at a greater angle to the right for the lady, and a reversed position, to the left, for the ferryman, will accomplish this.

At the close of his performance the reciter should again bow, and retire with the same easy, graceful step—only, may we hope, to be at once recalled for a well-merited encore.



ORATORY.

A FEW words specially upon this portion of the art of elocution. The student will no doubt have already perceived that the rules as to voice-training, breath-taking, articulation, audibility, modulation, inflection, emphasis, and gesture, apply equally to orator and reciter. But there is a great gulf fixed between mere repetition from memory and the delivery in public of the production of one's own brain. The orator has higher powers to cultivate, and not the least of these is that of commanding language, suitable to the subject upon which he is called to discourse.

Then he has to study *conciseness*, in order to prevent his becoming verbose and tedious; *originality*, and *freshness of thought*, in order to please and interest; and *action*, that shall give grace and dignity to his words as they flow.

The following—culled from an American paper—proves what a ridiculous effect verbosity may sometimes have. Of course the piece is a burlesque, but nevertheless it is true that—to use a well-known phrase—it is possible to become almost “intoxicated with the exuberance of one's own verbosity.” It is generally a grievous fault to use a long word, or utter a complex sentence, where a simple word or sentence might fitly take their place. But we now append the promised selection.

“DON'T USE BIG WORDS.”

“In promulgating your esoteric cogitations, or articulating your superficial sentimentalities, and amicable philosophical or psychological observations, beware of platitudinous ponderosity.

“Let your conversational communications possess a clarified conciseness, a compacted comprehensibility, coalescent consistency, and a concatenated cogency.

“Eschew all conglomerations of flatulent garrulity, jejune babblement, and asinine affectations.

“Let your extemporaneous descantings and unpremeditated expatiations have intelligibility and veracious vivacity with-

out rhodomontade or thrasonical bombast. Sedulously avoid all polysyllabic profundity, pompous prolixity, psittaccous vacuity, ventriloquial verbosity, and vaniloquent rapidity.

"In other words, talk plainly, briefly, naturally, sensibly, truthfully. Keep from slang; don't put on airs; say what you mean, mean what you say; and don't use big words."

The youthful orator should be careful not to lose his head. He must remain cool at all hazards, though that is a thing far more easily said than done. Keep the mind fixed upon the sentence that is being uttered till it is complete. This will prevent the common fault of beginning a phrase with the nominative and verb, and then wandering away into some interwoven clause till the speaker forgets he has still to finish the main sentence, or, failing to remember how it was begun, gets into a hopeless muddle.

Another word of advice. Never speak too quickly. If an idea comes into the head, seize it, but do not exhaust it in a torrent of hasty language, with the result that its real fulness and extent are lost, and that no further thought is ready to follow. Be cool, and deliberate. Give the idea its full weight, and, in the meantime, another is almost certain to arise, as it were, from its dying embers.

A most excellent plan for the attainment of proficiency in public oratory, is that of taking part as often as possible in what is called 'impromptu speaking.' In the majority of instances the *modus operandi* is as follows: Papers, each bearing the name of a different subject, are thrown into a hat, and the members in turn select one therefrom, speaking forthwith upon whatever topic may come to light for about ten minutes. Of course, the subjects range from the sublime to the ridiculous; but this, as will be seen, is the best of practice for the speaker, since he can never tell upon what he may be called to debate at some time or other during his life, whilst nothing is better for the production of versatility, amid the other important branches of the art.

The aspirant to oratorical honours, moreover, should never lose a single opportunity of speaking in public. He must both conquer his nervousness and become worth hearing—qualities which can only be acquired by the most continual practice. It is one thing to talk in animated and sparkling fashion to a bed-post, and quite another thing to do so before

a mistake of people. Therefore never lose an opportunity of practice—never—never.

How very difficult it is to shine in oratory may easily be understood from a glance at the records of failures therein, on the part of some of our greatest men. That this is no real cause for despair, may just as easily be gathered from a remembrance of the after success of many who were at first failures at first.

The Earl of Rochester gave up oratory in despair after making a ludicrous *début* in the House of Commons; but the Earl of Beaconsfield's early want of success proved only an incentive to further efforts, that finally carried him to the top of the tree. Curran, the brilliant Irishman, and many others whom it would be needless to mention, have likewise furnished proofs of the fact that oratory is not the achievement of a day.

It is built with the bricks of perseverance, and the mortar of hard work, and although some people have a natural talent for the art, yet much can be, and has been, done by aid of the two instruments I have specified.

The novice should read the speeches of our great men, and practise them with appropriate, but not over-abundant gesture.

We append here a few selections for study.

LORD CHATHAM'S REPLY TO MR. HORACE WALPOLE.

Sir, —The atrocious crime of being a young man, which the honourable gentleman has, with such spirit and decency, charged upon me, I shall neither attempt to palliate nor deny; but content myself with wishing that I may be one of those whose follies may cease with their youth, and not of those who continue ignorant in spite of age and experience.

Whether youth can be attributed to any man as a reproach, I will not, sir, assume the province of determining; but surely, age may justly become contemptible, if the opportunities which it brings have passed away without improvement; and vice appear to prevail when the passions have subsided. The wretch who, after having seen the consequences of a thousand errors, continues still to blunder,

and in whom age has only added obstinacy to stupidity, is surely the object either of abhorrence or contempt; and deserves not that his grey head should secure him from insults. Much more, sir, he is to be abhorred, who, as he has advanced in age, has receded from virtue, and become more wicked with less temptation; who prostitutes himself for money which he cannot enjoy, and spends the remains of his life in the ruin of his country.

But youth, sir, is not my only crime: I have been accused of acting a theatrical part. A theatrical part may either imply some peculiarities of gesture, or a dissimulation of my real sentiments, and the adoption of the opinions and language of another man.

In the first sense, sir, the charge is too trifling to be confuted, and deserves to be mentioned only that it may be despised. I am at liberty, like every other man, to use my own language; and though I may, perhaps, have some ambition to please this gentleman, I shall not lay myself under any restraint, nor very solicitously copy his diction or his mien, however matured by age or modelled by experience.

But if any man shall, by charging me with theatrical behaviour, imply that I utter any sentiments but my own, I shall treat him as a calumniator and a villain; nor shall any protection shelter him from the treatment which he deserves. I shall, on such an occasion, without scruple, trample upon all those forms with which wealth and dignity entrench themselves, nor shall anything, but age, restrain my resentment: age, which always brings with it one privilege—that of being insolent and supercilious without punishment.

But with regard, sir, to those whom I have offended, I am of opinion that if I had acted a borrowed part, I should have avoided their censure; the heat which offended them is the ardour of conviction, and that zeal for the service of my country which neither hope nor fear shall influence me to suppress. I will not sit unconcerned while my liberty is invaded, nor look in silence upon public robbery. I will exert my endeavours, at whatever hazard, to repel the aggressor, and drag the thief to justice, whoever may protect him in his villany, and whoever may partake of his plunder.

Chatham.

ENGLISH SELF-ESTEEM.

And now I will grapple with the noble Lord [Palmerston] on the ground which he selected for himself, in the most triumphant portion of his speech, by his reference to those emphatic words, *Civis Romanus sum*.^{*} He vaunted, amidst the cheers of his supporters, that under his administration an Englishman should be throughout the world what the citizen of Rome had been. What then, sir, was a Roman citizen? He was the member of a privileged caste; he belonged to a conquering race—to a nation that held all others bound down by the strong arm of power. For him there was to be an exceptional system of law; for him principles were to be asserted, and by him rights were to be enjoyed, that were denied to the rest of the world.

Is such, then, the view of the noble lord, as to the relation that is to subsist between England and other countries? Does he make the claim for us, that we are to be uplifted on a platform high above the standing-ground of all other nations? It is, indeed, too clear, not only from the expressions, but from the whole spirit of the speech of the noble Viscount, that too much of this notion is lurking in his mind; that he adopts in part that vain conception, that we, forsooth, have a mission to be the censors of vice and folly, of abuse and imperfection among the other countries of the world; that we are to be the universal schoolmasters; and that all those who hesitate to recognise our office can be governed only by prejudice or personal animosity, and should have the blind war of diplomacy forthwith declared against them.....

Sir, the English people, whom we are here to represent, are indeed a great and noble people; but it adds nothing to their greatness or their nobleness, that, when we assemble in this place, we should trumpet forth our virtues in elaborate panegyrics, and designate those who may not be wholly of our mind as a knot of foreign conspirators. Now, the policy of the noble lord tends to encourage and confirm in us that which is our besetting fault and weakness, both

^{*} "I am a Roman citizen."

and nation and as individuals. Let an Englishman travel where he will as a private person, he is found in general to be upright, high-minded, brave, liberal, and true: but with all this, foreigners are too often sensible of something that galls them in his presence; and I apprehend it is because he has too great a tendency to self-esteem—too little disposition to regard the feelings, the habits, and the ideas of others.

I doubt not that use will be made of our present debate to work upon this peculiar weakness of the English mind. The people will be told that those who oppose the motion are governed by personal motives, have no regard for public principle, no enlarged ideas of national policy. You will take your case before a favourable jury, and you think to gain your verdict: but, sir, let the House of Commons be warned—let it warn itself—against all illusions. There is in this case also a course of appeal. There is an appeal, such as one honourable and learned member has already made, from the one House of Parliament to the other. There is a further appeal from this House of Parliament to the people of England. But, lastly, there is also an appeal from the people of England to the general sentiment of the civilized world, and I, for my part, am of opinion that England will stand shorn of a chief part of her glory and her pride, if she shall be found to have separated herself, through the policy she pursues abroad, from the moral support which the general and fixed convictions of mankind afford. If the day shall come in which she may continue to excite the wonder and the fear of other nations, but in which she shall have no part in their affections and their regard.

William Ewart Gladstone.

COLONIAL LOYALTY.

Our attachment to the Queen, our own Victoria, is mingled with a tenderness not inconsistent with the sterner sentiment, which it softens and embellishes without impairing. Let her legitimate authority as a constitutional monarch; let her reputation as a woman be assailed, and notwithstanding the lamentation of Burke that the age of chivalry was passed, thousands of swords would leap

from their scabbards to avenge her. Ay, and they would be drawn as freely and wielded as vigorously and bravely in Canada or in Nova Scotia as in England. Loyalty! love of British institutions!—they are ingrafted on our very nature; they are part and parcel of ourselves; and I can no more tear them from my heart (even if I would, and lacerate all its fibres) than I could sever a limb from my body.

And what are those institutions? A distinguished American statesman recently answered this question. He said: "The proudest Government that exists upon the face of the Earth is that of Great Britain. And the great Pitt, her proudest statesman, when he would tell of Britain's crowning glory, did not speak, as he might have done, of her wide-spread dominion, upon which the sun never sets. He did not speak of martial achievements, of glorious battle-fields, and of splendid naval conflicts. But he said, with swelling breast and kindling eye, that the poorest man of Great Britain in his cottage might bid defiance to all the force of the Crown. It might be frail, its roof might shake, the wind might blow through it, the storm might enter, the rain might enter; but the King of England could not enter it. In all his forces he dared not cross the threshold of that ruined tenement."

Hon. W. Young.

WHAT IS WAR?

What is war? I believe that half the people that talk about war have not the slightest idea what it is. In a short sentence it may be summed up to be the combination and concentration of all the horrors, atrocities, crimes, and sufferings of which human nature on this globe is capable. But what is even a rumour of war? Is there anybody here who has anything in the funds, or who is the owner of any railway stock; or anybody who has a large stock of raw material or of manufactured goods? The funds have recently gone down 10 per cent. I do not say that the fall is all on account of this danger of war, but a great proportion of it undoubtedly is. A fall of 10 per cent. in the funds is nearly £80,000,000 sterling of value; and railway stock having gone down 20 per cent.

makes a difference of £80,000,000 in the value of the railway property of this country. Add the two—£140,000,000—and take the diminished prosperity and value of manufactures of all kinds during the last few months, and you will under-~~state~~ the actual loss to the country now if you put it down at £200,000,000 sterling. But that is merely a rumour of war. That is war a long way off—the small cloud no bigger than a man's hand: what will it be if it comes nearer and becomes a fact? And surely sane men ought to consider whether the case is a good one, the ground fair, the necessity clear, before they drag a nation of nearly thirty millions of people into a long and bloody struggle, for a decrepit and tottering empire, which all the nations in Europe cannot long sustain.

Well, if you go into war now, you will have more banners to decorate your cathedrals and churches. Englishmen will fight now as well as ever they did; and there is ample power to back them, if the country can be but sufficiently excited and deluded. You may raise up great generals. You may have another Wellington, and another Nelson too; for this country can grow men capable of every enterprise. Then there may be titles, and pensions, and marble monuments to eternize the men who have thus become great;—but what becomes of you and your country, and your children?

Speaking here, however, to such an audience—an audience probably, for its numbers, as intelligent and as influential as ever was assembled within the walls of any hall in this kingdom,—I think I may put before you higher considerations even than those of property and the institutions of your country. I may remind you of duties more solemn and of obligations more imperative. You profess to be a Christian nation. You make it your boast even—though boasting is somewhat out of place in such questions—you make it your boast that you are a Christian people, and that you draw your rule of doctrine and practice, as from a well pure and undefiled, from the lively oracles of God, and from the direct revelation of the Omnipotent. You have even conceived the magnificent project of illuminating the whole Earth, even to its remotest and darkest recesses, by the dissemination of the volume of the New Testament, in whose every page are written for ever the words of peace. Within

the limits of this island alone, every Sabbath-day, 20,000, yes, far more than 20,000 temples are thrown open, in which devout men and women assemble to worship Him who is the "Prince of Peace."

Is this a reality? or is your Christianity a romance, and your profession a dream? No; I am sure that your Christianity is not a romance, and I am equally sure that your profession is not a dream. It is because I believe this that I appeal to you with confidence, and that I have hope and faith in the future. I believe that we shall see, and at no very distant time, sound economic principles spreading much more widely amongst the people; a sense of justice growing up in a soil which hitherto has been deemed unfruitful; and—which will be better than all—the Churches of the United Kingdom, the Churches of Britain, awaking as it were from their slumbers, and girding up their loins to more glorious work, when they shall not only accept and believe in the prophecy, but labour earnestly for its fulfilment, that there shall come a time—a blessed time—a time which shall last for ever—when "nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."

John Bright.

LORD BROUGHAM ON THE REFORM BILL.

We stand in a truly critical position. If we reject the bill through fear of being thought to be intimidated, we may lead the life of retirement and quiet, but the hearts of the millions of our fellow-citizens are gone for ever; their affections are estranged; we, and our order and its privileges, are the objects of the people's hatred, as the only obstacles which stand between them and the gratification of their most passionate desire. The whole body of the aristocracy must expect to share this fate, and be exposed to feelings such as these. For I hear it constantly said that the bill is rejected by all the aristocracy. Favour, and a good number of supporters, our adversaries allow it has among the people; the ministers, too, are for it; but the aristocracy, say they, is strenuously opposed to it. I broadly deny this assertion. What! my Lords, the aristocracy set themselves in a mass

against the people;—they who spring from the people—are inseparably connected with the people—are supported by the people—are the natural chiefs of the people! They set themselves against the people, for whom peers are ennobled, bishops consecrated, kings anointed—the people, to serve whom Parliament itself has an existence, and the monarchy and all its institutions are constituted, and without whom none of them could exist for an hour! This assertion of unreflecting men is too monstrous to be endured. As a member of this House, I deny it with indignation—I repel it with scorn, as a calumny upon us all. And yet there are those who, even within these walls, speak of the bill augmenting so much the strength of the democracy as to endanger the other orders of the state; and so they charge its authors with promoting anarchy and rapine. Why, my Lords, have its authors nothing to fear from democratic spoliation? The fact is, that there are members of the present Cabinet who possess, one or two of them alone, far more property than any two administrations within my recollection; and all of them have ample wealth. I need hardly say, I include not myself, who have little or none. But even of myself I will say, that whatever I have depends on the stability of existing institutions, and it is as dear to me as the princely possessions of any amongst you. Permit me to say, that in becoming a member of your House, I staked my all on the aristocratic institutions of the state; I abandoned certain wealth, a large income, and much real power in the state, for an office of great trouble, heavy responsibility, and very uncertain duration. I say, I gave up substantial power for the shadow of it, and for distinction depending upon accident. I quitted the elevated situation of representative of Yorkshire, and a leading member of the Commons. I descended from a position quite lofty enough to satisfy any man's ambition, and my lot became bound up in the stability of this House. Then, have I not a right to throw myself on your justice, and to desire that you will not put in jeopardy all I have now left?

But the populace only, the rabble, the ignoble vulgar, are for the bill! Then what is the Duke of Norfolk, Earl Marshal of England? What the Duke of Devonshire? What the Duke of Bedford? I am aware it is irregular to name any noble lord that is a friend to the measure; its

adversaries are patiently suffered to call Peers even by their Christian and surnames. Then I shall be as regular as they were, and ask, does my friend John Russell, my friend William Cavendish, my friend Harry Vane, belong to the mob or the aristocracy? Have they no possessions? Are they modern names? Are they wanting in Norman blood, or whatever else you pride yourselves on? The idea is too ludicrous to be seriously refuted. That the bill is only a favourite with the democracy is a delusion so wild as to point a man's destiny towards St. Luke's. Yet many, both here and elsewhere, by dint of constantly repeating the same cry, or hearing it repeated, have almost made themselves believe that none of the nobility are for the measure.

My Lords, I do not disguise the intense solicitude which I feel for the event of this debate, because I know full well that the peace of the country is involved in the issue. I cannot look without dismay at the rejection of the measure. But grievous as may be the consequences of a temporary defeat—temporary it can only be; for its ultimate and even speedy success is certain. Nothing now can stop it. Do not suffer yourselves to be persuaded, that even if the present ministers were driven from the helm, anyone could steer you through the troubles that surround you, without reform. But our successors would take up the task in circumstances far less auspicious. Under them you would be fain to grant a bill, compared with which the one we now proffer is moderate indeed. Hear the parable of the Sibyl; for it conveys a wise and wholesome moral. She now appears at your gate, and offers you mildly the volumes—the precious volumes of wisdom and peace. The price she asks is reasonable;—to restore the franchise which, without any bargain, you ought voluntarily to give. You refuse her terms—her moderate terms; she darkens the porch no longer. But soon, for you cannot do without her wares, you call her back. Again she comes, but with diminished treasures; the leaves of the book are in part torn away by lawless hands—in part defaced with characters of blood. But the prophetic maid has risen in her demands—it is Parliament by the year—it is vote by the ballot—it is suffrage by the million! From this you turn away indignant, and for the second time she departs. Beware of her third visit; for the treasure you must have; and what price she

may next demand, who shall tell? It may be even the mace which rests upon that woolpack. What may follow your course of obstinacy, if persisted in, I cannot take upon me to predict, nor do I wish to conjecture. But this I know full well, that as sure as man is mortal, and to err is human, justice deferred enhances the price at which you must purchase safety and peace; nor can you more expect to gather in another crop than they did who went before you, if you persevere in their utterly abominable husbandry of sowing injustice and reaping rebellion.

But among the awful considerations that now bow down my mind, there is one which stands pre-eminent above the rest. You are the highest judicature in the realm; you sit here as judges, and decide all causes, civil and criminal, without appeal. It is a judge's first duty never to pronounce sentence, in the most trifling case, without hearing. Will you make this the exception? Are you really prepared to determine, but not to hear, the mighty cause upon which a nation's hopes and fears hang? You are! Then beware of your decision! Rouse not, I beseech you, a peace-loving, but a resolute people—alienate not from your body the affections of a whole empire. As your friend, as the friend of my order, as the friend of my country, as the faithful servant of my sovereign, I counsel you to assist with your utmost efforts in preserving the peace, and upholding and perpetuating the Constitution. Therefore I pray and I exhort you not to reject this measure. By all you hold most dear—by all the ties that bind every one of us to our common order and our common country, I solemnly adjure you—I warn you—I implore you—yea, on my bended knees, I supplicate you—Reject not this bill!

Brougham.

BENJAMIN DISRAELI ON THE DEATH OF WELLINGTON.

The House of Commons is called upon to-night to fulfil a sorrowful, but a noble duty. It has to recognise, in the face of the country, and of the civilized world, the loss of the most illustrious of our citizens, and to offer to the ashes of the great departed the solemn anguish of a

bereaved nation. The princely personage who has left us
 was born in an age more fertile of great events than any
 period of recorded time. Of these vast incidents the most
 conspicuous were his own deeds, and these were performed
 with the smallest means, and in defiance of the greatest
 obstacles. He was, therefore, not only a great man, but the
 greatest man of a great age. Amid the chaos and con-
 flagration which attended the end of the last century there
 arose one of those beings who seem born to master mankind.
 It is not too much to say that Napoleon combined the imperial
 ardour of Alexander with the strategy of Hannibal. The kings
 of the earth fell before his fiery and subtile genius, and at
 the head of all the power of Europe, he denounced destruc-
 tion to the only land that dared to be free. The providential
 superintendence of this world seems seldom more manifest
 than in the dispensation which ordained that the French
 Emperor and Wellesley should be born in the same year:
 that in the same year they should have embraced the same
 profession; and that, natives of distant lands, they should
 both have sought their military education in that illustrious
 land which in its turn was destined to subjugate. During
 the long struggle for our freedom, our glory, I may say our ex-
 istence, Wellesley fought and won fifteen pitched battles, all
 of the highest class—concluding with one of those crowning
 victories which give a colour and aspect to history. During
 this period that can be said of him which can be said of no
 other captain—that he captured three thousand cannon
 from the enemy, and never lost a single gun. The greatness
 of his exploits was only equalled by the difficulties he over-
 came. He had to encounter at the same time a feeble
 Government, a factious Opposition, and a distrustful people,
 scandalous allies, and the most powerful enemy in the world.
 He gained victories with starving troops, and carried on
 sieges without tools; and, as if to complete the fatality
 which, in this sense, always awaited him, when he had suc-
 ceeded in creating an army worthy of Roman legions, and
 of himself, this invincible host was broken up on the eve of
 the greatest conjuncture of his life, and he entered the
 field of Waterloo with raw levies and discomfited allies.

But the star of Wellesley never paled. His has been
 called fortunate, for fortune is a dignity that even favours
 those who are alike sagacious, intrepid, inventive, and

patient. It was his character that created his career. This alike achieved his exploits and guarded him from vicissitudes. It was his sublime self-control that regulated his lofty fate. It has been the fashion of late years to disparage the military character. Forty years of peace have hardly qualified us to be aware how considerable and complex are the qualities which are necessary for the formation of a great general. It is not enough to say that he must be an engineer, a geographer, learned in human nature, adroit in managing mankind: that he must be able to perform the highest duties of a Minister of State, and sink to the humblest offices of a commissary and a clerk; but he has to display all this knowledge and he must do all these things at the same time, and under extraordinary circumstances. At the same moment he must think of the eve and the morrow—of his flanks and of his reserves; he must carry with him ammunition, provisions, hospitals; he must calculate at the same time the state of the weather and the moral qualities of man; and all these elements, which are perpetually changing, he must combine amid overwhelming cold or overpowering heat; sometimes amid famine, often amid the thunder of artillery. Behind all this, too, is the ever present image of his country, and the dreadful alternative whether that country is to receive him with cypress or laurel. But all these conflicting ideas must be driven from the mind of the military leader, for he must think—and not only think—he must think with the rapidity of lightning, for on a moment more or less depends the fate of the finest combination, and on a moment more or less, depends glory or shame. Doubtless, all this may be done in an ordinary manner by an ordinary man; as we see every day of our lives ordinary men making successful Ministers of State, successful speakers, successful authors. But to do all this with genius is sublime. Doubtless, to think deeply and clearly in the recess of a Cabinet is a fine intellectual demonstration, but to think with equal depth and equal clearness amid bullets is the most complete exercise of the human faculties. Although the military career of the Duke of Wellington fills so large a space in history, it was only a comparatively small section of his prolonged and illustrious life. Only eight years elapsed from Vimiera to Waterloo, and from the date of his first commission to the last cannon-shot on the

His military career scarcely twenty years can be counted. After all his triumphs he was destined for another career, and, if not in the prime, certainly in the perfection of manhood, he commenced a civil career scarcely less eminent than those military achievements which will live for ever in history. Thrice was he the Ambassador of his Sovereign to those great historic congresses that settled the affairs of Europe; twice was he Secretary of State; twice was he Commander-in-Chief, and once he was Prime Minister of England. His labours for his country lasted to the end. A few months ago he favoured the present advisers of the Crown with his thoughts on the Burmese War expressed in a state paper characterised by all his sagacity and experience, and he died the active chief of that famous army to which he has left the tradition of his glory.

Disraeli.

CRIME ITS OWN DEFECTOR

Against the prisoner at the bar, is no individual, I cannot have the slightest prejudice. I would not do him the smallest injury or injustice. But I do not affect to be indifferent to the discovery and the punishment of this deep guilt. I cheerfully share in the opprobrium, how much soever it may be, which is cast on those who feel and manifest an anxious concern that all who had a part in planning, or a hand in executing, this deed of midnight assassination may be brought to answer for their enormous crime at the bar of public justice. Gentlemen, this is a most extraordinary case. In some respects, it has hardly a precedent anywhere—certainly none in our New England history. An aged man, without an enemy in the world, in his own house, and in his own bed is made the victim of a butcherly murder, for mere pay. Deep sleep had fallen on the destined victim, and on all beneath his roof. A healthful old man to whom sleep was sweet,—the firm sound slumbers of the night hold him in their soft but strong embrace. The assassin enters through the window, already prepared, into an unoccupied apartment; with noiseless foot he paces the lonely hall, half-lighted by the moon, he winds up the ascent of the stairs, and reaches the door of the chamber. Of this he says the

lock, by soft and continued pressure, till it turns on its hinges, and he enters, and beholds his victim before him. The room was uncommonly light. The face of the innocent sleeper was turned from the murderer; and the beams of the moon, resting on the grey locks of his aged temple, showed him where to strike. The fatal blow is given, and the victim passes, without a struggle or a motion, from the repose of sleep to the repose of death!

It is the assassin's purpose to make sure work; and he yet plies the dagger, though it was obvious that life had been destroyed by the blow of the bludgeon. He even raises the aged arm, that he may not fail in his aim at the heart, and replaces it again over the wounds of the poniard! To finish the picture, he explores the wrist for the pulse! He feels it, and ascertains that it beats no longer! It is accomplished! The deed is done! He retreats, retraces his steps to the window, passes through as he came in, and escapes. He has done the murder; no eye has seen him: no ear has heard him; the secret is his own, and he is safe!

Ah, gentlemen, that was a dreadful mistake. Such a secret can be safe nowhere. The whole creation of God has neither nook nor corner, where the guilty can bestow it and say it is safe. Not to speak of that eye which glances through all disguises, and beholds everything as in the splendour of noon—such secrets of guilt are never safe; 'murder will out.'

True it is that Providence hath so ordained, and doth so govern things, that those who break the great law of heaven by shedding man's blood seldom succeed in avoiding discovery. Especially in a case exciting so much attention as this, discovery must and will come sooner or later. A thousand eyes turn at once to explore every man, everything, every circumstance, connected with the time and place; a thousand ears catch every whisper; a thousand excited minds intently dwell on the scene; shedding all their light, and ready to kindle the slightest circumstance into a blaze of discovery.

Meantime the guilty soul cannot keep its own secret. It is false to itself,—or, rather, it feels an irresistible impulse of conscience to be true to itself—it labours under its guilty possession, and knows not what to do with it. The human heart was not made for the residence of such an inhabitant:

it finds itself preyed on by a torment which it dares not acknowledge to God or man. A vulture is devouring it, and it asks no sympathy or assistance either from heaven or earth.

The secret which the murderer possesses soon comes to possess him, and, like the evil spirits of which we read, it overcomes him, and leads him whithersoever it will. He feels it beating at his heart, rising to his throat, and demanding disclosure. He thinks the whole world sees it in his face, reads it in his eye, and almost hears its workings in the very silence of his thoughts. It has become his master; it betrays his discretion; it breaks down his courage; it conquers his prudence. When suspicions from without begin to embarrass him, and the net of circumstances to entangle him, the fatal secret struggles with still greater violence to burst forth. It must be confessed; it will be confessed; there is no refuge from confession but in suicide, and suicide is confession.

Daniel Webster.





SELECTIONS IN VERSE.



THE ROAD TO HEAVEN.

(By special permission).

HOW is the boy this morning? Why do you shake your head?

Ah! I can see what's happened—there's a screen, drawn round the bed.

So, poor little Mike is sleeping the last long sleep of all; I'm sorry—but who could wonder, after that dreadful fall?

Let me look at him, doctor—poor little London waif!

His frail barque's out of the tempest, and lies in God's harbour safe;

It's better he died in the ward here, better a thousand times, Than have wandered back to the alley, with its squalor and nameless crimes.

Too young for the slum to sully, he's gone to the wonder-land

To look on the thousand marvels that he scarce could understand.

Poor little baby outcast, poor little waif of sin!

He has gone, and the pitying angels have carried the cripple in.

Didn't you know his story?—Ah, you weren't here, I believe, When they brought the poor little fellow to the hospital Christmas Eve.

It was I who came here with him, it was I who saw him go Over the bridge that evening into the Thames below.

THE ROAD TO HEAVEN

The raw, cold air that evening—a biting Christmasy frost—

I was looking about for a collie—a favourite dog I'd lost.
Some ragged boys, so they told me, had been seen with one
that night

In one of the bridge recesses, so I hunted left and right.

You know the stone recesses—with the long broad bench of
stone,

To many a weary outcast as welcome as monarch's throne;
On the fiercest night you may see them, as crouched in the
dark they lie,

Like the hunted vermin, striving to hide from the hounds
in cry.

The seats that night were empty, for the morrow was
Christmas Day,

And even the outcast loafers seemed to have slunk away;
They had found a warmer shelter—some casual ward, may-
be—

They'd manage a morning's labour for the sake of the meat
and tea.

I fancied the seats were empty, but, as I passed along,
Out of the darkness floated the words of a Christmas song,
Sung in a childish treble—'twas a boy's voice hoarse with
cold,

Quavering out the anthem of angels and harps of gold.

I stood where the shadows hid me, and peered about until
I could see two ragged urchins, blue with the icy chill,
Cuddling close together, crouched on a big stone seat—
Two little homeless arab waifs of the London street.

One was singing the carol, when the other, with big round
eyes—

It was Mike—looked up in wonder, and said, "Jack, when
we dies

Is that the place as we goes to—that place where ye'r
dressed in white?

And has golden 'arps to play on, and it's warm and jolly
and bright?

THE ROAD TO HEAVEN.

"Is that what they mean by 'eaven," as the misshun cooves talks about,

Where the children's always happy and nobody kicks 'em out?"

Jack nodded his head assenting, and then he listened and heard

The talk of the little arabs—listened to every word.

Jack was a Sunday scholar, so I gathered from what he said,

But he sang in the road for a living—his father and mother were dead;

And he had a drunken granny, who turned him into the street—

She drank what he earned, and often he hadn't a crust to eat.

He told little Mike of heaven, in his rough untutored way, He made it a land of glory where the children sing all day;

And Mike, he shivered and listened, and told *his* tale to his friend,

How he was starved and beaten—'twas a tale one's heart to rend.

He'd a drunken father and mother, who sent him out to beg,

Though he'd just got over a fever, and was lame with a withered leg;

He told how he daren't crawl homeward, because he had legged in vain,

And his parents' brutal fury haunted his baby brain.

"I wish I could go to 'eaven," he cried, as he shook with fright;

"If I thought as they'd only take me, why I'd go this very night.

Which is the way to 'eaven. How d'ye get there, Jack?"— Jack climbed on the bridge's coping, and looked at the water black.

"That there's *one* road to 'eaven," he said, as he pointed down

To where the cold Thames water surged muddy and thick and brown.

"If ~~we~~ fall in there, Mike, we'd be dead; and right through there
Is the place where it's always sunshiny, and the angels has
crowns to wear."

Mike rose and looked at the water; he peered in the big
broad stream,
Perhaps with a childish notion he might catch the golden
gleam
Of the far off land of glory. He leaned right over and
cried—
"If there are the gates of 'eaven, how I'd like to be
in ide!"

He'd stood but a moment looking how it happened I can
not tell—
When he seemed to lose his balance gave a short shrill cry,
and fell
Fell over the narrow coping and I heard his poor head
strike
With a thud on the stonework under, then splash in the
flumes went Mike

We brought him here that evening. For help I had
managed to shout
A boat put off from the landing, and they dragged his body
out,
His forehead was cut and bleeding, but a vestige of life we
found,
When they brought him here he was senseless, but slowly
the child came round.

I came here on Christmas morning—the ward was all bright
and gay
With mistletoe, green, and holly, in honour of Christmas
Day;
And the patients had clean white garments, and a few in
the room out there
Had joined in a Christmas service—they were singing a
Christmas air.

They were singing a Christmas carol when Mike from his stupor woke,

And dim on his wandering senses the strange surroundings broke.

Half dreamily he remembered the tale he had heard from Jack—

The song, and the white-robed angels, the warm bright Heaven came back.

"I'm in Heaven," he whispered faintly. "Yes, Jack must have told me true!"

And, as he looked about him, came the kind old surgeon through.

Mike gazed at his face a moment, put his hand to his fevered head,

Then to the kind old doctor, "Please, are you God?" he said.

Poor little Mike! 'twas Heaven, this hospital ward, to him—
A heaven of warmth and comfort, till the flickering lamp grew dim;

And he lay like a tired baby in a dreamless gentle rest,
And now he is safe for ever where such as he are best.

This is the day of scoffers, but who shall say that night,
When Mike asked the road to Heaven, that Jack didn't tell him right?

'Twas the children's Jesus pointed the way to the kingdom come

For the poor little tired Arab, the waif of a London slum.

Geo. H. Sims.



NOT IN THE PROGRAMME.

A STROLLER'S STORY.

AH, good-evening to you agen! So you've brought the proof then, eh?

"MACBETH, MR. HUBERT VILLIERS." Yes, that's better, I must say.

Now, what'll you take? Hot whisky? Right! What ho, there, Polly, my dear!—

Two fours of Irish warm for me and this other gentleman here.

Not half bad tippie, is it, my boy? Tain't often I drink from choice,

But I fancy a drop of Irish warm softens and mellers the voice:

So you liked my Claude last night, you say? Well, 'tis fairish they all allow;

But I'm getting a bit too old and fat for the lover business now.

Ah, well, I mustn't complain, I suppose! I can stick to the heavy line,

And I've got a few browns put by, you know, in that old stocking o' mine;

Tho', mind you, with a company near a dozen strong, or quite,

If business is slack, 'tis a tightish fit when it comes to Saturday night.

See some queer things, we travelling folk? Well, yes, that's perfectly true:

Why, 'twas only now while sitting here, smoking and waiting for you,

I was thinking over a curious scene you may have heard about

That shows how the real thing after all beats acting out-and-out!

I know it's true, for it all took place under my eyes, you know :

Let's see, 'twas at ~~eyes~~, at Doncaster, — about two years ago,
Me and the missus was sitting down at our lodgings one
day at tea,
When the slavey told me a lady had call'd, and wanted to
speak to me.

"Show her up here," I says, for I thought "'tis one of our
folks look'd round
To ask me som-thing about to night, but I was wrong, I
found ;
For there enter'd, blushing up t' her eyes, shrinking, tremu-
lous, cov-
A lady I'd never seen before, with a charming little boy.

A beautiful blonde he was, not more than two and twenty
or so,
With witching eyes of a lustrous brown but ah, how full of
woe !
And she and her boy were dress'd in black, and she wore in
mour'ful mood
On her flaxen hair, that was tinted with gold, the weeds of
widowhood

She took the chair I gave her, and spoke in a low sweet
voice -
I could see that she was a lady born, she seem'd so gentle
and un-
She'd had some knowledge of the stage as an amateur, she
said,
And could I give her something to do to find her boy in
bread ?

"O, that's how the wind lays, is it ?" I thought. "Well,
p'raps I might do worse :
If she only acts as well as she looks, she'd nicely line my
purse ;"
And I took good stock of her as she sat with her boy beside
her chair,
And stroked with dainty tremulous hand his bonnie golden
hair.

NOT IN THE PROGRAMME.

Bit by bit her story came out. Long back her mother had died,

And left her, an only child, to be her father's darling and pride:

He was in the law, and thought to be rich, and was held in high repute,

But, ah! he died a ruin'd man, and left her destitute.

Then the only relative she had—an aunt, who was well-to-do—

Had taken her in, and had found for her a wealthy suitor, too.

But she loved another—a sailor lad—who, like herself, was poor;

And when they married, her haughty aunt had spurned her from her door.

They were very happy at first, she said, and her voice was tearful and low.

But, O, she had lost her husband too—he was drown'd four months ago:

His ship was wreck'd, and all were lost; and now, in her need and care,

She'd no one left in all the world, but her little Charlie there!

And here she droop'd her head, poor girl, and her voice was choked with sighs—

Hem, hem! confound the smoke; how it gets in a fellow's throat and eyes!

Then she finished her tale: She felt at first all stunn'd and dazed, she said;

And even to think of aught but him seem'd treachery to the dead.

But by-and by, for the sake of her boy, now doubly precious and dear,

She nerved herself to look beyond to the future that seem'd so drear:

She thought of a governess's place at last, but then they would have to part,

And to give up her only darling now would almost break her heart!

Little by little her things had gone to meet their daily need,
Till her home too had to be given up, and all seem'd lost
indeed;
Then she thought of how she loved the stage in the happy
Long Ago,
And how well she play'd as an amateur—at least they told
her so.

She'd call'd at all the theatres she knew, but 'twas still the
same old tale---
A novice had no chance at all where even vet'rans fail;
Then some one had told her to come to me, and she'd tra-
vell'd here to-day
To see if I could take her on, in however humble a way.

I should find her quick and willing, she said, in all I wanted
done;
And all she ask'd was lodging and food for her and her little
one:
She'd nothing left but her wedding-ring and one poor half-a-
crown,
And, O, there was only the workhouse, if—and here she
quite broke down!

Well there, the parsons give it sometimes to we "poor players"
hot,
But whatever our faults may be, my boy, we ain't a hard-
hearted lot!
There was the missus a-crying too, with the little kid on her
knee,
And I—well this weeping business, somehow, always gets
over me!

And the end of it was that I took her on, as a super, so to
speak,
And found her board and lodging with us, and a shilling or
two a week.
She help'd the missus in different ways, and did it capitally
too;
And we sent her on in little parts where she hadn't much to

But quicker "study" I never knew, and she'd something
better and higher -

I could see that she was an actress born- the woman had
passion, fire!

She took with the public from the first, what with her sweet
young face,

And passion and power, and we gave her soon the leading
lady's place

Some of our ladies were jealous like, when they see her
taking the lead,

And used to sneer at her ring and words, and muttered
"Mrs. Underhill"

But she was so gentle, obliging, meek, this soon wore off, it
did,

And they all of 'em got to love her at last, and to almost
worship the lead

She seem'd to me form'd with passion and power when once
she got on the stage,

And Mrs. Mowbray, as she was call'd, came to be quite the
rage

She'd only to show herself for the cheers to thunder out,
and all

She always was good for three recalls of a night, and often
more!

'Twas the best day's work I ever did when I lent her a helping
hand!

By Jove! so, as Constance in *King John* that woman was
something grand!

And as for Ophelia, where she sings that song before she
dies

Ha! dead old stage as I am, it brought the tears to my
eyes

One night I happen'd to be in the front when she was extry
fine

'Twas in *Fast Lynn*, and she'd just come on, with her boy,
as Madame Vine

She's supposed, as Lady Isidel, to have wrong'd her
husband and fled,

But it's the governess place disguised, after he thinks
she's dead!

She'd got to that crowning scene of all, where the mother
longs to stretch
Her arms to her boy, but has to check and school herself,
poor wretch!
And the house was hush'd in pity and awe, when I saw her
stare and start,
Then stagger, and turn as white as death, and put her hand
to her heart.

I follow'd her eyes, and there close by in the pit, looking
pale and thin,
Was a tall young fellow in naval dress, who had only just
come in :
He sprang to the stage, and bounded on, and you can guess
the rest.
"O Alice, Alice!" "O Harry, dear!"—and she swoon'd
away on his breast!

I think for a moment the people thought 'twas part of the
play, forsooth;
But her story, you see, had been whispered about, and they
easily guess'd the truth.
And then—ah; talk of a scene my boy! such cheers you
never heard—
I thought the roof would have fallen in—I did upon my
word!

Of course the curtain had to be dropp'd, and I whisper'd to
the band
To strike up something, and hurried behind at once, you
understand,
To find her just "coming to," dear heart, with the women
all weeping there,
And her husband, with her hand in his, kneeling beside her
chair.

And her little one clinging to her—ah! what a *tarblow* that
would have been!
I would have made the fortune of a piece to have brought
in such a scene!
We come to look at it now, you see, in a sort of professional
light;
but then I was very nearly as weak as the women were, or
quite.

NOT IN THE PROCLAMATION.

His story was short: his ship was wreck'd, and 'twas thought
that all were drown'd,
But he and another clung to a spar, and were pick'd up safe
and sound;
'Twas more like the Tichborne story agen, than anything
else I know:
Do I believe in the Claimant? Yes—I believe he's Arthur O.!

They landed him close to the Diamond Field, and he wrote
to his wife, but she
Believed he was dead, and had changed her name, and
taken service with me;
Then he took a turn at the diggin's, and there good luck
came thick and fast,
And he'd come back rich to find her gone, but they'd met at
last—at last!

Then her story was told, and how good I'd been, and all the
rest, dear heart,
And she would insist on going on agen to finish her part
So I went to the front myself, you know, and told the
people all,
And, upon my word, I thought this time the roof must
surely fall!

And when she came on agen at last, what deafening
thunder o' cheers!
Men a-waving then hat like mad—women and kids in
tears!
I thought of the night when Kean first set all England
heart a-tir:
'Sir, the pit ROSE AT ME!' he said; and so it did at her!

And she seem'd inspired, so grand she was, so passionate,
true, and warm;
From the time she open'd her mouth agen, she took the
house by storm:
Three times they had her back at the end, and I shall never
forget
How he had to lead her on at the last—I can see and hear
'em yet.

OUR TRAVELLED

A bonnie couple they were, my boy, to see 'em together
then—

Ham! bother the smoke; its been and got into my eyes
agen!

He dropp'd me a fiver for a feed for the company next
day,

And she bought me this here diamond ring—up to the
knocker, eh?

He took a nice little place in Kent, where they're living in
style, you know;

And there's always a knife and fork for me whenever I like
to go.

It ain't so very long ago—perhaps two or three months, or
more—

Since me and the missus was there for a week, and was
treated "up to the door."

I had their story put in a play, and it answer'd pretty well,
But, bless your heart, it wasn't a patch on the genuine
article!

Well, good-bye for the present, old friend, if you won't have
any more:

You won't forget about the bills? Good on yer! *O requar!*

Edwin Collier.

OUR TRAVELLED PARSON.

(From "*Farm Ballads*," by permission of Messrs. Sampson Low & Co.
(Published at 1s.)

FOR twenty years and over, our good parson had been
toiling,

To chip the bad meat from our hearts, and keep the good
from spoiling;

But suddenly he wilted down, and went to looking sickly,

And the doctor said that something must be put up for him
quickly.

So we kind o' clubbed together, each according to his notion,
And bought a circular ticket, in the lands across the ocean;
Wrapped some pocket-money in it—what we thought would
easy do him—

And appointed me committee-man, to go and take it to him.
I found him in his study, looking rather worse than ever;
And told him 'twas decided that his flock and he should
sever.

Then his eyes grew big with wonder, and it seemed almost
to blind 'em,

And some tears looked out o' window, with some others
close behind 'em!

But I handed him the ticket, with a little bow of deference,
And he studied quite a little ere he got the proper refer-
ence;

And then the tears that waited—great unmanageable crea-
tures—

Let themselves quite out o' window, and came climbing down
his features

I wish you could ha' seen him, when he came back, fresh
and glowing,

His clothes all worn and seedy, and his face all fat and
knowing;

I wish you could ha' seen him, when he prayed for us who
sent him,

Paying back with compound int'rest every dollar that we'd
lent him!

'Twas a feast to true believers—'twas a blight on contradic-
tion—

To hear one just from Calvary, talk about the crucifixion;
'Twas a damper on those fellows who pretended they could
doubt it,

To have a man who'd been there stand and tell 'em all about
it!

Why, every foot of Scripture, where location used to stump
us,

Was now regularly laid out with the different points o'
compass;

When he undertook a subject, in what natural lines he'd
draw it;

He would paint it out so honest, that it seemed as if you
saw it.

And the way he went for Europe! oh, the way he scampered
through it!

Not a mountain but he clim'd it—not a city but he knew it,
There wasn't any subject to explain, in all creation,
But he could go to Europe and bring back an illustration;
So we crowded out to hear him, quite instructed and de-
lighted,

'Twas a picture-show, a lecture, and a sermon—all united;
And my wife would rub her glasses, and serenely pat her
Testament,
And whisper, "That 'ere tacket was a splendid good invest-
ment."

Now, after six months' travel, we was most of us all ready
To settle down a little, so 's to live more stand and steady;
To develop home resources, with no foreign cares to fret us,
Using home-made faith more frequent, but our 'parson
wouldn't let us!

To view the same old scenery, time and time again he'd call
us—

Over rivers, plains, and mountains he would any minute
haul us;

He slighted our soul-sorrows, and our spuits' aches and
ailings,

To get the cargo ready for his regular Sunday sailings!

Why, he'd take us off a-touring, in all spiritual weather,

Till we at last got home-sick and sea-sick all together!

And "I wish to all that's peaceful," said one free-express-
sioned brother,

"That the Lord had made one cont'nent, an' then never
made another!"

Sometimes, indeed, he'd take us into old familiar places,
And pull along quite nat'ral, in the good old Gospel traces;
But soon my wife would shudder, just as if a chill had got
her,

Whispering, "Oh, my goodness gracious, he's a-takin' to
the water!"

And it wasn't the same old comfort, when he called around
to see us;

On some branch of foreign travel he was sure at last to treat
us;

All unconscious of his error, he would sweetly tempt us,
And with oft-repeated stories still endeavour to surprise us.

And the sinners got to laughing; and that finally galled and stung us,
 To ask him, “Wouldn’t he kindly ^{once} more settle down among us?
 Didn’t he think that more home produce would improve our soul’s digestions?
 They appointed me committee-man to go and ask the questions.
 I found him in his garden, trim an’ buoyant as a feather,
 He shook my hand, exclaiming, “This is quite Italian weather!
 How it ^{mind}s me of the evenings when, your distant hearts caressing,
 Upon my dear good brothers, I invoked God’s choicest blessing!”

I went and told the brothers, “No: I cannot bear to grieve him:
 He’s so happy in his exile, it’s the proper place to leave him.
 I took that journey to him, and right bitterly I rue it,
 But I cannot take it from him, if *you* want to go and do it.”

Now a new re-traint entirely seemed next Sunday to enfold him,
 And he looked so hurt and humbled, that I knew that they had told him;
 Subdued-like was his manner, and some tones were hardly vocal,
 But every word and sentence was pre-eminently local!
 Still, the sermon sounded awkward, and we awkward felt who heard it:
 ’Twas a grief to see him steer it—’twas a pain to hear him word it.
 “When I was abroad”—was maybe half a dozen times repeated,
 But that sentence seemed to choke him, and was always un-completed.
 As weeks went on, his old smile would occasionally brighten,
 But the voice was growing feeble, and the face began to whiten;

He would look off to the eastward, with a wistful, weary
sighing,
And 'twas whispered that our pastor in a foreign land was
dying.

The coffin lay 'mid garlands, smiling sad as if they knew us ;
The patient face within it preached a final sermon to us ;
Our parson had gone touring—on a trip he'd long been
earning—

In that wonder land, whence tickets are not issued for re-
turning !

O tender, good-heart shepherd ! your sweet, smiling lips,
half parted,

Fold of scenery that burst on you, just the minute that you
started !

Could you preach once more among us, you might wander,
without fear !

You could give us tales of glory that we'd never tire of
hearing !

Will Carleton.

BARBARA FRETCHIE.

UP from the meadows rich with corn,
Clear in the cool September morn,
The clustered spires of Frederick stand
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.
Round about them orchards sweep,
Apple and peach tree fruited deep,—
Fair as a garden of the Lord
To the eyes of the furnished rebel horde,
On that pleasant morn of the early fall,
When Lee marched over the mountain wall,—
Over the mountains winding down,
Horse and foot, into Frederick Town.

Forty flags with their silver stars,
Forty flags with their crimson bars,
Flapped in the morning wind ; the sun
Of morn looked down, and saw not one.

Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then
Bowed with her fourscore years and ten ;
Bravest of all in Frederick Town,
She took up the flag the men hauled down :
In her attic window the staff she set,
To show that one heart was loyal yet.

Up the street came the rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.
Under his slouched hat, left and right
He glanced : the old flag met his sight.
" Halt ! " — the dust brown ranks stood fast.
" Fire ! " — out blazed the rifle ! last ;
It shivered the window, pane and sash,
It rent the banner with seam and gash.
Quick, as it fell from the broken staff,
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf.
She leaned far out on the window sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will
" Shoot, if you must this old grey head,
But spare your country's flag ! " she said.
A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
Over the face of the leader came ;
The nobler nature within him stirred
To life at that woman's deed and word.
" Who touches a hair of yon grey head,
Dies like a dog ! March on ! " he said.
All day long through Frederick Street
Sounded the tread of marching feet ;
All day long that free flag tossed
Over the heads of the rebel host.
Ever its torn folds rose and fell
On the loyal winds that loved it well :
And through the hill gaps sunset light
Shone over it with a warm good night.
Barbara Frietchie's work is o'er,
And the rebel rides on his raids no more.
Honour to her ! — and let a tear
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier.
Over Barbara Frietchie's grave,
Flag of Freedom and Union wave !

Peace, and order, and beauty, draw
Round thy symbol of light and law:
And ever the stars above look down
On thy stars below in Frederick Town.

John Greenleaf Whittier.

THE SPANISH MOTHER.

SUPPOSED TO BE RELATED BY A VETERAN FRENCH OFFICER.

YES! I have served that noble chief throughout his
proud career,
And heard the bullets whistle past in lands both far and
near,
Amidst Italian flowers, below the dark pines of the north,
Where the Emperor willed to pour his clouds of battle
forth.

'Twas then a splendid sight to see, though terrible I ween,
How his vast spirit filled and moved the wheels of the
machine.

Wide sounding leagues of sentient steel, and fires that
lived to kill,
Were but the echo of his voice, the body of his will.

But now my heart is darkened with shadows that rise and
fall,

Between the sunlight and the ground to sadden and appal;
The woful things both seen and done we heeded little then,
But they return like ghosts to shake the sleep of aged men.

The German and the Englishman were each an open foe,
And open hatred hurled us back from Russia's blinding snow;
Intenser far in blood-red light, like fires unquenched remain
The dreadful deeds wrung forth by war from the breeding
soul of Spain.

THE SPANISH MOTHEE.

Now a village in the hills, as silent as a dream,
Nought stirring but the summer sound of a merry mountain
stream;
The evening star just smiled from heaven with its quiet
silver eye,
And the chestnut woods were still and calm beneath the
deepening sky.

But in that place self sacrificed, nor man, nor beast we
found,
Nor fig tree on the sun-touched slope, nor corn upon the
ground;
Each roofless hut was black with smoke, wrenched up each
trailing vine,
Each path was foul with mangled meat, and floods of wasted
wine.

We had been marching travel worn, a long and burning way,
And when such welcoming we met after that toilsome
day,
The pulses in our maddened breasts were human hearts no
more,
But like the spirit of a wolf hot on the scent of gore

We lighted on one dying man, we slew him where he lay,
His wife, close clinging, from the corpse they tore and
wrenched away;
They thundered in her widowed ears with crowns and curses
grim,
"Food, woman, food and wine, or else we tear thee limb
from limb."

The woman, shaking off his blood, rose raven-haired and tall,
And their stern glances quailed before one sterner far than all;
"Both food and wine," she said, "I have; I meant them for
the dead,
But ye are living still, and so let them be yours instead."

The food was brought, the wine was brought out of a secret
place,
But each one paused aghast, and looked into his neighbour's
face;

Her haughty step, and settled brow, and chill indifferent
mien,

Suited so strangely with the gloom and grimness of the
scene.

She glided here, she glided there, before our wandering eyes,
Nor anger showed, nor shame, nor fear, nor sorrow, nor
surprise ;

At every step from soul to soul a nameless horror ran,
And made us pale and silent as that silent murdered man.

She sat, and calmly soothed her child into a slumber sweet ;
Calmly the bright blood on the floor crawled red around our
feet ;

On placid fruits and bread lay soft the shadows of the wing,
And we like marble statues glared— a still unmoving line.

All white, all cold, and moments thus flew by without a
breath,

A company of living things where all was still—but death.
My hair rose up from roots of ice, as there unnerved I stood,
And watched the only thing that stirred—the rippling of
the blood.

The woman's voice was heard at length, it broke the solemn
spell,

And human fear displacing, awe on our spirits fell.

"Ho ! slayers of the snowless ! ho ! trampers of the weak !"

"What ! shrink ye from the ghastly meats, and life bought
wine ye seek ?

"Feed and be gone, I wish to weep— I bring you out my store,
Devour it, waste it all, and then pass and be seen no more.
Poison ! is that your craven fear ?" she snatched a goblet
up,

And raised it to her queen like head, as if to drain the cup.

But our fierce leader grasped her wrist, "No, woman, no !"
he said,

"A mother's heart of love is deep—give it to your child in-
stead."

She only smiled a bitter smile,— "Frenchmen, I do not
shrink,

As pledge of my fidelity, behold the infant drink.

THE SPANISH MOTHER.

Fixed on hers his broad black eyes, scanning the fairest
soul,

But her chill fingers trembled not as she returned the bowl,
And we with lightsome hardihood dismissing idle care,
Sat down to eat, and drink, and laugh over our dainty fare.

The laugh was loud around the board, the jesting wild and
light —

But I was fevered with the march, and drank no wine that
night ;

I just had filled a single cup, when through my very brain,
Stung, sharper than a serpent's tooth, an infant's cry of
pain.

Through all that heat of revelry, through all that boisterous
cheer,

To every heart its feeble moan pierced like a frozen spear :
" Ay ! " shrieked the woman, darting up, " I pray you
trust again

A widow's hospitality in our unyielding Spain.

" Helpless and hopeless, by the light of God himself I swore
To treat you as *you* treated *him*—that body on the floor.
Yon secret place I filled, to feel, that if ye did not spare,
The treasure of a dread revenge was ready hidden there.

" A mother's love is deep, no doubt, ye did not phrase it ill,
But in your hunger ye forgot that hate is deeper still.

The Spanish woman speaks for Spain, for her butchered
love the wife,

To tell you that *an hour* is all *my* vintage leaves of life."

I cannot paint the many forms by wild despair put on,
Nor count the crowded braves who sleep under a single
stone ;

I can but tell you how, before that horrid hour went by,
I saw the murderess beneath the self avengers die.

But though upon her wrenched limbs they leapt like beasts
of prey,

And with fierce hands as madmen tore the quivering life
away,

Triumphant hate and joyous scorn, without a trace of pain,
Burned to the last, like sullen stars, in that haughty eye of
Spain.

THE VAGABONDS.

And often now it breaks my rest, the tumult vague and wild,
Drifting, like storm-tossed clouds, around the mother and her child—
While she distinct in raiment white, stands silently the while,
And sheds through torn and bleeding hair, the same unchanging smile.

THE VAGABONDS.

WE are two travellers, Roger and I.
Roger's my dog,—come here, you scamp!
Jump for the gentleman,—mind your eye!
Over the table,—look out for the lamp!—
The rogue is growing a little old;
Five years we've tramped through wind and weather,
And slept outdoors when nights were cold,
And ate and drank—and starved together.

We've learned what comfort is, I tell you!
A bed on the floor, a bit of rosin,
A fire to thaw our thumbs (poor fellow!
The paw he holds up there's been frozen),
Plenty of catgut for my fiddle,
(This out door business is bad for the strings).
Then a few nice buckwheats hot from the griddle
And Roger and I set up for kings?

No, thank ye, sir, I never drink;
Roger and I are exceedingly moral—
Aren't we, Roger?—see him wink!
Well, something hot, then,—we won't quarrel.
He's thirsty, too,—see him nod his head!
What a pity, sir, that dogs can't talk!
He understands every word that's said,—
And he knows good milk from water and chalk.

The truth is, sir, now I reflect,
 I've been so sadly given to grog,
 I wonder I've not lost the respect
 (Here's to you, sir!) even of my dog.
 But he sticks by, through thick and thin;
 And this old coat, with its empty pockets,
 And rag that smell of tobacco and gin,
 He'll follow while he has his eyes in his sockets.

There isn't another creature living
 Would do it, and prove, through every disaster,
 So fond, so faithful, and so forgiving,
 To such a miserable thankless master!
 No, sir!—see him wag his tail and grin!
 By George! it makes my old eye water!
 That is, there's something in this gin
 That chokes a fellow. But no matter!

We'll have some music, if you're willing;
 And Roger (here! what a plague a cough is, sir!)
 Shall march a little. Start, you villain!
 Stand straight! 'Bout face! Salute your officer!
 Put up that paw! Dress! Take your rifle!
 (Some dogs have arms, you see!) Now hold your
 Cap while the gentlemen give a trifle,
 To aid a poor old patriot soldier!

March! Halt! Now show how the rebel shakes
 When he stands up to hear his sentence.
 Now tell us how many drams it takes
 To honour a jolly new acquaintance.
 Five yelps,—that's five; he's mighty knowing!
 The night's before us, fill the glasses!—
 Quick, sir! I'm ill—my brain is going!
 Some brandy,—thank you,—there!—it passes!

Why not reform? That's easily said;
 But I've gone through such wretched treatment,
 Sometimes forgetting the taste of bread,
 And scarce remembering what meat meant,
 That my poor stomach's past reform;
 And there are times when, mad with thinking,
 I'd sell out heaven for something warm,
 To prop a horrible inward sinking.

Is there a way to forget, to think ?

At your age, sir, home, fortune, friends,
A dear girl's love,—but I took to drink ;—

The same old story ; you know how it ends.
If you could have seen these classic features.—

You needn't laugh, sir ; they were not then
Such a burning libel on God's creatures ;

I was one of your handsome men !

If you had seen her, so fair and young,

Whose head was happy on this breast !

If you could have heard the songs I sung

When the wine went round, you'd never have guessed
That ever I, sir, should be straying

From door to door, with fiddle and dog,

Ragged and penniless, and playing

To you to night for a glass of grog !

She's married since,—a parson's wife :

'Twas better for her that we should part,—

Better the soberest, prosiest life

Than a blasted home and a broken heart.

I have seen her ! Once I was weak and spent

On the dusty road, a carriage stopped :

But little she dreamed, as on she went,

Who kissed the coin that her fingers dropped !

You've set me talking, sir : I'm sorry ;

It makes me wild to think of the change !

What do you care for a beggar's story ?

Is it an using ? you find it strange ?

I had a mother so proud of me !

'Twas well she died before—— Do you know

If the happy spirits in heaven can see

The ruin and wretchedness here below ?

Another glass, and strong, to deaden

This pain ; then Roger and I will start.

I wonder, has he such a lumpy leaden,

Aching thing, in place of a heart ?

He is sad sometimes, and would weep, if he could,

No doubt, remembering things that were,—

A virtuous kennel, with plenty of food,

And himself a sober, respectable cur.

POOR LITTLE JOE.

I'm better now, that glass was warming.

You rascal! limber your lazy feet!

We must be fiddling and performing.

For supper and bed, or starve in the street.

Not a very gay life to lead, you think?

But soon we shall go where lodgings are free,

And the sleepers need neither victuals nor drink,

The sooner the better for Roger and me!

J. T. Trowbridge.

POOR LITTLE JOE.

PROP yer eyes wide open, Joey, ~~and~~
Fur I've brought you sumpin' great.

Apples? No a derned sight better!

* Don't you take no interest, wait!

* Flowers, Joe,—I know'd you'd like 'em—

* Ain't them scrumptious, ain't them high?

Tears, my boy, what's them for Joey?

There—poor little Joe—don't cry.

I was skippin' past a winder,

Viewin' the up-lady sot.

All amongst a lot of bushes—

Each one climbin' from a pot.

Every bush had flowers on it,

Pretty? Mehbe not! Oh no!

Wish you could a seen 'em growin'!

It was such a stunnin' show.

Well, I thought of you, poor feller,

Lyin' here so sick and weak,

Never knowin' any comfort,

And I puts on lots o' cheek,

"Missus," says I, "If you please, mum,

Could I ax you for a rose?

For my little brother, missus,

Never seed one, I suppose."

Then I told her all about you—

How I bringed you up,—poor Joe !
(Lackin' women-folks to do it,)

Such a imp you was you know—
Till yer got that awful tumble,
Jist as I had broke yer in,
(Hard work, too), to earn yer livin'
Blackin' boots for honest tin,

How that tumble crippled of you—

So's you couldn't hyper much —
Joe, it hurted when I seen you

For the first time with yer crutch.
"But," I says, "he's laid up now, mum,
'Pears to weaken every day."
Joe, she up and went to cuttin' —
That's the how of this bokay.

Say ' it seems to me ole teller,

You is quite yourself to night ;
Kind o' chunk, it's been a fortnight
Sence your eyes have been so bright .
Better ! well I'm glad to hear it !

Yes, they're mighty pretty, Joe,
Smellin' of them's made you happy !
Well, I thought it would, you know.

Never see the country, did you ?

Flowers growin' everywhere !
Sometime when you're better, Joey,
Mebbe I kin take you there.
Flowers in heaven ! 'um—I spose o ,
Dunno much about it though ;
Ain't as fly as wot I might be
On them topics, little Joe.

But I've heard it hinted somewheres

That in heaven's golden gates,
Things is everlastin' cheerful,

B'lieve that's wot the Bible states.
Likewise, there folks don't get hungry
So good people when they dies,
Finds themselves well-fixed for ever—
Joe, my boy, wot ails your eyes ?

POOR JACK

Thought they looked a little singler.

Oh, no! don't you have no fear;
Heaven was made for such as you is—

Joe, wot makes you look so queer?
Here—wake up! Oh, don't look that way!

Joe, my boy, hold up your head!
Here's your flowers, you dropped 'em, Joey.

Oh, my God! can Joe be dead?

Pelag Arkwright.

POOR JACK.

(With apologies to the Author.)

A H, yes—poor Jack: I mind him—
His father's white haired joy:
A grand old gentleman was he:
(Luff, Jack, lud: ship ahoy!)
But he is dead now—and poor Jack
Is only a sailor boy!

Gertrude—Squire Marmion's only child:
Heaven! how Jack's heart would quake
At every mention of her name!
For her dear darling sake
He would have died—poor Jack—and glad,
To save her heart one ache!

Her face, like sunlight on the sea,
Made his waste life rejoice:
Like music on his rude, rough heart,
Fell her soft, gentle voice:
But she—ah, well, perhaps poor Jack
Was hardly a lady's choice!

Her hand, long since had been betrothed
To a knight of noble name:
And even now, to claim his bride,
With wealth and martial fame,
Son of Earl Eustace Evelyn,
The Lord Fitzharding came!

POOR JACK.

For long the distant war was done :
"In one short month," wrote he,
"I shall be home again, and love
No more shall parted be !"
And now—even now—there stood a ship
On the far horizon-sea.

Beside the village wharf she stood :
She watched the rising sun ;
"Sailor, what ship is that ?" she cried :
Poor Jack—the fiercest gale
Had never scared his heart, but now
His very soul did fail.

He knew the ship : he turned ; he raised
His mariner's glass to her eyes,
And held it silently, while she
Watched the ship rise and rise :
Like a ship of blood, it rose, and rose
In the blood-red sunset skies !

"'Tis he—'tis he !" down sank the sun,
And a white mist veiled the moon ;
And a low rain cloud rose up from the sea,
And blackened the blood-red dune :
And, big with swollen storm, the skies
Drooped in a slumb'rous swoon !

Then down it flashed : with sleet and snow
The very dark grew pale :
And the plunging billow, bursting, seethed
In the wind and the whistling hail :
And the blown surge hissed in a rushing stream
Of foam before the gale !

She stood so near—on his cheek he felt
One touch of a stray-blown tress :
He heard her voice—when lo ! O God
From the wild wave-wilderness,
The boom of a distant minute-gun,
And the flash of a light of distress.

Down—down the bellying tempest swooped,
 With death in its blackening womb:
 Blinding the flash of the lights of distress,
 The white sleet flared thro' the gloom:
 And, deadening the sound of the gun, she heard
 The thundering breakers boom!

And now, red lights, like beacon fires,
 Blaze from the ship's black hull,
 Flaring the dread rocks round. O God,
 How many a ghastly skull
 Of drowned men lies, where they lie now,
 On the reef of Innisstrahull?

Anon, in a huge sea-swoop, the ship
 Is gulphed in the blown sea-caves:
 Anon, high heaved in air, the lamps
 Glare on the hollow waves,
 That open beneath the sinking ship,
 Like yawning, bloody graves.

The tumbling seas swoop: the plunging foam bursts,
 And the drenched lamps glimmer between.
 Father of Life, will they see on shore
 The sinking ship's signal sheen?
 O God of storm, Thou art God of love:
 Ye are seen, pale lights, ye are seen!

"Out with the lifeboat!" rang the shout,
 And the stormy winds did blow:
 "Out with the lifeboat—steady, my lads:
 Down with her: steady, boys—so:
 Bend to it, all: together, lads—now:
 Hurrah—away we go!"

Anon the boom of the minute-gun
 Rang low through the breezes' roar:
 And the lifeboat plunged thro' the plunging foam,
 And a lantern from the shore
 Showed Jack at the stern—with his rough, brave hand,
 Clutching the strong stroke-oar.

"Steady!" he cried; "head her, my lads,
Where the thundering billows break:
Out, where the red lamps blaze, my boys:
Let the brok'n sea boil in our wake:
And save him, save him, save him, lads,
For Gertrude Marnion's sake!"

And the maiden prayed—"O Father, Thou
Who stillest the raging sea,
Go with them through the deep: O Thou
Father, their pilot be:
And guide them home—and bring, oh, bring
My true love back to me!"

"The lights on the ship—look, look!" she cried,
"They are dying, one by one;
No more across the wild storm comes
The boom of the signal-gun:
They have reached the ship—they have reached the
ship—
Thank God: brave souls, well done!"

Ho! how the foam flew—all round,
Like a dead man's winding sheet:
A creak—a crash—the lifeboat—swift
Thro' the whistling hail and the sleet,
Cleaving the ruffling foam, it came,
And plunging, dashed at her feet.

In his arms she lay. "At last, true heart,
We have met for evermore."
"Saved—saved!" she cried; "thank God—ye are
saved:
All saved—all safe on shore."
"All saved," he said, "except the brave—
Brave lad that rowed stroke-oar!"

"Brave soul! he saved us all—and when
His work of life was done,
We saw him in the foam-light, stand
Beside the signal-gun,
Heaving the red lamps overboard,
Slowly, and one by one.

"We thought him mad; on the deck he stood
Like a giant, chained by a spell,
Heaving the red lamps overboard:
And when the last lamp fell,
Heave to," he cried: "thank God, 'tis done:
And now she knows all's well!"

"Like a ghost, in the flashing foam, he stood
Aloft on the hurricane deck;
But when for the leap of life he rushed,
And we neared the life-boat back,
The stricken ship plunged and he, brave soul,
Sank with the sinking wreck!"

At day-break, from the smiling sky,
The stormy clouds had cleared;
And round the dewy headland cliff
A slender shallop shooed:
And Lord Fitzharding rowed the oars,
And Gertrude Marmion steered

"This is the place," he said - "just here,
Where poor Jack's body dwells."
And overboard, with many a tear,
Among the weeds and shells,
She drop'd it down into his grave,
A wreath of immortelles.

So past the spring; and when the fields
Were green with summer corn,
She and the noble lord were wed;
And when the next May morn
Gleamed sweetly on the waveless sea,
Her first boy babe was born.

And the husband stooped, and laid his arms
About his pale wife's neck:
"We'll call our son," he said, "to bring
My father's dead name back,
Eustace Fitzharding:" "Nay," she said, "
"We'll call his name plain Jack!"

And night by night (the old folks say),
 There comes a wild sea-gull,
 And sitteth like a great white dove,
 Moping and beautiful,
 Above the wreck, and the body of Jack,
 On the reef of Innishtrahull.

Samuel K. Cowan.

THE LIFEBOAT.

TWO fishermen stood on the beach, the types of youth and age,
 They silent gazed upon the sea, awed by its furious rage.
 "I never saw a storm like this," at length the young man said;
 The old man answered with a sigh, and silent shook his head.
 A pause, and then the young man said, "Tis grand! 'tis very grand!"
 "Yes," said the old man with a smile, "when seen here -- safe on land;
 But oh! God help the luckless craft that sees its grandeur there."
 The young man's heart gave warm response unto the old man's prayer.
 "Have you e'er seen," the youth enquired, "the sea so madly wild?"
 "Yes," said the old man, "once I did; you then were quite a child;
 'Twas then your foolish father went—but you know all the story."
 "My foolish father! Say not so; he died a death of glory.
 "In deep distress, a poor frail barque sought succour from the shore;
 My father launched—could man do less? and man could do no more.
 I know that I should do the same if I, as he, were tried."
 "Hold, hold! look, look!" the old man now, in tones excited cried.

"~~There~~ among yon clouds of spray, that rise upon the

Deep, 'mid the boiling, broken waves, I see a single spot!
A sloop it is! and now I see, as any child could guess,
She, from her little gaff, lets fly the signal of distress.

"But she, I fear, must take her fate—no man now help
can give,

For in that sea there is no boat that could one minute live.
To put from shore were certain death"—the youth's face
wore a frown;

He said, "We'll stand here, at our ease, and see each soul
go down!

"No, no! my gallant father's son shall never show such
feather;

We'll give each luckless wight a chance, in spite of wind
and weather."

So saying, lightly off he sprang, and to the village ran,
And, with a passing knock and shout, brought forth each
stalwart man.

Then turning round, our dauntless youth quick spoke this
brief address

"A little sloop, not far from shore, gives signal of distress;
The lifeboat must be mann'd, and I shall quickly choose my
crew!"

With passing touch he counted off his heroes brave and true.

"The married men," he smiling adds, "shall launch us from
the shore;

I'll take the ropes, while you my lad's, do shoulder each an
oar!"

"No sooner said than done!" all cried, there was no mo-
ment lost,

The lifeboat now is on the beach, and each man at his post.

'Twas then young Donald's mother came with looks of
silent woe;

She spoke 'mid sobs, and yet her words were, "Go, my
brave son, go!"

Another voice now caught each ear, from lips of maiden
beauty

Those silvery tones distinctly said, "My Donald, do your
duty!"

~~THE SLOOP~~

But Jane had lost a brother dear amid the rude sea's strife,
And then had almost made a vow to be no seaman's wife;
What raptures came, then, with the words to Donald now
addressed!

He hears in them the tender flame by Jane at length confessed.

Now lightly Donald sprang on board, with heart that had
no fear;

The crew are seated now, and now they launch her with
a cheer!

Away she bounds, 'mid foam and spray; each oar is stoutly
plied,

While Donald's steady, skilful hand is there her course
to guide.

She rips, she skips, right through the surge, each breaker
fierce dividing—

She's sunk now in a valley deep, and now she's proudly riding
Upon a huge, foam-crested wave, anon the plunge she makes—
She's lost to sight—how each fond heart upon the shingle
quakes!

She's seen again—and proudly now she rises to the swell;
Each oar is plied with matchless skill, and Donald steers
right well.

"No boat was ever better manned," the cautious old man said
"And yet—and yet," he mumbled out, "I'm very much afraid."

Young Donald's mother heard the words, yet, through her
tears she smiled;

She said, "Old man, suppress your fears, for God will guard
my child."

The boat is bravely dashing on—the drifting wreck she nears

Her motions now are dimly seen, though eager eyes are
strained;

"The sloop will sink," the old man cries, "before she can
be gained."

And so it is; she's settling down, yet flies the boat with speed
Down, down she goes; oh, gracious heaven! assist her in

THE LIFEBOAT.

The ~~ship~~ is lost to sight, and now the boat is seen no more.
The old man cries, "I fear, I fear, they'll never reach the shore."

The clouds of spray now clear away, the lifeboat's full in view;
Says he who views her through a glass, "They're picking up the crew."

"There's one—two—~~three~~—and there's a fourth, but he has slipped the cord;

Oh, folly, madness!" loud he cries, "young Donald's over-board!

All's well—he saved the drowning man, he's now on board and waving."

Again they're hid 'mong foam and spray, the sea is madly raving.

They're seen again—they're nearer now—to shore, to shore they're dashing;

Each eye that sees that thrilling sight is with excited nt flashing.

On, on they come; but see that wave that rises mountains high—

If 't break, she's gone. "It breaks, it breaks! all's lost!" they frantic cry.

"No, no; she's bravely floating still; the land she's swiftly nearing."

There's joyous shouts from all on shore, **there's hearty British cheering.**

As gaily onward comes the boat; she's now so close in view
That all can see she safely bears that timely rescued crew.

Young Donald's mother, kneeling now upon that bent sod,
And by her side kneels lovely Jane: they both are thanking God.

The boat is now close in on shore; now at one sweep she's grounded;

By men and women, young and old, on every side surrounded.

At once they lift her from the sea, 'mid shout and joyous cry;
And high and dry upon the beach, boat, crew and rescued lie.

But why do those who stand around now start with strange surprise?

There's one amongst that rescued crew whom all can recognise.

IN THE TUNNEL.

'Tis Jane's lost brother, found again, ay, and by Donald found.

I need not tell that soon with joy the village homes resound ;
And that, ere many days go by, they have a wedding feast,
And that Jane's brother is the man who brings the rev'rend priest--

And that young Donald, wedding Jane, takes home a faithful wife--

And that they now, on Scotland's coast, do lead a happy life.

George Roy.

IN THE TUNNEL.

DIDN'T know Flynn,
Flynn of Virginia,—
Long as he's been 'yar ?
Look'ee here stranger,
What *hev* you been ?

Here in this tunnel,
He was my pardner,
That same Tom Flynn,—
Working together,
In wind and weather,
Day out and in

Didn't know Flynn !
Well, that is queer.
Why, it's a sin
To think of Tom Flynn,—
Tom with his cheer,
Tom without fear,
Stranger, look 'yar !

Thar in the drift
Back to the wall
He held the timbers
Ready to fall

THE EXECUTION.

Then in the darkness
I heard him call —
“Run for your life, Jake!
Run for your wife's sake!
Don't wait for me.”
And that was all
Heard in the din,
Heard of Tom Flynn,—
Flynn of Virginia.
That's all about
Flynn of Virginia—
That lets me out
Here in the damp,—
Out of the sun,—
That 'ar dern'd lamp
Makes my eyes run,—
Well, there,—I'm done
But, sir, when you'll
Hear the next fool
Asking of Flynn,—
Flynn of Virginia,—
Just you chip in,
Say you knew Flynn;
Say that you've been 'yar.

Bret Harte.

THE EXECUTION.

MY Lord Tomnoddy got up one day;
It was half after two, he had nothing to do,
So his Lordship rang for his cabriolet.

Tiger Tim was clean of limb,
His boots were polish'd, his jacket was trim;
With a very smart tie in his smart cravat,
And a smart cockade on the top of his hat;
Tallest of boys, or shortest of men,
He stood in his stockings just four foot ten;
And he ask'd, as he held the door on the swing,
“Pray, did your Lordship please to ring?”

THE EXECUTION.

My Lord Tomnoddy he raised his head,
And thus to Tiger Tim he said,
"Malibran's dead, Duvernoy's fled,
Taglioni has not yet arrived in her stead;
Tiger Tim, come, tell me true,
What may a nobleman find to do?"

Tim look'd up, and Tim look'd down,
He paused, and he put on a thoughtful frown,
And he held up his hat, and he peep'd in the crown;
He bit his lip, and he scratch'd his head,
He let go the handle, and thus he said,
As the door, released, behind him bang'd:
"An't please you, my Lord, there's a man to be hang'd

My Lord Tomnoddy, jumped up at the news,
"Run to M'Fuz, and Lieutenant Tregooze,
And run to Sir Carnaby Jenks, of the Blues.
Rope dancers a score I've seen before— . . .
But to see a man swing at the end of a string,
With his neck in a noose, will be quite a new thing."

My Lord Tomnoddy stept into his cab—
Dark rifle green, with a lining of drab,
Through street and through square,
His high trotting mare,
Like one of Ducrow's, goes pawing the air.

Adown Piccadilly and Waterloo Place
Went the high trotting mare at a very quick pace;
She produced some alarm, but did no great harm,
Save frightening a nurse with a child on her arm,
Spattering with clay two urchins at play,
Knocking down—very much to the sweeper's dismay,—
An old woman who wouldn't get out of the way,
But eastward afar through Temple Bar,

My Lord Tomnoddy directs his car;
Never heeding their squalls,
Or their calls, or their bawls,
And, merely just catching a glimpse of St. Paul
Turns down the Old Bailey,
Where in front of the goal, he
Pulls up at the door of a gin-shop, and gaily.

THE EXECUTION.

Cries, "What must I fork out to-night, my trump,
For the whole first-floor of the Magpie and Stump?"

* * * * *

The clock strikes twelve—it is dark midnight—
Yet the Magpie and Stump is one blaze of light.

The parties are met; the tables are set;
There is "punch," "cold without," "hot with," heavy wet,
Ale-glasses and jugs, and rummers and mugs,
And sand on the floor, without carpets or rugs,
Cold fowl and cigars, pickled onions in jars,
Welsh rabbits and kidneys—rare work for the jaws:—
And very large lobsters, with very large claws;
And there is M'Fuze, and Lieutenant Tregooze;
And there is Sir Carnaby Jenks of the Blues,
All come to see a man die in his shoes!"

The clock strikes one! supper is done,
And Sir Carnaby Jenks is full of his fun,
Singing "Jolly companions every one!"

My Lord Tomnoddy is drinking gin-toddy,
And laughing at ev'ry thing, and ev'rybody.—

The clock strikes two! and the clock strikes three!—
"Who so merry, so merry as we?"

Save Captain M'Fuze, who is taking a snooze,
While Sir Carnaby Jenks is busy at work,
Blacking his nose with a piece of burnt cork.

The clock strikes four!—round the debtors' door
Are gather'd a couple of thousand or more;

As many await at the press-yard gate,
Till slowly its folding-doors open, and straight
The mob divides, and between their ranks
A waggon comes loaded with posts and with planks.

The clock strikes five! the sheriffs arrive,
And the crowd is so great that the street seems alive;

But Sir Carnaby Jenks blinks and winks,
A candle burns down in the socket, and stinks.

Lieutenant Tregooze is dreaming of Jews,
And acceptance all the bill-brokers refuse;

My Lord Tomnoddy has drunk all his toddy,
And just as the dawn is beginning to peep,
The whole of the party are fast asleep.

Sweetly, oh! sweetly, the morning breaks,
With roseate streaks,
Like the first faint blush on a maiden's cheek;
Seem'd as that mild and clear blue sky,
Smil'd upon all things far and high,
On all—save the wretch condemn'd to die!
Alack! that ever so fair a sun,
As that which its course has now begun,
Should rise on such a scene of misery—
Should gild with rays so light and free,
That dismal, dark-frowning gallows-tree!

And hark! a sound comes, big with fate,
The clock from St. Sepulchre's tower strikes—eight!
List to that low funeral bell;
It is tolling, alas! a living man's knell!
And from forth that opening door
They come—He steps that threshold o'er
Who never shall tread upon threshold more!--
Oh! 'tis a fearsome thing to see
That pale wan man's mute agony—
The glare of that wild, despairing eye,
Now bent on the crowd, now turn'd to the sky,
As though 'twere scanning, in doubt and in fear,
The path of the spirit's unknown career:
Those pinion'd arms, those hands that ne'er
Shall be lifted again,—not even in prayer,
That heaving chest!—Enough—'tis done!
The bolt is fallen!—the spirit is gone—
For weal or for woe is known but to One
Oh! 'twas a fearsome sight!—Ah me!
A deed to shudder at,—not to see.

Again that clock! 'tis time, 'tis time!
The hour is past, with its earliest chime
The cord is sever'd, the lifeless clay
By "dungeon villains" is borne away:
Nine!—'twas the last concluding stroke
And then—my Lord Tombody awoke!
And Tregooze and Sir (Jasper) Jenks arose,
And Captain M'Fuze with the black on his nose;
And they stared at each other as much as to say
"Hollo! hollo! here's a rum go!"

THE BELL OF INNISFARE.

Why, Captain,—my Lord! —Here's the dickens to play!
The fellow's been cut down and taken away!

What's to be done? We've miss'd all the fun!—
Why, they'll laugh at and quiz us all over the town,
We are all of us done so uncommonly brown!"

What *was* to be done?—'twas perfectly plain
They could not well hang the man over a sign.
What *was* to be done?—the man was dead!
Nought *could* be done—nought could be said;
So my Lord Tomnoddy went home to bed!

Thomas Ingoldsby.

THE BELL OF INNISFARE.

[“There is a legend relating to the ‘Bell of Innisfare,’ which says—That—if those who are in sickness and affliction can get some one to go and ring the ‘Bell of Innisfare’ on Christmas Eve, at the hour of twelve, that there is a charm in the ringing of the bell at that particular hour which will restore those in affliction to health, strength, and happiness. The poem entitled the ‘Bell of Innisfare’ is founded upon this legend.”]

TWAS Christmas Eve, the feast so dear
To little ones who wait its cheer
With shout, and bound, and joy-flushed cheek,
And all that pleasure can bespeak.
’Twas Christmas Eve, each house was now
Made bright and green with holly bough,
For Christmas Eve, where’er it be,
Always brings songs, and joy and glee.

But Christmas Eve, with all thy cheer,
Thou still art greeted with a tear,
Where through the woods of Cheviot high
Tweed’s lovely river rushes by,
Where narrow walls of rock between
The huts of Coldstream may be seen,
There in a cold and cheerless room,
Filled by the twilight’s darkening gloom,
A child by fever bed doth watch
A mother’s voice and look to catch;

in darkness there and quite alone, *
 She hears each sigh, each feeble groan ;
 Poor Mary ! scarce had summer shed
 Ten times its blossoms o'er her head, *
 And yet the flowers of hope seem'd torn
 From her young heart by Sorrow's storm,
 She sits so still, and bonds so near,
 And lists her mother's voice to hear,
 So sad to her, through blinding tears
 The joyous Christmas Eve appears.
 A- through the smoky window-panes
 Her wandering gaze unconscious strays ;
 She sees each neighbouring house grow bright,
 Till every window seems alight,
 And sounds a moment begin,
 She hears in the happy din
 Then, full of loneliness and woe,
 Poor Mary's tears still faster flow,
 Her heart grows sadder still, but ~~last~~ --
 Their songs come floating through the mist,
 Their voices sound so sweet, so clear,
 That thus each word she plain can hear.

In the convent of Innisfare
 One ruined chapel still is there ;
 It hold a bell with tone so fine, *
 That when you draw the slender line,
 It works like magic, strange and rare,
 That little bell of Innisfare.

"That little bell of Innisfare
 Will cure you sick, if you but dare
 On Christmas Eve at midnight hour,
 To try its wondrous healing power,
 We counsel you to hurry there,
 And ring the bell of Innisfare."

The song had softly passed away, *
 When burst from her who suffering lay
 A sigh, so deep, and full of smart,
 As if it came from breaking heart ;
 And then, with lips and voice so weak,
 In feeble accents thus did speak :

"Hail! that sweet bell of Innisfare,
 Oh! if your father had been there.
 Had he but lived till now, then I
 Should not in pain and sorrow die;
 By sickness here no longer bound,
 Mary, my child, life would be found,
 If some good friend could now go there,
 And ring the bell of Innisfare."

Thus far she spake, when all 'gain,
 Stopped by the leaden weight of pain;
 Without the night grew darker still,
 And silence reigned o'er vale and hill,
 No longer sounds the song or dance,
 No longer shines the taper's glance;
 The joyous eve is past and gone,
 The darksome night is now come on:
 Through Coldstream's pass the storm rages loud,
 The stars are hid by many a cloud,
 The snow comes drifting in a shower,
 Eleven! strikes from the convent tower.
 Oh, who would venture forth to go,
 On such a night of storm and snow,
 To ring the bell of Innisfare,
 A dying mother's life to spare?
 But hark! the latch is drawn—nay, more,
 Some one comes through the creaking door;
 It is a girl, so small and slight,
 With plaid around her folded tight,
 With naked feet and head quite bare,
 Exposed to storm and midnight air,
 With torch and staff her way to find,
 She dashes on, quick as the wind.
 Some one cries, "Hold! stay, my child;
 Where dost thou go on night so wild?
 The storm will carry thee away,
 Or in the snow thou'lt buried lay;
 Return to shelter of thy roof, 'tis late,
 The wind to-morrow will not abate."

"Thanks, Thanks," she cried, "but I must hie,
 At home my mother sick does lie;"

My father's dead, I must go there;
And ring the bell of Innisfare,"
She only waited but to say,
"May God protect me on my way."

Up hill, through vale she takes her flight,
Ever with step so swift and light,
She's crossing now through Coldstream's pass
The way is slippery as glass,
The rocks and stones are hid by sapie;
Take care! 'tis dangerous there to go.
The deep abyss is hid from sight;—
O God! she's stumbled in her flight!
Her lantern's broken on the ground,
Its light is quenched, 'tis dark all round.
But up she springs, and on doth run,
As if her task were but begun;
The water drops from dress and hair,
The heat drops stand on forehead fair;
The snow comes thicker, faster still,
But she stops not for frost or chill;
To all she gives no heed or care,
She thinks alone of Innisfare.

The convent stands upon the hill,
And by the lake she's wandering still;
She stands already on the shore—
Oh! stay, my child, and dare no more;
Return in time, the ice is thin,
It craves, and now 'tis breaking in!
A splash! a shriek! too true our fears;
But see, her white dress still appears
From block to block, quite safe from ill;
She springs to land, and mounts the hill;
She nears the top, her heart beats fast—
There's danger yet that must be passed:
She must go on with pious haste,
Through those old ruins, drear and waste;
The ruined chapel she must find,
With pointed tower high in the wind;
From that old tower there glances far
That little bell, like some fair star:

The door is open to her feet,
Her work of love is now complete ;
Now draw the rope the bell to ring,
That to thy mother health will bring.

What seek'st thou, child ? what wait'st thou on !
Ring it—oh, woe ! the rope is gone !
There at her feet, decayed and worn,
It lies in fragments, old and torn.
The staircase, too, that led the way
Has fallen to time and fire a prey ,
She cannot reach the bell, no string,
No rope by which to make it ring.
Unhappy child ! The cruel wind
Seems mocking at thy faith, unkind ;
In vain thou cam'st through storm and snow,
In vain o'er icy lakes didst go,
Vain thy despairing, upstretched arm,
To ring the bell thou hast no charm.

The clock now strikes the midnight hour —
Heaven will not help, who else has power !
The child stood fixed, she never stirred
Until the heavy stroke she heard,
And, as if wakened by the sound,
She bent her knee upon the ground,
Her little hands, so stiff and cold,
Did piously together fold,
And prayed : " O Saviour dear,
Do Thou poor little Mary hear ;
My mother told me, Thou didst come,
Year after year, to each child's home ;
When they were bad, thou past didst go,
But to the good Thy gifts didst flow.
Oh, now remember me, I pray,
And I will thank thee day by day,
If health and strength may come again
To my poor mother, sick with pain ! "
And faster even as she speaks,
The tears stream down poor Mary's cheeks.
But ere the twelfth stroke of the clock
Had sounded over lake and rock.

High in its groove, the bell doth move,
And swinging wide, from side to side,
Peal after peal rings in the air,
It rings, the bell of Innisfare.
'Twas not the storm with all its might
That thus could sound it through the night.
'Twas God that heard the earnest prayer,
That faith and love had offered there;
And as that bell with tone so clear,
Rang o'er the land the child could hear,
Mixed in its tones, like angels' song,
Her mother's voice come float along:
Saved! saved! it said, with music rare,
The little bell of Innisfare!

Anon.

HOW THE MINERS OF PONTYPRIDD FOUGHT WITH DEATH.

COAL-MINERS may be roughish chaps,
And rough my rhyming a bit, perhaps;
But letting all that go by, hear tell
Of a deed they did, and did right well.

'Twas known to the miners of Pontypidd
That some of their mates in the pits were hid
For at the glad hour of making shift
Something had caused a terrible rift
In the walls of coal, dead, dark, and dumb—
It seemed the end of the world had come.
In one wild moment a roaring flood,
Bellowing, echoing, mixed with mud
And inky slime, had forced its way
Into the pit just left that day.

"How many down?" was the anxious cry—
How many poor souls doomed to die?
"Fifteen!" was answered; and over all
The sky swooped down like a dead man's pall.

HOW THE MINERS OF PONTYPRIDD FOUGHT WITH DEATH.

The world seemed curst, and heaven seemed shut,
With God away, and life a butt,
For murderous death to worry and slay,
As it always does when we fall a prey
To a sudden woe that kills our kind,
Smiting our senses dumb and blind.
But the feeling passed, and fain to call
On the good God who loves us all
Were women and men, that He would save
The miners below from their gloomy grave.

Strong prayer is good, but in this case
Strong labour was needed; so, ready to face
They knew not what, went down brave men
To wrestle with Death in his treacherous den.
Knockings were heard from some poor soul,
Buried alive in a tomb of coal.
Six men were there who had said "Good bye"
Deeming themselves shut in to die.
But hark! hark! hark! What welcome sound
Makes that dark cavern loud resound!
At the outer wall strong pick men plied;
Strong pick now fly at the walls inside.
With straining muscles and panting breath
They toil to 'scape their goblin, Death,
Till morning broke, and they made a way
To bring these six souls into day.
So Death was robbed, but not of all,
He fastened on one, both strong and tall
The boldest there, of ruddiest hue—
The pioneer who first struck through,
The foremost one of the scraping crew.
Death dashed the man with hideous shock,
And slew him against the coaly rock,
Then travelled back by some hidden way
To see how it fared with his other prey.
Five men were saved, and one was slain;
Now back, lads, back to the pit again.
The women must stop on the bank and pray,
The men go down from the light of day;
Their hearts in their ears, none speak a word,
Listening for what may soon be heard.

A cry of delight rings out, for lo !
 They hear faint knocks, and the miners know
 Some souls yet live ; but hearts grow sick,
 For the coal betwixt is hard and thick,
 Full forty yards, and they held their breath—
 Full forty yards betwixt Life and Death ;
 Yet were it a thousand, they needs must strive
 To reach their comrades, dead or alive.
 And yet, although their hearts are lag
 For work, they dare not begin to dig
 Till the flood is lessened, so engines thumped,
 With steam and prayer, they pumped and pumped,
 And divers went down to do their bit
 In the deadly flood in the horrible pit
 " Frank Davies " and " Purvis " for what they did,
 A k at the pit of Pontypidd

But now 'tis Monday—five days ago
 Began this terrible scene of woe
 The flood, subside, one danger's o'er
 Now work is never men worked before
 In gangs they tread, friend strives by friend
 In a narrow space like a grove of end,
 Kneeling and crouching here and there,
 Hacking and heaving 'till sweat and prayer,
 Hatless, jacke-lass, breathless, faint
 Each black as a demon, yet fair as a saint,
 Steaming with moisture and foul gas fume,
 Yet sweeter than scent in a lady's room,
 Torn at their shirts in ribbons and holes,
 Yet sterner are they than priestly stoles
 Hands out and streaming with noble blood
 Shed for their fellow-creatures' good.
 Had they no picks, as sharp and bright,
 They'd have fought with their fists the fearful fight
 They'd have battered the coal with head and hand
 To beat a way to the starving band,
 'Twas a glorious yet a horrible strife,
 This breathless battle 'twixt Death and Life,
 So hour by hour, and day by day,
 They tore at the wall in the same fierce way,
 The road they made was no road at all,
 But a hole through which a man must crawl

And in and out they crept about,
Their bodies weary, their hearts still stout,
Digging and blasting, and bit by bit,
Nearer and nearer they got to the pit;
Some picked, some carried the coal away;
Some strove by night, and some by day;
Though day and night in that dismal place
Were just as black as each miner's face.

So Tuesday went, and Wednesday came,
With the godlike labour still the same;
On Wednesday, as they nearer grew,
A voice was heard. "Make haste—oh, do!"
And the blackest faces were washed near white
With the tears the workers shed in delight.
On travelled the news, and up the pit
And over the land till all heard of it,
And strong men felt with little surprise
The glad tears standing in their eyes.

Still toiled the heroes in the mine,
Thinking that Heaven had given a sign
Their mates should live. In cheerful mood
They bored a hole to send them food.
Oh, iron fate! Is it all no good?
For the deadly gas crept round about,
And hearts grew sick as the lamps died out—
For gas meant death; and straight they steered
Each man from the place, and the pit was cleared,
And tears of joy gave place to woe,
As they thought of the starving men below.
The heavens seemed brass to fervent prayer,
Or else it perished in idle air;
And they who'd toiled with glorious might
Felt on their souls a cloud of night;
While up to God went a wailing cry:
"Our work is done. Our mates must die!"

Death, who has chased the men away
With his deadly breath now o'er his prey
Begins to gloat, and makes full sure
That the miners shall see the sun no more;
For who dare work in that fearsome place,
With Death in the darkness face to face?

Now hearts are wrung on the pit's black brink—
 'Tis torturing pain to simply think.
 Oh, life is sweet, but life like this
 Is bitterer far than death, I wis;
 So out stepped one, and said, "I'll go!"
 Without one bit of the flourish and show
 A statesman makes when in the mood
 To offer himself for his country's good,
 He merely said, with shortened breath:
 "Ay, I will venture, though it is death;"
 Others, six or seven stepped forth—
 Honest men of the town of Porth.
 Porth, you stand on Fame's bright scroll
 As a place where a man will fling his soul
 In destruction's gulf, so he may try
 To save a mate that is like to die.
 Let these brave men go down to time,
 As far as they can, in this rhyme of mine.
 "John Hughes," "Ike Pride"—Pride grandly rash;
 "Dan Owen," "Will Rollins," and "Thomas Ash,"
 "Parsons, William," and "Parsons, C."—
 Parsons like these will do for me—
 And "Happy Todd," as happy a name
 As ever was trumpeted forth by fame.
 Down, down they went—good-bye to life,
 Good-bye to parent, child, and wife.
 No, no! It could not be that Heaven
 Would let such lives from earth be riven.
 They went: they cut in calm despair,
 And forced a way. Out rushed fierce air.
 Awhile they crouched; then "Happy Todd"
 Crawled in like an angel sent from God;
 And the first he touched in that fearful place
 Hung round his neck and kissed his face.
 Five souls were found still living there;
 And they brought them up to sun and air.
 Ten days—no food—with Death at hand,
 Doing his best to slay the band,
 For not till Friday they pierced the den,
 And saved the lives of the starving men.
 The country throbbed with a sudden joy—
 Matron and maiden, man and boy.

When the news was told, each man in the land
 Felt longing to grasp each hero's hand ;
 Lily-white ladies, proud and tall, *
 Would have kissed the rescuers—coal and all.
 Ay ! for never since news was heard,
 Was the heart of England more deeply stirred
 Than it was that day, when a noisy shout
 Was heard through the land: "They've got them out."
 So here's to the heroes, black of hue,
 Who fought with Death and beat him, too !

Henry Lloyd.

A HERO OF THE SLUMS.

ALL honour to the faithful brave, who, since the years
 began,
 Have bled and suffered for the truth, ne'er fearing face of
 man,
 Who counting life too dearly bought, if purchased aught
 with shame,
 Have dared to die, and dying—found imperishable fame.

Oh ! nought to poet dearer than to sing a hero's praise,
 Oh ! nought to mortals dearer than to list to noble lays ;
 But, for the one whose glory is immortalised in song,
 A thousand die unnumbered bravely battling with the
 wrong.

You shall hear a simple story, fitly told in simple verse,
 Of one whose noble daring yet an angel might rehearse ;
 Whose name, though unrecorded where earth's great ones
 are enrolled.
 Is worthy of emblazonment in characters of gold.

In the heart of London's vastness, amid the ceaseless roar
 Of the mighty and mysterious sea, that breaketh evermore
 In the waves of generations, upon the shores of time—
 Was born the hero of my tale—a hero born in crime.

Not his, a mother's patient care and love almost divine ;
 Not his, the ministrics of home that soften and refine ;
 Not his, the high example of a father just and strong ;
 Not his, the light of teaching to inspire the dread of wrong.

The woman who had borne the child died starving on her
 bed :

The man who should have cared for her that day to grieve,
 was led ;

The babe in its sweet helplessness found pity in a nurse,
 Who, for her Christian sympathy, received a father's curse.

The waif grew up to boyhood, as thousands now to day,
 Without a thought of God or sin, save what in their wild
 play

These children learn by instinct to hold us common wrong,
 Unfaithfulness in friendship, and oppression by the strong.

The days of the young wastrel—not untouched by mirth
 and glee—

Passed in the alley's squalor mid the vilest company ;
 No praise gave of nobleness to him that in him slept
 The spirit of the hero that full matured from him leapt.

But near the wretched hovels where no sunlight ever came,
 And men and women herded regardless all of shame,
 A godly band of earnest men a mission hall had reared,
 And proved in loving service how for human souls they
 cared.

And soon the love of Christian hearts, revealing Christ's
 great love,

Taught foul blaspheming lips to sing the praise of God
 above ;

And soon the boy, made captive by a teacher of the school,
 Whose lovely life incarnated the Saviour's golden rule.

From her he learned with wonder the story of the Cross ;
 Of Christ, the gentle Saviour, whose love redeemed our loss ;
 And he vowed with all the ardour of a love that's ever new,
 To be faithful to his Angel, and to the Christ be true.

But now my story darker grows—within a narrow room
 (The street lamp's sickly flame but serves to show the dreary
 gloom),

Where fragments of the ceiling strew the rotten, rifted
floor,
And broken framing loosely holds the remnant of a door.

There, stretched upon a heap of rags, and damp and mildewed
straw,
His pale face worn with suffering, turned in slumber to the
wall,
Lies the boy who at the mission learned the glad Evangel
given,
When Bethlehem's Babe was heralded on earth by hosts of
heaven.

For the father, drink-bedevilled, blinded, maddened heart
and brain,
Had sworn the boy should steal, that he more liquor might
obtain,
And because the boy, with fearless lips, dared answer, "I
cannot!"
He beat and kicked him like a fiend, and left him where he
dropt.

A heavy footfall on the stairs! the boy starts as with pain,
He knows a drunken father comes to hound him once again.
As cursing him who treads, the broken stairway creaks and
groans,
As conscious of a coming crime the wand'ring night-wind
moans.

"Still skulking here, you sniv'ling brat!" growls the man,
as he appears;
"You canting pup!"—then oath on oath—"I'll take you
by the ears,
And fling you out, if you don't start, and—" but the boy
replied,
With the courage of the martyr who, for the Christ, first
died,

"Father, I daren't, I mustn't steal, it would grieve the
blessed Lord;
I'd rather die than do it——" Infuriate at the word,
The monster—but, to think! that such a thing could be,
The darkness shrouded that dread night a deed we dare not
see.

Not strange that sometimes erring man thinks Providence
but fate,

When succour is delayed until to help it is too late ;
Scarce had the monster left the house, through dark perhaps
to doom,

When the missionary from the hall his way made to the
room.

As he entered - with the moanings of the poor boy in his
pain,

He caught the prayerful utterance breathed o'er and o'er
again,

"Oh, Lord ! forgive my father--oh, Lord ! please let me
die ;"

And then the sad eyes through their tears beheld a friend
was nigh.

There, as he knelt beside the boy, and gleaned the fearful
tale,

He felt his heart nigh riven, and himself grow faint and
pale,

Then he kissed the face that never knew a mother's sweet
caress,

And hurried out in hope to find a friend the wounds to
dress.

But ere the good man could return from his successful quest,
The great death angel bore the brave young spirit into rest ;
For when with loving tenderness they lifted up his head,
The light had gone from out the eyes-- the hero ~~saint~~ was
dead.

And yet not dead, my brothers ! The hero cannot die !
He lives still here upon the earth - he dwells with God on
high

Immortal ! by his death new life to other souls is given ;
Immortal ! he doth "walk in white" the shining plains of
heaven.

Let us strive to be more faithful in the service of the Lord ;
Let us seek by loving deed to spread the glad truth of His
Word ;

Let us fight all hideous evils, making demons out of men,
By prayer and pocket, vote and voice, or still more potent
pen.

~~THE MAD ACTOR.~~
And when the right seems hard, and wrong appears so
smooth the way,
And evil voices urge to sin, look up to God and pray;
And think of the young warrior, who, not to rolling drums
And sounding bugles fought his way—"The Hero of the
Slums."

Sunday School Chronicle.

THE MAD ACTOR.

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ALL ye who deem that human love has left the heart of
man,
And think that never more may you the heavenly passion
scan,
Oh! listen to a tale of one whose life has long been sped—
And tell me *then*—if *then* you *can*—that human love is dead!
He was an English actor—and the glory of his time;
A man who'd gained pre-eminence before he'd reached his
prime,
A man of brilliant talent—and yet one whose tender love
For wife and child was pure and sweet as angels up above.
The world was at his feet! unbounded wealth and wondrous
fame
Were his, and all the praise of men was showered upon his
name,
Oh, surely *here* was happiness achieved at last below!
Oh, surely on so bright a life, could fall no cloud of woe!
But, Death's still foot comes creeping near when all is most
secure;
His grasp fell on the actor's wife—alas, the blow was sure;
And he who but a week ago had all that life holds dear,
Had lost its best—its fairest gift—and all the rest grew
dear.

She died—and, dying, bade him cherish well their lovely child ;
Ah, never such unneeded words ; for, when the infant smiled,
His darling seemed alive again, with all her gentle grace ;
And so he lived to care for her—and blessed her winsome
face.

But now, all hollow seemed the tinsel honours of the stage ;
A cloud was in his bosom that no glory could assuage ;
And yet that glory grew and grew—the while his maddened
brain
Was breaking 'neath its burden, and his heart beneath the
strain.

One awful night-- the blow that long had hovered o'er him
fell ;
The actor was King Richard-- and he played the monarch
well,
When suddenly, right in the mid-st, a man, all out of breath,
Ran wildly up to him : " Your child, your child is at her
death."

The actor's face grew ashy pale ; he reeled from where he
stood ;
" Dead, dead ! my little baby dead ; you lie ! What demon
could
Molest my little angel ? " Then he grasped him by the coat :
" Now say you lie, you demon, or my sword is at your
throat."

Then, whirling round, he loosed his hold --took up his wait-
ing part -
And went right thro' the battle-scene with all his wondrous
art ;
The people thought it all arranged --and yelled in wild
delight ;
For never actor played a part as he played *his* that night.
Yet, tho' the words and actions came, a light within his
eye
Soon told its tale of madness--and his hands twitched
horribly ;
Then with a piercing shriek--a shriek of mingled grief and
rage--
He leaped upon his prancing horse, and galloped off the

"Ha, ha!" the madman's cry rang out, and echoed far
 behind;
 "Ha, ha!" and onward flew his mighty charger like the
 wind;
 All glittering in his monarch's dress—his sword waved full
 on high—
 He galloped on—the branches slashing down as he shot by.
 He thought them foes—these branches, and he smiled in
 grim delight
 While severing them; and then—his own great house
 appeared in sight;
 He rode up to the portal—downward leapt and wildly
 cried
 "Now *who* will keep me from my child—*who* tells me she
 has died?"
 "Ah, hush!" they said, "keep back, keep back, you must
 not enter so!"
 But none dared stop him as he broke toward the room
 below.
 There, on her snowy pillows, lay a child in marble rest;
 And, in a flash, the raging man had clasped her to his
 breast.
 He kissed the voiceless lips—and clasped the little, wax
 like hand;
 But not an answering motion came—no breath his hot cheek
 fanned,
 As, starting up, he cried to heaven to give him back her
 life—
 To give him back the parting gift of *her*—his angel wife
 They strove to take her from him, but he wildly waved
 them back;
 And then—a fearful passion seemed his maddened brain to
 rack,
 He pressed his baby closer—passed them by in headlong
 flight—
 And, leaping on his horse again, dashed out into the night
 On, on he went! and let them try who may to catch his
 steed,
 The chase was vain; the maniac and his babe were gone
 indeed;

They searched the country through and through, but days
had hurried past

Before they found them, lying on a churchyard stone, at last,

Still unto his devoted breast the babe was buried tight :

The madman's eyes upon her — tho' those eyes had lost their
light ;

And by them lay the gallant steed — his race for ever run ;
And on their silent, peaceful forms shone down the noon-
day sun.

They buried them together in the churchyard, as they
died ,

Above their peaceful graves the verdant grass grows thick
and wide ,

Yet still their story lingers tho' their forms are 'neath the
sod ,

The story of a madman's love — that truly seemed of God.

Then ye who deem that human love has left the heart of
man ;

And think that never more may you the heavenly passion
scan

Just ponder o'er my tale of one who long above has fled ;

And tell me *then* — if then you *can* — that human love is dead.

Frederick G. Webb.

DREAM OF EUGENE ARAM.

'TWAS in the prime of summer time,

An evening calm and cool,

And four and twenty happy boys

Came bounding out of school —

There were some that ran, and some that leapt

Like troutlets in a pool.

Away they sped with gamesome minds,

And souls untouched by sin ;

To a level mead they came, and there

They drave the wickets in ;

Pleasantly shone the setting sun

Over the town of Lynn.

DREAM OF HUGENOT ARMS.

Like sportive deer they coursed about,
And shouted as they ran—
Turning to mirth all things of earth,
As only boyhood can :
But the usher sat remote from all,
A melancholy man !

His hat was off, his vest apart,
To catch heaven's blessed breeze ;
For a burning thought was in his brow,
And his bosom ill at ease :
So he leaned his head on his hands, and read
The book between his knees !

Leaf after leaf he turned it o'er,
Nor ever glanced aside ;
For the peace of his soul he read that book
In the golden eventide :
Much study had made him very lean,
And pale, and litten-eyed.

At last he shut the ponderous tome ;
With a fast and fervent grasp
He strained the dusty covers close,
And fixed the brazen hasp :
“ O God, could I so close my mind,
And clasp it with a clasp ! ”

Then leaping on his feet upright,
Some moody turns he took ;
Now up the mead, then down the mead,
And past a shady nook :
And lo ! he saw a little boy
That pored upon a book !

“ My gentle lad, what is 't you read—
Romance or fairy fable ?
Or is it some historic page,
Of kings and crowns unstable ? ”
The young boy gave an upward glance—
“ It is the death of Abel.”

THE RAVEN OF BLOODY ARMS.

The usher took six hasty strides,
As smit with sudden pain ;
Six hasty strides beyond the place,
Then slowly back again :
And down he sat beside the lad,
And talked with him of Cain ;

And long since then, of bloody men,
Whose deeds tradition saves ;
Of lonely folk cut off unseem,
And hid in sudden graves ;
Of horrid stabs, in groves forlorn,
And murders done in caves ;

And how the sprites of injured men
Shriek upward from the sod—
Ay, how the ghostly host will point
To show the burial clod ;
And unknown facts of guilty acts
Are seen in dreams from God !

He told how murderers walked the earth
Beneath the curse of Cain—
With crimson clouds before their eyes,
And flames about their brain :
For blood has left upon their souls
Its everlasting stain !

'And well," quoth he, " I know, for truth,
Their pangs must be extreme—
Woe, woe, mutterable woe—
Who spill life's sacred stream ?
For why ? Methought last night I wrought
A murder in a dream !

'One that had never done me wrong—
A feeble man, and old ;
led him to a lonely field,
The moon shone clear and cold :
Now here, said I, this man shall die,
And I will have his gold !
D-2

DREAM OF EUGENE ARAM.

Two sudden blows with a rugged stick,
And one with a heavy stone,
One hurried gash with a hasty knife—
And then the deed was done :
There was nothing lying at my foot,
But lifeless flesh and bone !

“ Nothing but lifeless flesh and bone,
That could not do me ill ;
And yet I feared him all the more,
For lying there so still :
There was a manhood in his look,
That murder could not kill !

“ And lo ! the universal air
Seemed lit with ghastly flames—
Then thousand thousand dreadful eyes
Were looking down in flames ;
I took the dead man by the hand,
And called upon his name ;

“ Oh, God ! it made me quake to see
Such sense within the skin !
But when I touched the lifeless clay,
The blood gushed out again !
For every clot a burning spot
Was scorching in my brain !

“ My head was like an ardent coal,
My heart as solid ice ;
My wretched, wretched soul, I knew,
Was at the devil's price :
A dozen times I groaned, the dead
Had never groaned but twice ;

“ And now from forth the frowning sky,
From the heaven's topmost height,
I heard a voice—the awful voice,
Of the blood-avenging spate :
‘ Thou guilty man ! take up thy dead,
And hide it from my sight.’

"I took the dresty body up,
And cast it in a stream—
A sluggish water, black as ink
The depth was so extreme
My gentl' boy, remember th'
Is nothing but a dream !

"Down went the corpse with a hollow plunge,
And vanished in the pool,
Anon I cleansed my bloody hands,
And washed my forehead cool,
And sat among the urchins young
That evening in the school !

"Oh, heaven, to think of their white souls,
And mine so black and grim !
I could not share in childish prayer
Nor join in evening hymn—
Like a devil of the pit I seemed,
'Mid holy cherubim !

"And peace went with them one and all,
And each calm pillow spread,
But Guilt was my grim chamberlain
That lighted me to bed,
And drew my midnight curtains round,
With fingers bloody red !

"All night I lay in agony,
In anguish dark and deep,
My fevered eyes I dared not close,
But stared aghast at sleep,
For sin had rendered unto her
The keys of hell to keep !

"All night I lay in agony,
From weary chime to chime,
With one besetting horrid hint,
That racked me all the time—
A mighty yearning, like the first
Fierce impulse unto crime !

DREAM OF EUGENE ARA

"One stern, tyrannic thought, that made
All other thoughts its slave;
Stronger and stronger every pulse,
Did that temptation crave --
Still urging me to go and see
The dead man in his grave!

"Heavily I rose up -- as soon
As light was in the sky --
And sought the black, accursed pool
With a wild, misgiving eye.
And I saw the dead in the river bed,
For the faithless stream was dry!

"Merrily rose the lark, and shook
The dewdrop from its wing,
But I never marked its morning flight,
I never heard it sing:
For I was stooping once again
Under the horrid thing.

"With breathless speed, like a soul in chase,
I took him up and ran
There was no time to dig a grave
Before the day began;
In a lonesome wood, with heaps of leaves,
I hid the murdered man!

"And all that day I read in school,
But my thought was other where!
As soon as the midday task was done,
In secret I was there,
And a mighty wind had swept the leaves,
And still the corse was bare!

"Then down I cast me on my face,
And first began to weep,
For I knew my secret then was one
That earth refused to keep;
Or land, or sea, though he should be
Ten thousand fathoms deep!

BETSEY AND I ARE OUT

"So wills the fierce avenging spirit,
Till blood for blood stones to;
Ay, though he's buried in a cave,
And trodden down with stones,
And years have rotted off his flesh—
The world shall see his bones!"

"Oh, God, that horrid, horrid dream
Besets me now awake!
Again—again, with a dizzy brain,
The human life I take;
And my red right hand grows raging hot,
Like Cranmer's at the stake.

"And still no pence for the restless day,
Will wave or mould allow:
The horrid thing pursues my soul—
It stands before me now!"
The fearful boy looked up and saw
Huge drops upon his brow!

That very night, while gentle sleep
The urchin's eyelids kissed,
Two stern-faced men set out from Lynn,
Through the cold and heavy mist;
And Eugene Aram walked between
With gyves upon his wrists.

Thomas Hood.

BETSEY AND I ARE OUT.

DRAW up the papers, lawyer, and make 'em good and stout;
For things at home are crossways, and Betsey and I are out—
We, who have worked together so long as man and wife,
Must pull in single harness for the rest of our natural life,

"Is the matter?" say you, "I vow it's hard to tell!
Most of the years, but we've passed by very well!
I have no other woman, she has no other man—
Only we've lived together as long as we ever can."

So I have talked with Betsey, and Betsey has talked with
me.

And so we've agreed together that we can't never agree;
Not that we've caught each other in any terrible crime;
We've been a-gambling this for years, a little at a time.

There was a stocky temper we both had for a start,
Although we never suspected 'twould take us two apart;
I had my various failings, bred in the flesh and bone;
And Betsey, like all good women, had a temper of her own.

The first thing I remember whereon we disagreed
Was something concerning heaven—a difference in our
 creed.

We arg'd the thing at breakfast, we arg'd the thing at tea,
And the more we arg'd the question the more we didn't
agree.

And the next that I remember was when we lost a cow;
She had kicked the bucket for certain, the question was only
—How?

I held my own opinion, and Betsey another had;
And when we were alone, a-talkin', we both of us was mad.

And the next that I remember, it started in a joke;
But full for a week it lasted, and neither of us spoke.
And the next was when I scolded because she broke a bowl;
And she said I was mean and stingy, and hadn't any soul.

And so that bowl kept pourin' dissensions in our cup;
And so that blamed cow-creature was always a-comin' up,
And so that heaven we arg'd no nearer to us got,
But it gave us a taste of something a thousand times as hot.

And so the thing kept workin', and all the self-same way;
Always somethin' to arg's, and somethin' sharp to say;
And down on us came the neighbours, a couple dozen
—strong,
And lent their kindest service for to help the thing along.

And there has been days together—and many a weary week—

We was both of us cross and hasty, and both too proud to speak;

And I have been thinkin' and thinkin', the whole of the winter and fall,

If I can't live kind with a woman, then, I won't at all.

And so I have talked with Betsey, and Betsey has talked with me,

And we have agreed together that we can't never agree;

And what is hers shall be hers, and what is mine shall be mine;

And I'll put it in the agreement, and take it to her to sign.

Write on the paper, lawyer, the very first paragraph—

Of all the farm and livestock that she shall have her half;

For she has helped to earn it, through many a weary day,

And it's nothing more than justice that Betsey has her pay.

Give her the house and homestead—a man can thrive and roam;

But women are skeery critters; unless they have a home;

And I have always determined and never failed to say,

That Betsey should never want a home if I was taken away.

There is a little hard money that's drawin' tollable pay:

A couple of hundred dollars laid by for a rainy day;

Safe in the hands of good men, and easy to get at;

Put in another clause there and give her half of that.

Yes, I see you smile, sir, at my givin' her so much;

Yes, divorce is cheap, sir, but I take no stock in such!

True and fair I married her; when she was blithe and young;

And Betsey was al'ays good to me, exceptin' with her tongue.

Once, when I was young as you, and not so smart, perhaps,

For me she nittened a lawyer, and several other odds;

And all of them was flustered, and fairly taken down,

And I for a time was counted the luckiest man in town.

HOW BETSEY AND I MADE UP.

Once when I had a fever--I won't forget it soon--
I was hot as a basted turkey and crazy as a loon;
Never an hour went by me when she was out of sight--
She nursed me true and tender, and stuck to me day and
night.

And if ever a house was tidy, and ever a kitchen clean,
Her house and kitchen was as tidy as any I ever seen;
And I don't complain of Betty, or any of her acts,
Excepting when we've quarrelled, and told each other facts.

So draw up the paper, lawyer, and I'll go home to night,
And read the agreement to her, and see if it's all right;
And then, in the mornin', I'll go to a tradin' man I know,
And kiss the child that was left to us, and out in the world
I'll go.

And one thing put in the paper, that first to me didn't
occur;

That when I am dead at last she'll bring me back to her,
And lay me under the maples I planted years ago.
When she and I was happy before we quarrelled so

And when she dies I wish that she would be laid by me,
And, lying together in silence, perhaps we will agree,
And, if ever we meet in heaven, I wouldn't think it queer
If we loved each other the better because we quarrelled
here.

Will Carleton.

HOW BETSEY AND I MADE UP.

GIVE us your hand, Mr. Lawyer, how do you do to-day?
You drew up that paper--I s'pose you want your
pay.

Don't cut down your figures; make it an X or a V;
For that 'ere written agreement was just the makin' of me.

Goin' home that evenin' I tell you I was blue,
Thinkin' of all my troubles, and what I was goin' to do;
And if my horses hadn't been the steadiest team alive,
They'd 've tipped me over, certain, for I couldn't see where
to drive.

For I was labourin' under a heavy load ;
For I was travellin' an entirely different road
For I was a-tracin' ever the path of our lives ag'in,
And seein' where we missed the way, and where we might
have been.

And many a corner we'd turned, and many a corner I see,
When I ought to've held my temper, and driven straight
ahead ;
And the more I thought it over, the more these memories
came,
And the more I struck the opinion that I was the most to
blame.

And things I had long forgotten kept risin' in my mind,
Of little matters betwixt us, where Betsey was good and
kind ;
And these things flashed all through me, as you know things
sometimes will

When a feller's alone in the darkness, and everything is still.

"But," says I, "we're too far along to take another track,
And when I put my hand to the plough, I do not oft turn
back,

And 'tain't an uncommon thing now for couples to smash in
two ;"

And so I set my teeth together, and vowed I'd see it through.

When I come in sight o' the house, 'twas some'at in the
night,

And just as I turned a hill-top I see the kitchen light ;
Which often a han'some picture to a hungry person makes,
But it don't interest a feller much that's goin' to pull up
stakes.

And when I went in the house, the table was set for me—
As good a supper's I ever saw, or ever want to see ;
And I crammed the agreement down my pocket as well as I
could,

And fell to eatin' my victuals, which somehow didn't taste
good.

And Betsey, she pretended to look about the house,
But she watched my side coat-pocket like a cat would
watch a mouse ;

And then she went to foolin' a little with ner cup,
And intently readin' a newspaper, a-holdin' it wrong side up.

And when I'd done my supper, I drawed the agreement out,
And gave it to her without a word, for she knowed what
'twas about.

And then I hummed a little tune, but now and then a
note

Was busted by some animal that hopped up in my throat.

Then Betsey she got her specs from off the mantel-shelf,
And read the article over quite softly to herself;
Read it by little and little, for her eyes is gettin' old,
And lawyers' writin' ain't no print, especially when it's
cold.

And after she'd read a little, she gave my arm a touch,
And kindly said she was afraid I was lowing her too much;
But when she was through, she went for me, her face a-
streamin' with tears.

And kissed me for the first time in over twenty years!

I don't know what you'll think, sir—I didn't come to
inquire—

But I picked up that agreement and stuffed it in the fire;
And I told her we'd bury the hatchet alongside of the cow;
And we struck an agreement never to have another row.

And I told her in the future I wouldn't speak cross or rash
If half the crockery in the house was broken all to smash;
And she said, in regards to heaven, we'd try and learn its
worth.

By startin' a branch establishment and runnin' it here on
earth.

And so we sat a talkin' three-quarters of the night,
And opened our hearts to each other until they both grew
light;

And the days when I was winnin' her away from so many
men.

Was nothin' to that evenin' I courted her over again.

Next mornin' an ancient virgin took pains to call on us,
Her lamp all trimmed and a-burnin' to kindle another fuss;
But when she went to pryin' and openin' of old sores,
My Betsey rose politely, and showed her out-of-doors.

Since then I don't deny but there's been a word or two,
But we've got our eyes wide open, and know just what to do;
When one speaks cross the other just meets it with a laugh,
And the first one's ready to give up considerable more than
half.

Maybe you'll think me soft, sir, a 'talkin' in this style,
But somehow it does me lots of good to tell it once in a
while;

And I do it for a compliment 'tis so that you can see
That that there written agreement of yours was just the
makin' of me.

So make out your bill, Mr. Lawyer: don't stop short of an X;
Make it more if you want to, for I have got the cheques.
I'm richer than a National Bank, with all its treasures told,
For I've got a wife at home now that's worth her weight in
gold.

Will Carleton.

WEDDING BELLS.

(With apologies to the Author.)

WANDERING away on tired feet,
Away from the close and crowded street,
Away from the city's smoke and din,
Trying to flee from it and sin,
Faded shawl and faded gown,
Unsmoothed hair of a golden brown,
Eyes once bright
With joyous light,
In shame cast down
Neath the scorn and frown
Of those who had known her in days that were flown.
The same blue eyes—the abode of tears,
The once light heart—the abode of fears,
While dark despair came creeping in,
And she fled from the city's smoke and din,
With a yearning sigh
And a heart-sick cry—
“Oh, to wander away and die!

WEDDING BELLS.

"Let me die on my mother's grave,
'Tis the only boon I dare to crave."

And she struggled on,

With a weary moan,

In the noon day heat,

From the dusty street ;

And they turned to gaze on the fair young face,

And marvelled much at her beauty and grace ;

What cared they if her heart was aching ?

How knew they that her heart was breaking ?

Forth from the west the red light glowed,

And the weary feet still kept on their road,

Wand'ring on in the golden sheen,

Where the country lanes were fresh and green.

The red light gleamed on the village tower

And lit up the clock at the sunset hour ;

And still her cry

Was, " Oh, to die !

God, let me die on my mother's grave,

'Tis the only boon I care to crave "

The sun arose, and the light of day

Brightly scattered the clouds of grey ;

And the village was gay,

For a holiday.

Merrily echoed the old church bells,

Peal on peal, o'er the hills and dells ;

Borne away on the morning breeze

Over the moorland, o'er the leas ;

Back again with a merry clang !

Merrily, cheerily, on they rang !

But they woke her not, she slumbered on,

With her head laid down on the cold grey stone.

The village bells rang

In the glad morning light,

And the village maidens were clad in white,

As side by side

They merrily hied,

In gay procession to meet the bride ;

Strewing the path of the village street

With choicest flowers for her dainty feet.

A joyful chime of the bells again,
To proclaim the return of the bridal train,
A louder peal from the old church tower
(As the bride passes on through the door-bower,
With the bridegroom happy, tender, and gay),
And the echoes are carried away, away;
But they linger awhile o'er the tombstones grey;
And the sleeper awakes with a yearning cry—
"Oh, to die! oh, to die!"
God, let me die on my mother's grave,
'Tis all my broken heart can crave."
And she lays her head again on the stone,
With a long drawn breath and a sobbing moan;
While the bridal train (with many a thought
Unspoken of omens with evil fraught)
Sweep down the path from the old church door;
And the bells' glad music is wafted once more
Over the moorland, over the heath,
But they wake her not, for her sleep is death.

Why does the bridegroom's cheek turn pale?
Why in his eye such a look of woe?
Why does he totter, then quicken his pace
As he catches a glimpse of the poor, dead face?

Oh, woe betide,
That so fair a bride

As she who steps with such grace by his side,
Should have faced grim death on her wedding day
Did this thought trouble the bridegroom gay
And dash from his eye the happy tears away?
I wist not, for never a word he spoke,
And soon from his face the troubled look
Was gone, and he turned to the beautiful bride
With a radiant smile and a glow of pride;

And his eye was bright

And his step was light

As would become with her so true;
Oh, his smile is glad, and his heart is brave;
What cares he for the dead in the grave?
The faded shawl and faded gown,
And unsmoothed hair of golden brown?
Why should the face on the tombstone grey
Trouble him so on his wedding day?

Forgotten words that were long since spoken,
Thoughts of vows that were made to be broken !

Fling them away !
Be joyous and gay !

Death will never a secret betray.

Quaff the red wine, the glasses ring ;
Drink ! till the gloomy thoughts take wing ;
Drink, and be merry, merry, and glad !

With a bride so lovely who would be sad ?

Hark ! how the wedding bells are ringing !

Over the hills their echoes flinging ;

Carried away on the morning breeze

Over the moorland, over the leas,

Riding back on the zephyr's wing—

Joyously, merrily, on they ring.

But she will not wake, her sleep is deep,

And Death can ever a secret keep.

Ah, thy smile may be glad, and thy heart may be brave,

And the secret be kept betwixt thee and the grave,

But should'st thou forget it for one short day,

In the gloom of night from the tombstone grey

Will come the sound of a wailing cry—

“ Oh, to die ! oh, to die ! ”

And the bride at thy bosom will raise her head

In affright, as she hears thee call on the dead

In a ghastly dream, on whose wings are borne

The memories of thy wedding morn !

Oh, the woful sight of the pale dead face !

With the cold damp earth for its resting-place ;

Oh, the mocking chime of the old church bell !

It shall seem to peal from the mouth of hell ;

Into thy dreams its echoes ringing,

Merrily, madly, ceaselessly ringing !

The white face will haunt thee !

The bells thee will haunt thee !

Echoed and tossed on the evening breath

Of a curse that shall follow and thy soul till death !

Charlotte M. Griffiths.

OVER THE HILL TO THE POOR HOUSE.

OVER the hill to the poor house I'm trudgin' my weary way—

I, a woman of seventy, and only a trifle grey—
I, who am smart an' chipper, for all the years I've told,
To many another woman that's only half as old.

Over the hill to the poor house—I can't quite make it clear!
Over the hill to the poor house—it seems so horrid queer!
Many a step I've taken, a toilin' to and fro,
But this is a sort of a journey I never thought to go.

What is the use of heapin' on me a pauper's shame?
Am I lazy or crazy? am I blind or lame?
True, I am not so supple, nor yet so awful stout:
But charity ain't no favour, if one can live without.

I am willin' an' anxious and ready any day
To work for a decent livin', an' pay my honest way;
For I can earn my victuals, an' more too, I'll be bound,
If anybody only is willin' to have me round.

Once I was young an' han'some—I was upon my soul—
Once my cheeks was roses, my eyes as black as coal;
And I can't remember, in them days, of hearin' people say
For any kind of a reason, that I was in their way.

'T ain't no use of boastin', or talkin' over free,
But many a house an' home was open then to me;
Many a han'some offer I had from likely men,
And nobody ever hinted that I was a burden then.

And when to John I was married, sure he was good and smart,

But he and all the neighbours would that I done my part;
For life was all before me, an' I was young and strong,
And I worked the best that I could be to get along.

And so we worked together; and life was hard, but gay
With now and then a baby for to cheer us on our way;
Till we had half a dozen, an' all growed clean an' neat,
An' went to school like others, an' had enough to eat.

So we worked for the child'n, and raised them every one;
Worked for 'em summer and winter, just as we ought to be
done,

Only perhaps we humoured 'em, which some good folks
condemn,

But every couple's children's a heap the best to them.

Strange how much we think of our blessed little ones!—

I'd have died for my daughters, I'd have died for my sons;

And God! He made that rule of love; but when we're old
and grey,

I've noticed it sometimes somehow fails to work the other
way.

Strange, another thing; when our boys an' girls was grown,

And when, exceptin' Charley, they'd left us there alone;

When John he nearer an' nearer come, an' dearer seemed
to be,

The Lord of Hosts He come one day, an' took him away
from me,

Still I was bound to struggle, an' never to cringe or fall—

Still I worked f r Charley, for Charley was now my all;

And Charley was pretty good to me, with scarce a word or
frown,

'Till at last he went a-courtin', and brought a wife from
town.

She was somewhat drowsy, an' hadn't a pleasant smile—

She was quite conceited, and carried a heap o' style,

But if ever I tried to be friends, I did with her I know,

But she was hard and proud, an' I couldn't make it go.

She had an edication, an' that was good for her;

But when she twitted me, oh mine, 'twas carryin' things
too fur!

An' I told her once 'fore company (an' it almost made her
sick),

That I never swallowed a grammar, or e't a 'rithmetic.

So 'twas only a few days before the thing was done—

They was a family of themselves, and I another one;

And a very little cottage for one family will do,

But I never have seen a house that was big enough for two

~~Over the hill to the poor-house~~

An' I never could speak to suit her, never could please her
eye,

An' it made me independent, an' then I didn't try ;
But I was terribly staggered, an' felt it like a blow,
When Charley turn'd ag'in me, an' told me I could go.

I went to live with Susan, but Susan's house was small,
And she was always a hintin' how snug it was for us all ;
And what with her husband's sisters, and what with childr'n
three,
'Twas easy to discover that there wa-s'n't room for me.

An' then I went to Thomas, the oldest son I've got,
For Thomas's builings 'd cover the half of an acre lot ;
But all the chum'n was on me I couln't stand their
sauc--
And Thomas said I needn't think I was coming there
to boss.

An' then I wrote to Rebecca, my girl who lives out west,
And to Isaac, not far from her--some twenty miles at best ;
And one of 'em said 'twas too warm there for any one so old,
And t'other had an opinion the climate was too cold.

So they have shirked and slighted me, an' shifted me
about -
So they have well nigh soured me, an' wore my old heart
out ;
But still I've born up pretty well, an' wasn't much put
down,
Till Charley went to the poor-master, an' put me on the
town.

Over the hill to the poor house--my childr'n dear, good bye !
Many a night I've watched you when only God was nigh ;
And God 'll judge between us ; but I will alw'ys pray
That you shall never suffer the half I do to day.

Will Carleton:

OVER THE HILL FROM THE POOR HOUSE.

I who was always counted, they say,
 Rather a bad stick any way,
 Splintered all over with dodges and tricks,
 Known as "the worst of the Deacon's six;"
 I, the truant, sassy and bold,
 The one black sheep in my father's fold,
 "Once on a time," as the stories say,
 Went over the hill on a winter's day—

Over the hill to the poor-house.

Tom could save what twenty could earn;
 But *givin'* was somethin' he ne'er would learn;
 Isaac could half o' the Scriptur's speak—
 Committed a hundred verses a week,
 Never forgot, an' never slipped;
 But "Honour thy father and mother," he skipped;
 So *over the hill to the poor-house.*

As for Susan, her heart was kind
 An' good—what there was of it mind;
 Nothin' too big, an' nothin' too nice,
 Nothin' she wouldn't sacrifice
 For one she loved; an' that 'ere one
 Was herself when all was said an' done.
 An' Charley an' 'Becca meant well, no doubt,
 But any one could pull 'em about;
 An' all o' our folks ranked well you see,
 Save one poor fellow, and that was me;
 An' when, one dark an' rainy night,
 A neighbour's horse went out o' sight,
 They latched on me, as the guilty chap
 That carried one end o' the halter-strap.
 An' I think myself, that view of the case
 Wasn't altogether out o' place;
 My mother denied it, as mothers do,
 But I am inclined to believe 'twas true.
 Though for me one thing might be said—
 That I, as well as the horse was led;
 And the worst of whisky spurred me on,
 Or else the deed would have never been done.

But the keenest grief I ever felt
 Was when my mother beside me knelt,
 An' cried an' prayed till I melted down,
 As I wouldn't for half the horses in town.
 I kissed her fondly, then an' there,
 An' swore henceforth to be honest and square.

I served my sentence—a bitter pill
 Some fellows should take who never will;
 And then I decuded to go "out West,"
 Concludin' 'twould suit my health the best.
 Where, how I prospered, I never could tell,
 But fortune seemed to like me well,
 An' somehow every vein I struck
 Was always bubblin' over with luck.
 An' better than that, I was steady an' true,
 An' put my good resolutions through.
 But I wrote to a trusty old neighbour an' said,
 "You tell 'em, old fellow, that I am dead,
 An' died a Christian; 'twill please 'em there,
 Than a I had lived the same as before."
 But when this neighbour he wrote to me,
 "Your mother's in the poor house," says he.
 I had a resurrection straightway,
 An' started for her that very day
 And when I arrived where I was grown,
 I took good care that I shouldn't be known,
 But I bought the old cottage, through and through
 Of some one Charley had sold it to;
 And held back neither work nor gold,
 To fix it up as it was of old
 The same big fire-place wide an' high
 Flung up its cinders toward the sky;
 The old clock ticked on the corner shelf--
 I wound it an' set it agoing myself;
 An' if everything wasn't just the same,
 Neither I nor money was to blame.

Then—over the hill to the poor-house!

One blowin', blusterin' winter's day,
 With a team an' cutter I started away;

over the hill from the poor-house!

My bery nags was as black as coal;
(They some'at resembled the horse I stole);
I hitched an' entered the poor-house door—
A poor old woman was scrubbin' the floor;
She rose to her feet in great surprise,
And looked, quite startin', into my eyes;
I saw the whole of her trouble's trace
In the lines that marked her dear old face;
"Mother!" I shouted, "Your sorrows is done!
You're adopted along o' your horse-thief son,
Come over the hill from the poor-house!"

She didn't say a word, she knelt by my side,
An' thanked the Lord, till I fairly cried.
An' maybe our time wasn't pleasant an' gay,
An' maybe we wasn't wrapped up that day;
An' maybe our stage wasn't warm an' bright,
An' maybe it wasn't a pleasant sight
To see us gettin' the evenin's tea,
An' frequently stoppin' an' teasin' me;
An' maybe we didn't live happy for years,
In spite of my brothers' and sisters' sneers,
Who often said, as I have heard,
That they wouldn't own a prison-bird;
'Though they're gettin' over that, I guess,
For all of them owe me more or less).
But I've learned one thing; an' it cheers a man
In always a-doin' the best he can;
That whether, on the big book, a blot
Gets over a fellow's name or not,
Whenever he does a deed that's white,
It's credited to him fair and right.
An' when you hear the great bugle's notes,
An' the Lord divides his sheep an' goats;
However they may be in any case,
Wherever they may be in any place,
My good old Christian father, you'll see
Will be sure to stand right up for me,
With—over the hill from the poor-house.

THE TENEMENT HOUSE.

I WENDED my way through frost and snow
 One winter's night to a tenement row;
 The place seemed under the ban and blight
 Of a ghastly spell that winter night;
 Unearthly footsteps seemed to fall
 In the dismal darkness down the hall.
 Unearthly voices deep and low
 Seemed to whisper a tale of woe
 From reeking angle and rotten door,
 As through the fog and darkness
 I groped my way to a certain room, or rather a den,
 Such as some wealthy or prosperous man
 Build and rent to the homeless poor.

The door was ajar, within all dark,
 Never an ember, never a spark
 Glowed or glimmered athwart the gloom,
 That hung like a pall in that wretched room.
 But I heard the patter of children's feet,
 And the sound of voices sad and sweet.
 And one—he was only three years old—
 Said, "Sissy, 'at makes mamma so told?
 P'ense 'ot me 'ak 'er," the sweet voice pled;
 "I'es so 'undery. I 'ants some b'ed—
 Only ze littles p'ase 'I do—
 And Donny 'ill give a bite to zoo."

"Hush, Johnny, hush," the sister said,
 "There is not a single crust of bread—
 Don't wake poor mamma; she's sick, you know,
 So sick and weak that she cannot sew.
 Don't you remember how she cried,
 When she bade me put the work aside,
 And how she blessed us when she said:
 'The Father in heaven will give us bread?'
 All day long through the snow and sleet,
 I wander up and down the street,
 And, Johnny, I held my freezing hand
 To crowds of ladies rich and grand,
 But they didn't hear me when I said:
 'Please give me a penny to buy some bread

THE TENEMENT HOUSE.

One beautiful lady turned and smiled,
But she only said, "Don't touch me, child."
In their beautiful clothes they all passed by
And I was so cold, but I did not cry.
Oh, Johnny, I never begged before,
But I went to-day from door to door,
Till my very heart was faint and weak,
And I shivered so I could hardly speak;
But when I remembered what mamma said,
That the Father in Heaven would give us bread,
I quite forgot the shame and pain,
And went on asking, but asking in vain.
But I scarce could move my frozen feet;
And when they lighted the lamps in the street,
I came away through the fog and mire,
With nothing to eat or make a fire,
But as I was passing Denuie's shop,
Some one called out—"Stop, Kattie, stop!"
And out came little Sammy Dole,
And filled my basket with wood and coal.
So now we shall have a fire, you see;
And oh, how nice and warm it shall be;
And, Johnny, if you'll be still and good,
I'll tell you "Little Red Riding Hood."
"No, no, I'es hundry," the wee one said;
"Tan't you dive me a turn of bread?
P'ease dive me sum, I tink yoo tood,
And Donny'll do to sleep and be good."
"There isn't a crumb of bread; hush, don't cry,
Soon in the morning, Sissy will try
To get poor mamma a bit of meat
And some nice white bread for Johnny to eat."
By this time, her little cold blue hands
Had gathered some half-charred brands
And lighted a fire. Sure, the night
Never revealed a sadder sight
Than greeted my eyes that winter night:
Walls broken and damp, a window bare,
A rickety table, a bottomless chair,
A floor discoloured with soil and stain,
Snow driving through a missing pane;

Wee, womanly Kattie, scarce nine years old,
 Pinched and shrunken with hunger and cold,
 Sweet baby Johnny, with dimpled feet;
 Sobbing, crying for something to eat;
 A tattered bed, where the eye could trace
 A human form, with a thin white face—
 A thin white face that had once been fair,
 Framed in tangles of black brown hair;
 The sad eyes closed, the lips apart,
 Pale hands crossed on a silent heart
 Softly Kattie approached it now,
 And pressed a kiss on the marble brow;
 Then with a sudden cry, she said—
 "Johnny, oh, Johnny, mamma is dead!
 Speak to me, mamma—one word—!" she cried,
 "Oh, speak to Kattie!"—no voice replied.
 But Johnny crept to the pulseless breast,
 Where his golden head was wont to rest,
 And nestling close to the icy form,
 Said, "I can keep sweet mamma 'arm."
 But the mother, out worn with trouble and strife,
 With the sad hard toil in the battle of life,
 Had silently gone to the beautiful shore,
 Where the rich man has need of his gold never more.

Sarah T. Bolton.

A BEAUTY DEVOID OF A HEART.

She was tall, and the world called her handsome,
 With hair and eyes black as the night,
 And her jewels were worth a king's ransom,
 As they shone in the pallid limelight.
 She was sought far and near for her beauty,
 And the compliments heard every day,
 Received them as though they were duty
 To her for the grace she'd display.
 Yet she treated society coldly,
 And heeded not sarcasm's smart,
 Until she had gained the name boldly—
 A beauty devoid of a heart.

BEAUTY DEVOID OF A HEART.

Like the sun in its glorious splendour
On a popular Liverpool street,
On a tiny form, fragile and slender,
On a pair of hot, tired little feet,
And the pallid face told its own story
Of sorrow, privation, and care,
While the sun in its palmy glory,
Fell full on the uncovered hair.
What wonder she felt the dark passion,
And brooded o'er jealousy's dart,
When passed her the bright queen of fashion,
The beauty devoid of a heart.

But, hark! what a wild shout of horror
Floats high on the warm midday air!
All hearts fill with pity and sorrow,
And faces grow white with despair,
While there on the kerb, pale and fearful,
Unharm'd by Fate's marvellous hands,
Unnerved with the noise, which is fearful,
The poor little beggar maid stands.
And there in the road, dust-be-pattered,
Crushed down by a huge, heavy cart,
Lies she who was honoured and flattered,
The beauty devoid of a heart.

Then raise they their burden so slowly,
And mournfully bear it away;
While follows the maiden so lowly,
To weep for the "lady" and pray.
And people now tell the sad story
Of bravery nobly displayed—
How she in her beauty and glory
Had died for the poor beggar maid.
Oh! who can condemn them so strongly—
Condemn all who held the least part
In naming that maiden so wrongly,
The beauty devoid of a heart?

Marion J. Taylor.

A SEA DIRGE.

THERE are certain things—as a spider, a ghost,
The income-tax, gout, an umbrella for three—
That I hate, but a thing that I hate the most,
Is a thing they call the sea.

Pour some salt water on to the shore—
Ugly, I'm sure you'll confess it to be—
Suppose that it extended a mile or more,
That's very like the sea.

Pinch a dog till it howls outright—
Cruel, but all very well for a spree
Suppose that it did so day and night,
That would be like the sea.

I had a vision of nursery-maids,
Tens of thousands passed by me.
All leading children with wooden spade
And this was by the sea.

Who invented those spades of wood?
Who was it cut them out of the tree?
None, I think, but an idiot could,
Or one that loved the sea.

It is pleasant and dreamy, no doubt, to float
With "thoughts as boundless, and souls as free,"
But suppose you are very unwell in the boat,
How do you like the sea?

"But it makes the intellect clear and keen."
Prove it! prove it! how can that be?
Why, what does "B-sharp" (in music) mean,
If not the "natural O?"

What! keen? with such questions as "What's high tide
Is selling shrimps an-improvement to tea
Were donkeys intended for man to ride?"
Such are our thoughts by the sea.

There is an insect that people avoid,
(Whence is derived the verb "to flee")
Where have you been by it most annoyed?
In lodgings by the sea.

If you like coffee with sand for drops,
A decided hint of salt in your tea,
And a fishy taste in the very eggs,
By all means embrace the sea.

And if, when these dainties to drink and to eat,
You prefer not a vestige of grass or rice,
And a chronic state of wet in your feet,
Then—I recommend the sea.

For I have friends who dwell by the coast,
Pleasant friends they are to me,
It is when I am with them, I wonder most
That anyone likes the sea.

They take me a walk; though tired and stiff,
To climb the heights I madly agree,
And, after a tumble or so from the cliff,
They kindly suggest the sea.

I try the rocks and think it cool
That they laugh with such an excess of glee,
As I heavily slip into every pool
That skirts the cold, cold sea.

Once I met a friend in the street;
With wife, and nurse, and children three;
Never again saw I sight of him meet
As that party from the sea.

Their cheeks were hollow, their steps were slow,
Convicted felons they seemed to be;
"Are you going to prison, dear friend?" "Oh, no
We're returning from the sea."

Anonymous.

THE UGLIEST MAN IN THE WORLD.

TWENTY summers ago I would have you to know,—
 In the state of Kentucky lived Hector B. Snow—
 A rum kind of coon, and you wouldn't meet him
 His double, although you might see him "at noon"—
 For to tell you facts plump, there was never such
 "chump."

Had it been mine, or yours, 'twould have given us the
 hump.

For of all the plain fellows that e'er you could know,
 A long way the plainest was Hector B. Snow.
 He'd a long hatchet face, and a nut-cracker chin,
 And a thrice broken bottle nose crimsoned by gin.
 He'd a cast in his left eye, a squint in his right,
 And but one tooth, projecting, and that black as night.
 He'd no hair on his head, the most pumpkin of blumps,
 And his forehead was nought but a series of bumps.
 In short you might travel among high and low,
 But meet none so ugly as Hector B. Snow.
 Now most folks would have thought as this coon was so
 plain

He'd have been the last soul of his face to be vain,
 But there n'er was a girl of her loveliness proud
 Like Snow of his plainness, by nature endowed.
 If he saw any plain chap, his lips would be curled,
 And he'd shout "I'm the ugliest man in the world,
 That cove is no beauty, but pit him 'gainst me,
 And I reckon the catur you'll find up a tree."
 So great his esteem of his ugliness vile,
 That unless it was owned, Mr. Snow you would rile,
 And he publicly swore—"If he e'er saw a mug
 That was worse than his own that his owner he'd "plug,"
 Anglice, would shoot him at sight on the spot,
 So jolly conceited had Mr. Snow got.

Well, long years rolled along, and I'm glad to relate
 He was still owned the ugliest man in the state
 But one day into market as Snow took a ride
 A horseman before him his boss eye espied,

THE UGLIEST MAN IN THE WORLD.

When he soon overtook for a sociable chat,
When he turned pale as death, which you'll not wonder at,
When he noted the face of the strange-looking elf—
And shouted.—“Wild snakes, *he's more plain than myself!*
I thought *he* was homely, but still 'tis my duty
To own by the *fact* I'm *simply* a beauty.”
The stranger, much puzzled, he didn't quite know
What to think of the greeting of Hector B. Snow.

His features *glowed* with annoyance and wrath,
Here Hector *burst* into utterance broke forth:
“Now, *listen*, look here, this is awkward I guess,
But then to keep to my word, why I musn't do less,
For some years I've for ugliness taken the palm,
And you'll own to be champion possessor a charm,
So much so I vowed that I'd certainly plug,
The first chap I met with an uglier mug
I'm sorry to kill you, but still don't look blue.
I reckon *your* own there is nought else to do.”
He pulled out his shooter, and cocked up his eye,
Then remarked “In three minutes, my rooster, you die!”

The stranger looked up and the stranger looked down,
Then gave a bland smile, then a bit of a frown.
As he drew a long breath, while Snow's face he surveyed.
But still not the least of his throat seemed afraid.
He resignedly sighed, and replied “Shoot away,
For if I'm a plainer than you as you say,
‘Twill be kindness to plug me—an act I'll forgive,
For if I'm uglier *than you* why, I don't want to live.”

The answer thus given so earnest and pat,
Knock'd Hector Snow's fierceness into a cock'd hat,
He cried, “Bully for you—if at death you don't shrink,
Why it's no use in ‘plugging’ you, come, *do*, and drink
They liquor'd, and none have denied since that date
Their being the ugliest *in the State*.”

MORAL.

If you chance to be ugly, this story recall,
That plainness may sometimes be best, after all.
Good looks lead to scrapes, when for beauty girls hug you—
But if *plain* out of jealousy no one will *plug* you!

KARL THE MARTYR.

IT was the closing of a summer's day,
 And trellised branches from encircling trees
 Threw silver shadows over the golden space
 Where groups of merry-hearted sons of toil
 Were met to celebrate a village feast;
 Casting away, in frolic sport, the cares
 That ever press and crowd and leave their mark
 Upon the brows of all whose bread is earned
 By daily labour. 'Twas perchance the feast
 Of fav'rite saint, or anniversary
 Of one of bounteous Nature's season gifts
 To grateful husbandry - no matter what
 The cause of their uniting Joy beamed forth
 On every face, and the sweet echoes rang
 With sounds of honest mirth too rarely heard
 In the vast workshop man has made his world,
 Where months of toil must pay one day of song.

Somewhat apart from the assembled throng
 There sat a swifthy giant with a face
 So nobly grand that though (unlike the rest)
 He wore no festal garb nor laughing mien,
 Yet was he study for the painter's art
 He joined not in their sports, but rather seemed
 To please his eye with sight of others' joy.
 There was a cast of sorrow on his brow,
 As though it had been early there. He sat
 In listless attitude, yet not devoid
 Of gentle grace, as down his stalwart form
 He bent to catch the playful whisperings,
 And note the movements of a bright hair'd child
 Who danced before him in the evening sun,
 Holding a tiny brother by the hand.

He was the village smith (the rolled-up sleeves
 And the well-clashed leathern apron show'd his craft);
 Karl was his name - a man beloved by all.
 He was not of the district. He had come
 Amongst them ere his forehead bore one trace
 Of age or suffering. A wife and child
 He had brought with him; but the wife was dead.

the child—who danced before him now
And held a tiny brother by the hand—
Their mother's last and priceless legacy!
So Karl was happy still that those two lived,
And laughed and danced before him in the sun.

Yet sadly so. The children both were fair,
Ruddy, and active, though of fragile form;
But to that father's ever watchful eye,
Who had seen their mother, it was plain
That each awaited the wasting doom
Which cost that mother's life. 'Twas reason more
To work and toil for them by night and day!
Early and late his anvil's ringing sound
Was heard amidst all seasons. Oftentimes
The neighbour asked him why he worked so hard
With only two to care for? He would smile,
Wipe his hot brow, and say, " 'Twas done in love
For sake of those in mercy left him still—
And here: he might not stay. He could not live
To lose them all." The tenderest of plants
Required the careful'st gardening, and so
He worked on valiantly, and if he marked
An extra gleam of health in Trudchen's cheeks,
A growing strength in little Casper's laugh,
He bowed his head, and felt his work was paid
Even as now, while sitting 'neath the tree,
He watched the bright han'd image of his wife,
Who danced before him in the evening sun,
Holding her tiny brother by the hand.

The frolic pause: now Casper's laughing head
Rests wearily against his father's knee
In trusting lovingness; while Trudchen runs
To snatch a hasty kiss of the little man,
It may be, wonder in the tiny hand
With which he strives to reach his father's neck
Will ever grow as big and brown as that
He sees imbedded in his sister's curls).
When quick as lightning's flash up starts the smith,
Huddles the frightened children in his arms,
Thrusts them far back—extends his giant frame
And covers them as with Goliath's shield!

Now hark ! a rushing, yelping, panting sound,
So terrible that all stood chilled with fear,
And in the midst of that late joyous throng
Leapt an infuriate hound, with flaming eyes,
Half-open mouth, and fiercely bristling hair,
Proving that madness tore the brute to death.
One spring from Karl, and the wild thing was seized,
Fast prison'd in the stalwart Vulcan's gripe.

A sharp, shrill cry of agony from Karl
Was mingled with the hound's low fever'd growl.
And all with horror saw the creature's teeth
Fixed in the blacksmith's shoulder. None had power
To rescue him ; for scarcely could you count
A moment's space ere both had disappeared—
The man and dog. The smith had leapt a fence
And gained the forest with a frantic rush,
Bearing the hideous mischief in his arms.

A long receding cry came on the ear,
Showing how swift their flight ; and fainter grew
The sound : ere well a man had time to think
What might be done for help, the sound was hushed,
Lost in the very distance. Women crouched
And huddled up their children in their arms.
Men flew to seek their weapons. 'Twas a change
So swift and fearful, none could realise
Its actual horrors—for a time. But now,
The panic past, to rescue and pursuit !

Crash ! through the brake into the forest track
But pitchy darkness, caused by closing night
And foliage dense, impedes the avengers' way ;
When lo ! they trip o'er something in their path !

It was the bleeding body of the hound,
Warm but quite dead. No other trace of Karl
Was near at hand ; they called his name ; in vain
They sought him in the forest all night through ;
Living or dead, he was not to be found.
At break of day they left the fruitless search.

Next morning, as an anxious village group
Stood meditating plans what best to do,

The little Trudchen, who, in simple tones,
Said, "Father's at the forge—I heard him there
Working long hours ago; but he is angry.
I raised the latch: he bade me to be gone.
What have I done to make him chide me so?"
And then her bright blue eyes ran o'er with tears.
"The child has been dreaming through this troubled night,"
Said a loud voice, and drew the child towards her
But the answers of the girl were such
As led the old man to seek her father's forge
(It lay beyond the village some short span).
They forced the door, and there beheld the smith.

His sinewy frame was drawn to its full height,
And round his loins a double chain of iron.
Wrought with true workman skill, was riveted
Fast to his loins of enormous weight
He stood as pale and statue like as death
Now let his own words close the hapless tale.

"I killed the hound, you know, but not until
His maddening venom through my veins had passed.
I knew full well the death in store for me,
And would not answer when you called my name;
But crouched among the brushwood, while I thought
Over some plan. I know my giant strength,
And dare not trust it after reason's loss.
Why? I might learn and rend whom most I love
I've made all fast now—'Tis a hideous death.
I thought to plunge me in the deep, still pool
That skirts the forest—to avoid it; but
I thought that for the suicide's poor shift
I would not throw away my chance of heaven,
And meeting one who made earth heaven to me.
So I came home and forged these chains about me.
Full well I know no human hand can rend them,
And now am safe from harming those I love—
Keep off good friends! Should God prolong my life,
Throw me such food as nature may require.
Look to my babes. This you are bound to do;
For by my deadly grasp on that poor hound,
How many of you have I saved from death

Such as I now await! But hence, away!
The poison works! these chains must try their strength,
My brain's on fire! with me, will soon be night.

Too true his words! the brave, great-hearted Earl,
A living martyr, battled with his chains
For three fierce days. The fourth saw him
For death's strong hand had loosed the martyr,
Where his freed spirit soars, who dares to doubt.

Franklin Pierce.

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN.

HAMELIN Town's in Brunswick,
By famous Hanover city;
The river Weser, deep and wide,
Washes its will on the southern side,
A pleasant spot you never spied,
But, when begins my ditty,
Almost five hundred years ago,
To see the townfolk suffer so
From vermin was a pity.

Rats!

They fought the dogs, and killed the cats,
And bit the babies in the cradles;
And ate the cheese, out of the vats,
And licked the soup from the cook's own ladles,
Spit open the keg of salted sprats,
Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,
And even spoiled the women's coiffes,
By drowning their speaking
With shrieking and squeaking,
In fifty different sharps and flutes.
At last the people in a body
To the Town Hall came flocking.
"Tis clear," cried they, "our Mayor's a noddy;
And as for our Corporation—shocking
To think we buy gowns lined with ermine
For dolts that can't or won't determine
What's best to rid us of our vermin!

You hope, because you're old and obese,
 To find in the furry civic robe ease!
 Rouse up, sirs! Give your brains a racking
 To find the remedy we're lacking,
 Or, sure as fate, we'll send you packing!"
 At this the Mayor and Corporation
 Quaked with a mighty consternation.
 An hour they sate in council,
 At length the Mayor broke silence:
 "For a guilder I'd my ermine gown sell;
 I wish I were a mile hence!
 It's easy to bid one rack one's brain—
 I'm sure my poor head aches again,
 I've scratched it so, and all in vain,
 Oh for a trap, a trap, a trap!"
 Just as he said this, what should hap
 At the chamber door but a gentle tap?
 "Bless us," cried the Mayor, "what's that?"
 (With the Corporation as he sat
 Looking little, though wondrous fat;
 Not brighter was his eye, nor moister,
 Than a too-long-opened oyster,
 Save when at noon his paunch grew mutinous
 For a plate of turtle, green and glutinous),
 "Only a scraping of shoes on the mat?
 Anything like the sound of a rat
 Makes my heart go pit-a-pat!"
 "Come in!"—the Mayor cried, looking bigger:
 And in did come the strangest figure.
 His queer long coat from heel to head
 Was half of yellow and half of red;
 And he himself was tall and thin,
 With sharp blue eyes, each like a pin,
 And light loose hair, yet swarthy skin,
 No tuft on cheek nor beard on chin,
 But lips where smiles went out and in—
 There was no guessing his kith and kin!
 And nobody could enough admire
 The tall man and his quaint attire.
 Quoth one: "It's as my great grandsire,
 Starting up at the Trump of Doom's tone,
 Had walked this way from his painted tombstone."

He advanced to the council-table :

And, "Please your honours," said he, "I'm able,

By means of a secret charm, to draw

All creatures living beneath the sun.

That creep or swim, or fly, or run,

After me so as you never saw !

And I chiefly use my charm

On creatures that do people harm,

The mole and toad, and newt, and viper ;

And people call me the piew piper."

(And here they noticed round his neck

A scarf of red and yellow stripe,

To match with his out of the selfsame check ;

And at the scarf's end hung a pipe ;

And his fingers, they noticed, were ever straying

As if impatient to be playing

Upon this pipe, as low it dangled.

(Over his vesture so old-fangled.)

"Yet," said he, "poor piper as I am,

In Tartary I freed the Cham,

Last June, from his huge swarms of gnats ;

I cused in Asia the Nizam

Of a monstrous brood of vampire bats :

And, as for what your brain bewilders,

If I can rid your town of rats

Will you give me a thousand guilders ?"

"One? fifty thousand!" was the exclamation

Of the astonished Mayor and Corporation.

Into the street the Piper stept,

Smiling first a little smile,

As if he knew what magic slept

In his quiet pipe the while ;

Then like a musical adept,

To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled,

And green and blue his sharp eyes twinkled

Like a candle flame where salt is sprinkled ;

And ere three shrill notes the pipe uttered,

You heard as if an army muttered ;

And the muttering grew to a grumbling ;

And the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling ;

And out of the house the rats came tumbling.

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN.

Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
Brown rats, black rats, gray rats, tawny rats,
Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,

Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,
Cocking tails and pricking whiskers,

Families by tens and dozens,
Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives—
Followed the Piper for their lives.

From street to street he piped, advancing,
And step by step they followed, dancing.

Until they came to the river Weser,
Wherein all plunged and perished

—Save one, who, stout as Julius Cæsar,
Swam across and lived to carry

(As he the manuscript he cherished)

To Rat-land home his commentary,

Which was, "At the first shrill notes of the pipe,
I heard a sound as of scraping tripe,"

And putting apples, wondrous ripe,
Into a cider-press's gripe;

And a moving away of pickle-tub boards,

And a leaving ajar of conserve cupboards,

And a drawing the corks of train oil flasks,

And a breaking the hoops of butter casks,

And it seemed as if a voice

(Sweeter far than by harp or by psaltery

Is breathed) called out, Oh, rats, rejoice!

The world is grown to one vast dry-cellar!

To munch on, crunch on, take your muncheon,

Breakfast, supper, dinner, luncheon!

And just as a pulpy sugar punchoon,

All ready staved, like a great sun shone

Glorious scarce an inch before me,

Just as methought it said, come, bore me!

I found the Weser rolling o'er me."

You should have heard the Hamelin people
Ringing the bells till they rocked the steeple.

"Go," cried the Mayor, "and get long poles

Poke up the streets and block up the holes!

Consult with carpenters and builders,

And leave in our town not even a trace

THE RED PIPER OF HAMELIN.

Of the rats!" -when suddenly up the face
 Of the Piper perked in the market place,
 With a, "First, if you please, my thousand guilders!"
 A thousand guilders! The mayor looked blue,
 So did the Corporation too.
 For council dinner a made rare havoc
 With Claret, Moselle, Vin-de-Grave, Hook;
 And half the money would replenish
 Their cellar's biggest butt with Rhenish.
 To pay this sum to a wandering fellow
 With a gipsy coat of red and yellow!
 "Beside," quoth the Mayor, with a knowing wink,
 "Our business was done at the river's brink;
 We saw with our eyes the vermin sink,
 And whod's dead can't come to life, I think.
 So, friend, we're not the folks to shrink
 From the duty of giving you something to drink,
 And a matter of money to put in your poke;
 But as for the guilders, what we spoke
 Of them, you very well know, was in joke
 Besides, our losses have made us thrifty.
 A thousand guilders! Come, take fifty."
 The piper's face fell, and he cried,
 "Nonsense! I can't wait, beside!
 I've promised to visit by dinner time
 Bagdad, and accepted the prime
 Of the Head Cook's pottage, all he's rich in,
 For having left, in the Caliph's kitchen,
 Of a nest of scorpions no survivor—
 With you I proved no bargain-driver;
 With you, don't think I'll hate the driver!
 And folks who put me in a passion
 May find me pipe to another fashion."
 "How?" cried the Mayor, "d'ye think I'll brook
 Being worse treated than a Cook?
 Insulted by a larvibald
 With idle pipe and vesture piebald?
 You threaten us, fellow? Do your worst!
 Blow your pipe then till you burst!
 Once more he stepped into the street;
 And to his lips again
 Laid his long pipe of smooth straight cane,

THE FIFTH PIPER OF HAMELIN.

.. And ere he blew three notes (such sweet
Soft notes as yet musicians cunning

Never gave the enraptured air),
There was a rustling that seemed like a bustling
Of merry crowds justling, at pitching and hustling.
Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes clattering,
Little hands clapping, and little tongues chattering,
And like fowls in a farmyard when barley is scattering,
Came the children running

All the little boys and girls,
With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,
And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,
Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after,
The wonderful music with shouting and laughter.

The Mayor was dumb, and the Council stood
As if they were changed into blocks of wood,
Unable to move a step, or cry

To the children merrily skipping by—

And could only follow with the eye
That joyous crowd at the Piper's back.

But how the Mayor was on the rack,
And the wretched Council's bosoms beat,
As the Piper turned from the High Street
To where the Weser rolled its waters
Right in the way of their sons and daughters!
However, he turned from South to West,
And to Koppelberg Hill his steps addressed,
And after him the children pressed;
Great was the joy in every breast.

"He never can cross that mighty top!

He's forced to let the piping drop,

And we shall see our children stop;"

When lo! as they reached the mountain's side,
A wondrous portal opened wide,
As if a cavern was suddenly hollowed;
And the Piper advanced and the children followed,
And when all were in to the very last,
The door of the mountain-side shut fast,
Did I say all! Not one was lame,
And could not dance the whole of the way;
And in after years, if you would blame
His sadness, he was used to say,—

"It's dull in our town since my playmates left
 I can't forget that I'm bereft
 Of all the pleasant sights they see,
 Which the Piper also promised me;
 For he led us, he said, to a joyous land,
 Joining the town and forest at hand,
 Where waters gushed and fruit trees grew,
 And flowers put forth a fairer hue,
 And everything was strange and new;
 The sparrows were brighter than peacocks here,
 And their dogs outran our fallow deer,
 And honey-bees had lost their stings;
 And horses were born with eagles' wings;
 And just as I became assured
 My lame foot would be speedily cured,
 The music stopped, and I stood still,
 And found myself outside the Hill,
 Left alone against my will,
 To go now limping as before,
 And never hear of that country more!"
 Alas, alas for Hamelin!

There came into many a burgher's pate
 A text which says, that Heaven's Gate
 Opens to the Rich at as easy rate
 As the needle's eye takes a camel in!
 The Mayor sent East, West, North, and South,
 To offer the Piper by word of mouth,

Wherever it was men's lot to find him,
 Silver and gold to his heart's content,
 If he'd only return the way he went,
 And bring the children all behind him.

But when they saw 'twas a lost endeavour,
 And Piper and dancers were gone for ever,
 They made a decree that lawyers never

Should think their records dated duly
 If, after the day of the month and year,
 These words did not as well appear:

"And so long after what happened here—

On the twenty-second of July,

Thirteen hundred and seventy-six."

And the better in memory to fix
 The place of the Children's last retreat,
 They called it the Pied Piper's street—

THE FRATRICIDE'S DEATH.

Where any one playing on pipe or tabor,
Was sure for the future to lose his labour.
Nor suffered they hostelry or tavern
To shock with such a story so solemn;
But opposite the door of the cavern
They wrote the story on a column,
And in the great church window painted
The story, to make the world acquainted
How their children were stolen away;
And thus it stands to this very day.
And I must not omit to say
That in Pennsylvania there's a tribe
Of alien people that ascribe
The same manner, ways and dress,
On which their neighbours lay such stress,
To their fathers and mothers having risen
Out of some subterraneous prison,
Into which they were trepanned
Long time ago in a mighty hand
Out of Hamelin town in Brunswick land,
But how or why they don't understand
So, Willy, let you and me be wipers
Of scores out with all un-ceremonially papers,
And, whether they pipe us free from rats or from mice,
If we've promised them aught, let us keep our promise.

Robert Browning.

THE FRATRICIDES DEATH.

I STOOD by the bed where the prisoner lay;
The lamp gave a fitful light.
His soul was struggling to pass away,
Oh, God! how I prayed for the coming day,
Death was awful in such a night.
His eyes were closed, and sunk and wan,
And his lips were thin and blue,
The unearthly look of that dying man,
As his tale of horror he thus began,
Sent a chill my warm heart through,

The plague-spots of crime have sunk deep in my heart,
 And withered my whirling brain,
 The deep stamp of murder could never depart
 From this brow where the Angel of Death's fiery dart
 Has graven the curse of the slain.

Remorse has outwaved his dusky wing
 O'er the path I was doomed to tread,
 Despair has long frozen hope's warm springs,
 I have felt the soul's madne's which memory brings
 When she wakes up the murdered

Tell me not now of God's mercy,
 A brother's blood cries for vengeance above,
 This brand on my brow will my crime prove;
 My torment for ever must last.

Thou need'st not tremble, this arm is bound,
 Despair came down in the hollow sound
 Of my fetters which clink'd on the loathing ground
 Where my wearied limbs I had thrown.

I snatched the knife from my jailer's side,
 And buried it in my breast,
 But they cruelly stanch'd the gushing tide,
 And closed the wound, though 'twas deep and wide,
 And still I might not rest

Day after day I gnawed my chain,
 Till I sharpened the stubborn link;
 But when I had pierced the swollen vein
 And was writhing in death's last dreadful pain,
 While just on eternity's brink.

Even then the leech's skill prevailed,
 I was saved for a darker fate!
 My very guards 'neath my stern glance quailed
 And with their cloaks their faces veiled
 As they passed the first barred gate.

I LOVED! Thou know'st her name, the girl
 Of woman's love-lit eye;
 Her voice can soothe death's gloomy hour,
 Her smiles dispel the clouds which lower
 When affection's sea rolls high.

THE FRATRICIDE'S DEATH.

My heart seem'd cold as the frozen snow
Which binds dark *Atnas'* form,
But love raged there with the lava's flow
And maddened my soul with the scorchy glow
Of strong passions' thunderstorm.
I told myself; oh God! even still
I heard the tempter's voice,
Which whispered the thought in my mind, to fill
My page of crime with a deed of ill
That made all hell rejoice
I knelt at his feet, and my proud heart burned
When he spoke of my brother's love,
Affection's warmth, to deep hate had turned,
His proffered hand in my wrath I spurned,
Not all his prayers could move.
At dead of night to his room I crept
As noiseless as the grave;
Disturbed in his dreams, my brother wept,
And softly murmured *His* name while he slept;
The word flew fury gave
The sound from his lips had scarcely passed,
When my dagger pierced his breast;
One dying look on me he cast —
That awful look in my soul will last,
When body and soul shall part.
When the deed was done, in sorrow I gazed
On the face of the murdered dead;
His dark and brilliant eye was glazed,
When I thought for a moment his arm he raised,
I hid my face in the bed.
I could not move from the spot where I stood,
A chilliness froze my mind,
My clothes were dyed with my brother's blood,
The body lay in a crimson flood
Which clotted his hair behind.
And over my heart that moment passed
A view of former years,
Ere sin upon my soul had cast
Its withering blight, its poison blast,
Its cloud of guilty fears.

The house where our youth's first hours flew by
In its beauty before me rose;
The holy love of our mother's eye,
Our childhood's pure and cloudless sky,
And its light and floating roof,
When our hearts in strong affection chain
Were so closely and fondly tied
That our thoughts and feelings, pleasure and pain
Were one; why did we not remain
Through life thus side by side?
And my brother's gentle voice that fell
Upon my tortured ear,
Those tones I once had loved so well,
Now withered my soul like a flame from hell
With vain remorse and fear.
All, all that memory still had kept
In her hidden and silent reign,
My youth's warm feelings, which long had slept,
Like a torrent of fire that moment swept
In madness o'er my brain.
For before me there his pallid face
In death's cold stillness lay,
Even murder could not all efface
It's beauty, whose sad and shadowy trace
Still lingered round that clay.
Sternly I bent me over the dead,
And strove my breast to steel,
When the dagger, from hilt to point blood-red,
Flashed on my sight, and I madly fled,
The torture of life to feel.
Since that dread hour o'er half the earth
My weary path has lain,
Shame stood where the mighty Nile has birth,
Where Ganges rolls his blue waves forth
In triumph to the main.
In the silent forest's gloomy shade,
I have vainly sought for rest,
My sunless dwelling I have made,
Where the hungry tigers nightly strayed,
And the serpent found a nest.

WHICH SHALL IT BE.

But still where'er I turned there lay
My brother's lifeless form ;
When I watched the outtract's giant play,
As it flung to the sky its foaming spray,
When I stood amidst the rushing storm

Still ! still that awful face was shown,
That dead and soulless eye,
The breath soft and beginning tone,
To me seemed still his parting groan—
A sound I could not fly.

In the fearful silence of the night,
Still by my couch he stood,
When the moon came forth in splendour bright,
Still there, between me and the light
Was traced that scene of blood."

He paused ! Death's icy hand was laid
Upon his burning brow.
That eye whose fiery glare had made
His sternest guards shrink back afraid,
Was closed and sightless now

And o'er his face the grave's dark hue
Was in fixed shadow cast,
His spasm-drawn lips more fearful grew,
In the ghastly shade of their lurid blue,
With a shudder that ran that cold form through
The murderer's spirit passed.

WHICH SHALL IT BE?

WHICH shall it be ? Which shall it be ?
I looked at John, John looked at me,
And when I found that I must speak
My voice seemed strangely low and weak
"Tell me again what Robert said ;"
And then I, listening, bent my head—
This is his letter

"I will give
 A house and land while you shall live,
 If, in return, from out your seven,
 One child to me for aye is given."
 I looked at John's old garments worn;
 I thought of all that he had borne
 Of poverty and work and care,
 Which I, though willing, could not share.
 I thought of seven young things to feed,
 Of seven little children's need,
 And then of this.

"Come, John," said I,
 We'll choose among them as they lie
 Asleep. So, walking hand in hand,
 Dear John and I surveyed our band,
 First to the cradle lightly stepped
 Where I lay, the baby, slept
 Sottly the father stooped to lay
 His rough hand down in a loving way
 When head or whisper made her stir.
 And hush! he said: "Not her!"
 We stooped beside the trundle bed,
 And one long ray of lamplight shed
 Adown the boy's face there,
 To sleep so beautiful and fair.
 I saw on Jamie's rough red cheek
 A tear unshed. Ere John could speak,
 "It's but a baby, too!" said I,
 And kissed him as we hurried by.
 "The patient Robbie's angel face
 Still in his sleep bore suffering's trace
 "No, for a thousand crowns not him!"
 He whispered, while our eyes were dim
 Poor Dick, bad Dick, our wayward son,
 Turbulent, restless, idle one
 Could he be spared? Nay, He who gave,
 Bade us befriend him to his grave,
 Only a mother's heart could be
 Patient enough for such as he,
 "And so," said John, "I would not dare
 To take him from her bedside prayer."

Then stole we softly up above,
 And knelt by Mary, child of love.
 "Perhaps for her, 'twould better be,"
 I said to John. Quite silently
 He lifted up a curl that lay
 Across her cheek in a wilful way,
 And shook his head. "Nay, love, not thee,"
 The words my heart beat audibly.
 Only one more, our eldest lad,
 Trusty and faithful, good and glad,
 So like his father. "No, John, no,
 I cannot, will not let him go."
 And so we wrote in a courteous way,
 We could not give one child away.
 And afterward toil lighter seemed,
 Thinking of that of which we dreamed,
 Happy in truth that not one face
 Was missed from its accustomed place,
 Thankful to work for all the seven,
 Trusting the rest to One in Heaven

WOMAN'S ARM.

DID you never hear the story of the Countess Pent du Pré?
 Then listen, while I tell you how she kept her foes at bay,
 In fierce Tudor ages, when the strong man spoiled the weak,
 And errant knights did high behests their ladies' grace to seek.
 In those savage times the sword, was mightier than the pen,
 And blood, and drunk, and licence, made the life of steel-clad men:
 Then virtue in its weakness cried to virile strength in vain,
 And trumpets blared, and banners waved, and horse-men shook the plain.
 That day the sun shone brightly over all the land of France;
 It dazzled on the vizored men who poised the graceful lance;
 It shone as monks affrighted ran to ring their chapel bell;
 It shone midst prayers and curses loud, when Du Pré's castle fell.

But where was he, that hero tried, the stalwart Mont
Pré?

There! there! close by the tapestry, his life-blood drips away.
A fateful, hissing arrow, sped and pierced his jointed mail,
Then fell the noblest life in France—then stoutest hearts
did fail.

Beside the dying warrior wept both gentle wife and priest;
And louder clanged the rattling steel—the noise of men
increased;

Then went the weeping Countess quick to bar the chapel-
door;

Her husband's groans—the good priest's prayers—she heard
above the roar.

Alas! the stout oak bar was gone, the angry men were near;
“Lord, succour me!” the lady prayed, and then, *sans* pause
or fear,

She passed her tender arm along where oaken bar should
slide,

And prayed the door might stand until her wounded lord
had died.

A shriek! the doors fly open wide—in rush the conquering
men:

A pause! they crowd to see a sight they ne'er had seen till
then—

A gentle woman, richly dight, upon the chapel-floor—

“Molest him not—my Lord,” she gasped—bowed down—her
life was o'er.

Again they rushed, bloodthirsty men, to where the old priest
stood;

“Touch not the dead,” the old man cried, “dead *Pont du*
Pré the good!”

The warriors wavered, and a knight cried: “Guard these
noble dead!”

Then, clanking o'er the stones again, he bowed his plumed

And gazed upon that bruised form—a brave man, noble wife:
He sighed; he vowed a tomb should rise upon the scene of
strife,

ON THE LINE.

That in the coming ages men might tell in stirring song
Of how one woman—weak, yet brave—restrained the warriors
strong.

* * * * *

Would you see the crumbling marble which holds this noble
pair?

'Tis by the eastern window, in the Chapel of St. Clair.

John Wells Thatcher.

ON THE LINE.

(From Cassell's Saturday Journal.)

THERE was never a better-hearted man to be found in
all the States

Than young Ned North; or "jolly young Ned," as he was
called by his mates,

And jolly he was in a harmless way, as gay as a careless
Turk,

But as sober and staid as a man could be when the
signals pointed "work."

For "work when at work, and play when at play," were
the words of Ned's refrain,

And he stuck to his text both when he was on, and when
he was off the train;

And the heads of the line had a faith in him he was
trusted by every one;

And they'd put young Ned in front of the train when
they wanted a "special" run.

But somehow or other he fell in love, as most of these
young folks do,

And the choice of his heart was a village maid who was
prettier far than true;

She'd a bright blue eye and a smiling face, and lips that
were rosy and red—

Was as handsome a girl as you'd wish to see, but too
much of a flirt for Ned.

He had always thought she was true to him, but none
of his mates thought so;

They knew she had what we are pleased to call "a couple
of strings to her bow;"

ON THE LINE.

For over a rich old neighbour's son she had somehow
obtained a hold,

Though she had no love for the man himself; she was
only fond of his gold.

Oh! it all came out in the "shed" one day, for one of
Ned's mates spoke out,
And asked him to watch for himself and see what this
girl of his was about.

And he took his advice, for that very night, when she
thought they were miles apart,

He found to his sorrow how fickle she was, and it went
like a knife to his heart.

But he didn't r.ve out as some would have done, just
as though he were out of his mind;

No; he packed up his traps and, without a word, left his
birthplace far behind;

And none of us heard for a month or so where our dear-
loved mate had gone,

And then we learned he was running a train in the
Southern States, up yon.

Don't think that the maiden pined and died when her
lover had gone away.

Not she, she played her cards on the "swell," and got
him to name the day,

And they married that year on a summer's morn, some-
time in the month of June,

And away they went to the Southern States to enjoy the
honeymoon.

Some very strange things are decreed by Fate, and per-
haps it was Fate that led,

The bridal pair to run by a train that was driven by poor
young Ned;

And he saw them too from the engine step, for he wanted
to turn aside,

And sending his eye along the train, it fell on the face
of the bride.

He knew her at once, and his cheek turned pale, and his
blood kind o' stopped its flow,

And a stern sad look came over his face as he thought of
a time ago,

ON THE LINE.

and he seemed like a man in a dreadful dream, who had witnessed an awful sight,

But he rallied the moment the whistle blew, and the guard called out "all right!"

And off on its journey he started the train, apparently cheerful and gay,

For a smile went out with his loud response to the signalman's "good-day!"

But could you have looked in his heart just then, and seen what was passing there,

You'd have known that his face was telling a lie, such a good-humoured look to wear.

For miles and miles through which they passed the line is a long straight road,

Till it reaches a spot called "Danger Point," where the engine's speed is slowed,

Where a sharp curve leads to a short ascent which ends in a single line,

And then for a mile or so the run is done on a slight incline

Ned had always accomplished the run before, though a danger was always near,

But to day he was anxious about the "point," just as though he'd an inward fear,

For he rounded the curve in a cautious way, and not with his usual dash;

And he saw at the instant he made the turn that his train was in for a smash.

For there were the lights of another ahead, and coming towards them too;

'Twas a "goods" that ought to have shunted off till the passenger train passed through,

And he saw at a glance that the two must meet, and he knew, when a meeting meant,

And a prayer for the power to save his train, to the Father above he sent.

He had shut off steam when the danger came, but he felt that their doom was nigh.

"If I only could save that girl," he cried, "I am willing myself to die."

Then a brave resolve lit his clear blue eyes, and he shouted
across to his mate,
"Quick, jump for your life in the six foot way, in a moment
'twill be too late!"

Then he clambered across to the engine's rear, and he set
the couplings free,
And back to his post at the front he went, as calm as a man
could be
Who was going to life instead of death; and leaving his
train behind,
Alone on his engine this hero flew, a hero's fate to find.

A crash and a shriek, and a mangled corpse was all that
was left of Ned,
And as brave a heart as had ever lived was gone to its rest
—was dead.
A simple stone marks his resting-place, but the God who
reigns above
Knows well that a soul that dwells with Him had died for a
fickle love.

CATCHING THE CAT.

THE mice had met in council,
They all looked haggard and worn,
For the state of affairs was too terrible
To be any longer borne.
Not a family out of mourning—
There was crap on every hat;
They were desperate—something must be done,
And done at once, to the cat.

An elderly member rose and said:
"It might prove a possible thing
To set the trap which they set for us—
That one with the awful spring!"
The suggestion was applauded
Loudly by one and all,
Till somebody squeaked: "That trap would be
About ninety-five times too small!"

CATCHING THE CAT

Then a medical mouse suggested—

A little under his breath—

They should confiscate the very first mouse

That died a natural death,

And he'd undertake to poison the cat,

As the cat met him prepare that mouse.

"There's ~~been~~ been a natural death," they shrieked

"Since the cat came into the house!"

The smallest mouse in the council

Arose with a solemn air—

And, by way of increasing his stature,

Robbed up his whiskers and hair,

He waited until there was silence

All along the pantry shelf,

And then he said with dignity,

"I will catch the cat myself!

"When next I hear her coming,

Instead of running away,

I shall turn and face her boldly,

And pretend to be at play,

She will not see her danger,

Poor creature! I suppose

But as she stoops to catch me,

I shall catch her, by the nose!"

The mice began to look hopeful,

Yes, even the old ones, when

A grey-haired sage said slowly,

"And what will you do with her then?"

The champion, disconcerted,

Replied with dignity, "Well,

I think if you'll excuse me,

'Twould be wiser not to tell!"

"We'll have our inspirations!"

That produced a general smile.

"But we are not all at liberty

To explain just how they'll work.

I ask you, then, to trust me,

You need have no farther fears—

Consider our enemy done for!"

The council gave three cheers.

CATCHING THE CAT

"I do believe she's coming!"

Said a small mouse nervously.

"Run if you like," said the champion,

"But *I* shall wait and see!"

And sure enough she was coming—

The mice all stampeded away,

Except the noble champion,

Who had made up his mind to stay.

The mice had faith, of course they had—

They were all of them noble souls,

But a sort of general feeling

Kept them safely in their holes,

Until some time in the evening;

Then the boldest ventured out,

And saw nappily in the distance,

The cat prance gaily about!

There was dreadful consternation,

Till some one at last said, "Oh,

He's not had time to do it,

Let us not prejudge him so!"

"I believe in him, of course I do,"

Said the nervous mouse with a sigh,

"But the cat looks uncommonly happy,

And I wish I *did* know why!"

The cat, I regret to mention,

Still prances about that house,

And no message, letter, or telegram

Has come from the champion mouse.

The mice are a little discouraged;

The demand for crapes goes on;

They feel they'd be happier if they knew

Where the champion mouse has gone.

This story has a moral—

It is very short, you see;

So no one, of course, will skip it,

For fear of offending me.

It is well to be courageous,

And valiant, and all that,

But—if you are mice—you'd better think twice,

Before you catch the cat.

Margaret Vandergrift.

HOW JANE CONQUEST RANG THE BELL.

(REVISED.)

I.

TWAS about the time of Christmas, a many years ago,
When the sky was black with wrath and rack, and
the earth was white with snow,
When loudly rang the tumult of winds and waves at strife;
In her home by the sea, with her babe on her knee, sat
Harry Conquest's wife
And he was on the waters, she knew not, knew not where,
For never a lip could tell of his ship, to lighten her heart's
despair.
And her babe was dying, dying, the pulse in the tiny wrist
Was all but still, and the brow was chill, and pale as the
white sea mist.
Jane Conquest's heart was hopeless, she could only weep and
pray
That the Shepherd mild would take the child painlessly
away.

II.

The night grew deeper and deeper, and the storm had a
stronger will,
And buried in deep and dreamless sleep, lay the hamlet
under the gull
And the fire was dead on the hearthstone within Jane
Conquest's room,
And still sat she, with her babe on her knee, at prayer amid
the gloom;
When, borne above the tempest, a sound fell on her ear,
Thrilling her through, for well she knew 'twas a voice of
mortal fear
And a light leapt in at the lattice, sudden and swift and red,
Crimsoning all the whitened wall, and the floor and the roof
o'er head
It shone with a radiant glory on the face of the dying child,
Like a fair fire, out of the shadowless day of the land of the
undefiled,
And it lit up the mother's features with a glow so strange
and new,
That the white despair that had gathered there seemed
changed to hope's own hue.

For one brief moment, heedless of the babe upon her knee,
With the frenzied start of a frightened heart, up to her feet
rose she;

And thro' the quaint old casement she looked upon the sea—
'Thank God, that the sight she saw that night—so rare a
sight should be.

Hemm'd in by hungry billows, whose madness foam'd at
lip,

Half a mile from the shore, or hardly more, she saw a
gallant ship

Aflame from deck to topmast, aflame from stem to stern,—
For there seemed no speck on all the wreck where the fierce
fire did not burn.

And the night was like a sunset, and the sea like a sea of
blood,

And the rocks and the shore were dashed all o'er us by some
gory flood

She looked and looked, till the terror crept cold thro' every
limb,

And her breath came quick, and her heart turned sick, and
her sight grew dizzy and dim,

And her lips had lost their utterance: though she strove
she could not speak,

But her feeling found no channel of sound in prayer, or
sob, or shriek.

III.

Silent she stood, and rigid, with her child to her bosom prest,
Like a woman of stone with stiff arms thrown round a stony
babe at breast.

Till once more that cry of anguish thrill'd thro' the
tempest's strife,

and it stunn'd again in her heart and brain the active,
thinking life;

And the light of an inspiration leapt to her brightened eye,
And on lip and brow was written now a purpose pure and
high.

Swiftly she turn'd and softly she crossed the chamber floor;
And faltering not, in his tiny cot, she laid the babe she
bore;

And then, with a holy impulse, she sank to her knees and
made

A lowly prayer in silence there; and this was the prayer she
prayed:

HOW JANE CONQUEST RANG THE BELL.

"Christ, who didst bear the scourging, but now dost wear the crown,

I at Thy feet, O true and sweet, would lay my burden down.
Thou badest me love and cherish the babe Thou gavest me,
And I have kept Thy word, nor stept aside from following
Thee ;

And, lo ! the boy is dying, and vain is all my care,
And my burden's weight is very great, yea ! greater than I
can bear.

And, Lord, Thou know'st what peril doth threat these poor
men's lives ;

I, a lone woman, most weak and human, plead for their
waiting wives.

Thou canst not let them perish ; up, Lord, in Thy strength
and save

From the scorching breath of this terrible death on the
cruel winter wave.

Take Thou my babe and watch it, no care is like to Thine.
And let Thy power, in this perilous hour, supply what lack
is mine."

IV.

And so her prayer she ended, and rising to her feet,
Turned one look to the cradle nook where the child's faint
pulses beat ;

And then with softest footsteps retrod the chamber floor,
And noiselessly groped for the latch, and op'd and crossed
the cottage door.

The snow lay deep, and drifted as far as sight could reach,
Save where alone the dank weed strewn did mark the
sloping beach.

But, whether 'twas land or ocean, or rock, or sand, or snow,
Or sky o'erhead, on all was shed the same fierce fatal glow.
And thro' the tempest bravely Jane Conquest fought her
way,

By snowy deep, and slippery steep, to where her goal lay.
And she gain'd it, pale and breathless, and weary, and sore,
and faint,

But with soul possess'd with the strength, and zest, and
ardour of a saint.

Silent and weird, and lonely amid its countless graves,
Stood the old grey church on its tall rock perch, secure
from the flood's great waves.

And beneath its sacred shadow lay the hamlet safe and still,
For howsoever the sea and the wind might be, 'twas quiet
under the hill.

Jane Conquest reached the churchyard, and stood by the
old church door ;

But the oak was tough, and had bolts enough, and her
strength was frail and poor.

So she crept through a narrow window and climbed the
belfry stair,

And grasp'd the rope, sole cord or hope, for the mariners
in despair.

And the wild wind help'd her bravely, and she wrought
with an earnest will,

And the clamorous bell spake out right well to the hamlet
under the hill.

And it roused the slumbering fishers, nor its warning task
gave o'er

Till a hundred fleet and eager feet were hurrying to the
shore :

And then it ceased its ringing, for the woman's work was
done,

And many a boat that was now aloft showed man's work
was begun.

V.

But the ringer in the belfry lay motionless and cold,
With the cord of hope, the church-bell rope, still in her
frozen hold.

How long she lay it boots not, but she woke from her
swoon at last,

In her own bright room, to find the gloom and the grief of
the peril past.

With a sense of joy within her, and the Christ's sweet
presence near,

And friends around, and the cooing sound of her babe's
voice in her ear ;

And they told her all the story, how a brave and gallant
few

O'ercame each check, and reached the wreck, and saved the
hapless crew ;

And how the curious sexton had climbed the belfry stair,
And of his fright, when, cold and white, he found her
lying there ;

THE BARON'S LAST BANQUET.

And now, when they had borne her back to her home again,
The child she left, with a heart bereft of hope, and wrung
with pain,
Was found within its cradle in a quiet slumber laid,
With a peaceful smile on its lips the while, and the wasting
sickness stay'd.
And she said 'twas Christ that watched it, and brought it
safely through,
And she praised His truth, and His tender ruth, who had
saved her darling too.
And then there came a letter across the surging foam,
And last the breeze that over the seas, bore Harry Conquest
home.
And they told him all the story that still their children tell,
Of the fearful sight on that winter night, and the ringing
of the bell.

THE BARON'S LAST BANQUET.

O'ER a low couch the setting sun had thrown its latest
ray,
Where, in his last strong agony, a dying warrior lay,—
The stern old Baron Rudiger, whose frame had ne'er been
bent
By wasting pain, till time and toil its iron strength had spent.
“They come around me here, and say my days of life
are o'er,—
That I shall mount my noble steed and lead my band no more ;
They come, and, to my beard, they dare to tell me now that I,
Their own liege lord and master born, that I—ha ! ha !—
must die.
“And what is death ? I've dared him oft, before the Paynim
spear ;
Think ye he's entered at my gate—has come to seek me here ?
I've met him, faced him, scorned him, when the fight was
raging hot ;—
I'll try his might—I'll brave his power—defy, and fear
him not !

"Ho! sound the tocsin from my tower, and fire the culverin;
 Bid each retainer arm with speed; call every vassal in;
 Up with my banner on the wall,—the banquet-board prepare,
 Throw wide the portal of my hall, and bring my armour
 there!"

An hundred hands were busy then: the banquet forth was
 spread,
 And rang the heavy oaken floor with many a martial tread;
 While from the rich, dark tracery, along the vaulted wall,
 Lights gleamed on harness, plume, and spear, o'er the proud
 old Gothic hall.

Fast hurrying through the outer gate, the mailed retainers
 poured,
 On through the portal's frowning arch, and thronged around
 the board;
 While at his head, within his dark, carved oaken chair of
 state
 Armed cap-a-pie, stern Rudiger with girded falchion sate.

"Fill every beaker up, my men!—pour forth the cheering
 wine,
 There's life and strength in every drop, —thanksgiving to the
 vine!
 Are ye all there, my vassals true?—mine eyes are waxing
 dim.

Fill round, my tried and fearless ones, each goblet to the brim!

"Ye're there, but yet I see you not!—Draw forth each
 trusty sword,
 And let me hear your faithful steel clash once around my
 board!

I hear it faintly;—louder yet! What dlogs my heavy breath?
 Up, all!—and shout for Rudiger, 'Defiance unto Death!'"

Bowl rang to bowl, steel clanged to steel, and rose a
 deafening cry,
 That made the torches flare around, and shook the flags
 on high;

"Ho! cravens! do ye fear him? Slaves! traitors! have
 ye flown?

Ho! cowards, have ye left me to meet him here alone?

'But defy him!—let him come!' Down rang the masonry
 cap,
 While from its sheath the ready blade came flashing half-
 way up;
 And, with the black and heavy plumes scarce trembling
 on the wall,
 There, in this dark, carved, oaken chair, old Rudiger sat—
 dead!

Albert G. Greene.

'HEAR YE THE RIGHT TIME," OR, SANTA CLAUS.

TWENTY-EVEN before Christmas; good-night had been
 said,
 And Annie and Willie had crept into bed.
 There were tears on their pillows, and tears in their eyes,
 And each little room was heaving with sighs;
 For to-night their stern father's command had been given
 That they should retire precisely at seven,
 Instead of at eight; for they troubled him more
 With questions unheard of than ever before.
 He had told them he thought this delusion a sin;
 No such creature as "Santa Claus" ever had been,
 And he hoped, after this, he should never more hear
 How he scrambled down chimneys with presents each year.
 And this was the reason that two little heads,
 So restlessly tossed on their soft, downy beds,
 Eight, nine, and the clock on the steeple tolled ten,
 Not a word had been spoken by either till then;
 When Willie's sad face from the blanket did peep,
 And he whispered: "Dear Annie, is 'ou fast asleep?
 'Why, no, Brother Willie," a sweet voice replies;
 'I've long tried in vain, but I can't shut my eyes;
 For somehow it makes me so sorry because
 Dear papa has said there is no 'Santa Claus.'
 Now we know there is, and it can't be denied,
 For he came every year before dear mamma died;
 But, then, I've been thinking, that she used to pray,—
 And God would hear everything mamma would say,—
 And maybe she asked Him to send 'Santa Claus' here
 With the sack full of presents he brought every year."

"Well, why, tan'ot we p'ay, dust as mamma did, den,
And ask Dod to send him with presents aden?"
"I've been thinking so too;" and without a word more
Four little bare feet bounded out on the floor,
And four little knees on the soft carpet pressed,
And two tiny hands were clasped close to each breast,
"Now, Willie, you know we must firmly believe
That the presents we ask for we're sure to receive;
You must wait just as still till I say the 'Amen,'
And by that you will know that your turn has come then

"Dear Jesus, look down on my brother and me,
And grant us the favours we're asking of Thee;
I want a wax dolly, a tea-set, and ring,
And an ebony work-box that shuts with a spring;
Bless papa, dear Jesus, and cause him to see
That Santa Claus loves us as much as does He;
Don't let him get restless and angry again
At den brother Willie and Annie Amen."

"Please De-sus, let Santa Claus tum down to-night,
And bring us some presents before it is light,
I want a good tin and a nice little sled,
With bright shinin' runners, and all painted red;
A box full of tandy, a book, and a toy.
Amen And den, De-sus, I'll be a dood boy."
Their prayers being ended, they raised up their heads,
And with hearts light and cheerful, again sought their bed.
They were soon doan in slumber both peaceful and deep,
And with fumes in the land were roaming in sleep.
Eight, nine, and the little French clock had struck ten
Ere the father had thought of his children again;
He seems not to hear Anne's self-suppressed sighs,
And to see the big tears stand in Willie's blue eyes.
"I was happy with my darling," he mentally said,
"And should not have sent them so early to bed;
But then I was troubled; my feelings found vent;
For bank stock to-day has gone down two per cent.;
But of course they've forgotten their troubles ere this;
And that I denied them the thrice-asked-for kiss;
But just to make sure. I'll steal up to their door—
To my darlings I never spoke harshly before."
So saying, he softly ascended the stairs,
And arrived at the door to hear both of their prayers;

His Annie's "Bless papa," drew forth the big tears,
And Willie's grave promise fell sweet on his ears.
"Strange, strange! I'd forgotten," he said with a sigh,
How I longed when a child to have Christmas draw nigh
I'll atone for my harshness," he inwardly said,
"By answering their prayers ere I sleep in my bed."
Then he turned to the stairs, and softly went down,
Threw off velvet slippers and silk dressing-gown,
Donned hat, coat, and boots and was out in the street,
A millionaire facing the cold, driving sleet!
Nor stopped he until he had bought everything,
From the box full of candy to the tiny gold ring:
Indeed, he kept adding so much to his store
That the various presents outnumbered a score.
Then homeward he turned, when his holiday load,
With Aunt Mary's help, in the nursery was stowed,
Miss Dolly was seated beneath a pine tree,
By the side of a table spread out for her tea;
A work-box, well filled, in the centre was laid,
And on it the ring for which Annie had prayed;
A soldier in uniform stood by a sled,
"With bright shining runners, and all painted red."
There were balls, dogs, and horses; books pleasing to see;
And birds of all colours were perched in the tree;
While Santa Claus, laughing, stood up in the top,
As if getting ready more presents to drop.
Now as the fond father the picture surveyed,
He thought for his trouble he'd amply been paid;
And he said to himself, as he brushed off a tear,
"I'm happier to-night than I've been for a year;
I've enjoyed more true pleasure than ever before:
What care I if bank stock fall two per cent. more!
Henceforward I'll make it a rule, I believe,
To have Santa Claus visit us each Christmas-eve."
So thinking, he gently extinguished the light,
And, slipping down-stairs, retired for the night.
As soon as the beams of the bright morning sun
Put the darkness to flight, and the stars one by one,
Four little blue eyes out of sleep opened wide,
And at the same moment the presents espied.
Then out of their beds they sprang with a bound,
And the very gifts prayed for were all of them found.

And they laughed, and they cried, in their innocent glee,
 And shouted for papa to come quick and see
 What presents old Santa Claus brought in the night
 (Just the things that they wanted !), and left before light.
 "And now," added Annie, in voice soft and low,
 "You'll believe there's a Santa Claus, now, I know ;"
 While dear little Willie climbed up on her knee,
 Determined no secret between them should be,
 And told, in soft whispers, how Annie had said
 That their blessed mamma, so long ago dead,
 Used to kneel down and pray by the side of her chair,
 And that God up in heaven had answered her prayer.
 "Den we dot up and payed just as well as we tood,
 And Dod answered our p'ayer ; now wasn't He dood ?"
 "I should say that He was, if He sent you all the-e,
 And knew just what presents my children would please."
 ("Well, well, let him think so, the dear little elf !
 'Twould be cruel to tell him I did it myself.")

Blind father ! who caused your stern heart to relent,
 And the hasty words spoken so soon to repent ?
 'Twas the Being who bade you "steal softly upstairs,"
 And made you his agent to answer their prayers.

Sophia P. Snow.

THE STORY OF THE FAITHFUL SOUL.

THE fettered Spirits linger,
 In purgatorial pain,
 With penal fires effacing
 Their last taint earthly stain,
 Which Life's imperfect sorrow
 Had tried to cleanse in vain.

Yet on each feast of Mary
 Their sorrow finds release,
 For the Great Archangel Michael
 Comes down and bids it cease ;
 And the name of these brief respites
 Is called "Our Lady's Peace."

Yet once—so runs the legend—
When the Archangel came,
And all these holy spirits
Rejoiced at Mary's name;
One voice alone was wailing,
Still wailing on the same.

And though a great *Te Deum*
The happy echoes woke,
This one discordant wailing
Through the sweet voices broke;
So when St. Michael questioned
Thus the poor Spirit spoke—

"I am not cold or thankless,
Although I still complain;
I prize Our Lady's blessing,
Although it comes in vain
To still my bitter anguish,
Or quench my ceaseless pain.

"On earth a heart that loved me,
Still lives and mourns me there,
And the shadow of his anguish
Is more than I can bear;
All the torment that I suffer
Is the thought of his despair.

"The evening of my bridal
Death took my Life away;
Not all Love's passionate pleading
Could gain an hour's delay.
And he I left has suffered
A whole year since that day.

"If I could only see him,—
If I could only go
And speak one word of comfort
And solace, -- then I know
He would endure with patience,
And strive against his woe."

Thus the Archangel answered—

“Your time of pain is brief,
And soon the peace of Heaven
Will give you full relief;
Yet if his earthly comfort
So much outweighs your grief,

“Then through a special grace —
I offer you this grace —
You may seek him who made you
And look upon his face,
And speak to him of comfort
For one short minute’s space.

“But when that time is ended,
Return here and remain
A thousand years in torment,
A thousand years in pain.
Thus dearly must you purchase
The comfort he will gain.”

* * * *

The Linnæa trees’ shade at evening
Is spreading broad and wide;
Beneath their fragrant arches,
Pace slowly, side by side,
In low and tender converse,
A Bridegroom and his Bride.

The night is calm and still,
No other sound is there
Except their happy voices;
What is that cold bleak air
That passes through the Linnæa-trees,
And stirs the Bridegroom’s hair?

While one low cry of anguish,
Like the last, dying wail
Of some dumb, hunted creature,
Is borne upon the gale.
Why does the Bridegroom shudder,
And turn so deathly pale?

THE "DOOR IN THE HEART."

At Purgatory's entrance
The radiant Angels wait ;
It was the great St. Michael
Who closed that gloomy gate
When the poor wandering spirit
Came back to meet her fate.

"Pass on," thus spoke the Angel :
"Heaven's joy is deep and vast ;
Pass on, pass on, poor Spirit,
For Heaven is yours at last ;
In that ~~one~~ minute's anguish
Your ~~ten~~ hundred years have passed."

Adelaide Procter.

THE "DOOR IN THE HEART"

THERE is a hidden door in every heart,
At which, but knock aright, the soul will start
Some good resolve within from slumber long,
Doubt it, and hear the tale of William Strong.

He sat within a room all bare and bleak,
Rags on his body, misery on his cheek.
In his clasped hands half buried was his face ;
To cover sorrow ? or to hide disgrace ?
Slept he the drunkard's demon-troubled sleep ?
Or in a day dream did his memory sweep
Back o'er his life, and people every scene
With what he was, and what he might have been ?
The days that we have lived can be no more—
Rap ! "Mary, love, there's someone at the door."
All suddenly his hand fell from his brow ;
"I knew I dreamed--there is no Mary now—
And William--he, my lovely blue-eyed boy—
I had a home once, and he was its joy—
And their dear mother--all, all dead and gone !"
Rap !--but more loud. "Come in," he cried. Anon,
A lady, with fair brow and smiling face,
Stood right before him in that loathsome place
Her soft eyes wandered, with a pitying gaze,
O'er the man's face, who stared in dull amaze.

She spoke with low voice full of tenderness,
"Pray is it Mr. Strong that I address?"
"Yes! that's my name, ma'am"—and he tried to hide
His ragged sleeve; somehow he felt a pride
At hearing "Mr." added to his name—
'Twas long since he had heard the same,
So long ago, he hardly knew how long!
"I'm very glad to meet you, Mr. Strong,
My father very often speaks of you, indeed—
You surely have not yet forgot George, I said?"
"No! George and I were cronies," the man's eye
Shone with the bright look of the days gone by.
"Yes, so we were, but we'll be so no more."—
The lady's hand groped for the hidden door.
"I almost fancy, Mr. Strong, I see
Where your old homestead stood, so oft to me
My father has described it, on a hill
Crowned with old trees, and at its foot a rill
That ran to meet the river far away,
Stood the old house. You two were wont to play
Beneath the apple tree before the door."—
The man looked as he fain would hear no more.
"In the long grass you lay and wondered, when
The years would pass and you would both be men,
What great things both would do, how you would be
For ever in each other's company.
I almost think I hear my father say,
How swift we used to think the summer day
Had passed, when daylight sank with ruddy glow
And Willie's mother from the portico,
Cried, 'Come to supper, boys! Come, it grows late!'
And off we started then at such a rate,
And ran a race to try who'd touch her first.'
The man's heart throbb'd as if that it would burst,
And his big tears fell on the unwashed floor!
The lady's hand had touched the hidden door.
"My father said, 'Will's home and mine are one,'
And Willie's mother when the meal was done,
Would tell us of the boys in days of old
Who grew to be great men. Sometimes she told
Of Joseph or of David. Oft she said
Parting the curling-locks on Willie's head,

THE "DOOR IN THE HEART."

Said in a voice I never shall forget,
"Willie, I know you'll be a great man yet,
And when I'm laid beneath the churchyard tree,
I know you'll ne'er disgrace my memory."
And Willie used to answer, "Ay, that's true!
Mother, I'll be a great and good man too!"
And then we said our prayers, and ere we slept,
His mother softly to our chamber stept,
And, kissing Willie, bade us both good-night.—
As if to hide the picture from his sight,
Again he clasped his hands across his eyes,
And sobbed, "Oh, mother!" while his heavy sighs
Came throbbing from his bosom's inmost core—
On rusty hinges slowly opened the door.
"The sweetest sight," my mother used to say,
"I ever saw was Willie's wedding-day.
How proudly Willie led his fair young bride,
Blooming and blushing, to the altar's side.
And when I think upon that day, I still
Hear Willie's solemn, firm response, 'I will'
Of William's children oft we used to speak."—
More pallid grew the old man's bloodless cheek—
"Well, Mr. Strong, my father left the place,
And as years past, of you he lost all trace,
But on his death-bed bade me find you out.
From house to house, as I have gone about,
Upon my search, I heard of your changed life,
Your children dead, your broken-hearted wife,
Who in her dying prayer besought of Heaven
That her dear erring William be forgiven."
The man leaped up—"Twas I that did it! I! I
I killed them!" In his blinding agony
He staggered and fell back into the chair.
The lady shuddered at his wild despair.
The door stood open and she entered in.
"Oh! Mr. Strong, e'en for the darkest sin
There still is mercy. Let your first step be
To sign the pledge, and sign it speedily.
I ask you in the name of her that died,
And of the children lying at her side,
I ask you, will you do it? Will you? Say!
'I will! I'll sign the pledge this very day!"

And saying this, he struck with heavy stroke
 The table, and the glass fell off and broke.
 She then produced the pledge, the pen and ink,
 And to the promise to abstain from drink,
 From henceforth forward, and through all life long
 He wrote in clear bold letters, William Strong.
 Need it be added, that he kept his vow,
 And Mr. William Strong is honoured now!

SHEMUS O'BRIEN.

JUST after the war, in the year '08,
 As soon as the boys were scattered and bated,
 'Twas the custom, whenever a pisan was got,
 To hang them by thrial--barrin' such as was shot,
 There was thrial by jury goin' on by daylight,
 And the martial-law hangin' the lavin' by night.
 It's them was hard times for an honest gossoon;
 If he missel iv the judges--he'd meet a dragoon;
 An' whether the judges or sodgers gev sentence,
 The plague a much time they allowed for repentance.
 An' it's many's the fide boy was then on his keepin'
 Wid small share iv restin', or atin, or sleepin'.
 An' because they loved Erin, an' scorned to sell it,
 A prey for the bloodhound, a mark for the bullet--
 Unsheltered by night, and unrested by day;
 With the heath for their barrack, revenge for their pay;
 An' the bravest an' hardest boy iv them all
 Was Shemus O'Brien, from the town iv Glingall.
 His limbs were well set, an' his body was light,
 An' the keen-fanged hound had not teeth half so
 white:
 But his face was as pale as the face of the dead,
 An' his cheek never warmed with the blush of the red;
 An' for all that he wasn't an ugly young bye,
 For the big Sun himself couldn't blaze with his eye,
 So droll an' so wicked, so dark and so bright,
 Like a fire-flash that crosses the depth of the night!
 An' he was the best mower that ever has been,
 An' the illigantest hurler that ever was seen.

SHAMUS O'BRIEN

An' his dancin' was sich that the men used to stare,
 An' the women turn crazy, he did it so quare;
 An' by gorra, the whole world gev in to him there.
 An' it's he was the boy that was hard to be caught,
 An' it's often he ran, an' its often he fought,
 An' it's many the one can remember right well
 The quare things he did: an' it's often I heerd tell
 How he leathered the yeomen, himself agin four,
 An' stretched the two strongest on ould Galtimore.
 But the fox must sleep; sometimes, the wild deer must
 rest,

An' threachery preys on the blood iv the best; -
 Aftther many a brave action of power and pride,
 An' many a hard fight on the mountain's bleak side,
 An' a thousand great dangers and toils overpast,
 In the darkness of night he was taken at last.

Now Shamus, look back on the beautiful moon,
 For the dogs of your prison must close on you soon,
 An' take your last look at her dim lonely light,
 That falls on the mountain and valley this night;
 One look at the village, one look at the flood,
 An' one at the sheltering, far-distant wood
 Farewell to the forest, farewell to the hill,
 An' farewell to the friends that will think of you still;
 Farewell to the patheren, the harlin', an' wake,
 And farewell to the gurl that would die for your sake.
 An' twelve soldiers brought him to Marybrough jail,
 An' the turnkey resaved him, refusin' all bail,
 The fleet limbs wor chained, an' the strong hands wor
 bound,

An' he laid down his length on the cowl'd prison-
 ground,

An' the dhrames of his childhood kam over him there
 As gentle an' soft as the sweet summer air,
 An' happy remembrances crowding on ever,
 As fast as the foam-flakes dhrift down on the river,
 Bringing fresh to his heart merry days long gone by,
 Till the tears gathered heavy and thick in his eye,
 But the tears didn't fall, for the pride of his heart
 Would not suffer one drop down his pale cheek to
 start;

An' he sprang to his feet in the dark prison cave.
 An' he swore with the fierceness that misery gave,
 By the hopes of the good and the cause of the brave,
 That when he was mouldering in the cold grave
 His enemies never should have it to boast
 His scorn of their vengeance one moment was lost ;
 His bosom might bleed, but his cheek should be dry,
 For undaunted he lived, and undaunted he'd die.
 Well, as soon as a few weeks was over and gone,
 The terrible day iv the trial kem on.
 There was sich a crowd there was scarce room to stand,
 An' sodgers on guard, an' dragoons sword in hand,
 An' the court-house so full that the people were
 bothered ;
 An' attorneys an' criers themselves were nigh smothered ;
 An' counsellor almost gov over for dead,
 An' the jury sittin' up in their box overhead ;
 An' the judge settled out so determined and big,
 With his gown on his back, and an elegant new wig ;
 An' silence was called, an' the minute, ~~it was said~~
 'The court was as still as the heart of the dead,
 An' they heard but the openin' of one prison lock,
 An' Shemus O'Brien kem into the dock.
 For one minute he turned his eye round on the
 throng.
 An' he looked at the bars, so firm and so strong,
 An' he saw that he had not a hope nor a friend,
 A chance to escape, nor a word to defend ;
 An' he folded his arms as he stood there alone,
 As calm and as cold as a statue of stone ;
 An' they read a big writin', a yard long at laste,
 An' Jim didn't understand it, nor mind it o' taste,
 An' the judge took a big pinch iv snuff, and he says,
 " Are you guilty or not, Jim O'Brien, av you plase ? "
 An' all held their breath in the silence of dhread,
 An' Shemus O'Brien made answer and said :
 " My lord, if you ask me, if in my lifetime
 I thought any treason, or did any crime
 That should call to my cheek, as I stand alone here,
 The hot blush of shame, or the coldness of fear,

SHEMUS O'BRIEN.

Though I stood by the grave to receive my death-blow,
Before God and the world I would answer you, No
But if you would ask me, as I think it like,
If in the rebellion I carried a pike,
An' fought for ould Ireland from the first to the close,
An' shed the heart's blood of her bitterest foes,
I answer you, Yes; and I tell you again,
Though I stand here to perish, it's my glory that then
In her cause I was willing my veins should run dhrí,
An' that now for her sake I am ready to die."

Then the silence was great, and the jury smiled bright,
An' the judge wasn't sorry the job was made light;
By my sowl, it's himself was the crabbed ould chap!
In a twinklin' he pulled on his ugly black cap.
Then Shemus's mother in the crowd standin' by
Called out to the judge with a pitiful cry:
"O, judge, darlin', don't, O, don't say the word!
The crathur is young, have mercy, my lord;
He was foolish, he didn't know what he was doin';
You don't lose him, my lord—O, don't give him to
run!"

He's the kindest crathur, the tentherest-hearted;
Don't part us for ever, we that's so long parted.
Judge, mayourmen, forgive him, forgive him, my lord,
An' God will forgive you—O don't say the word!"
That was the first minute that O'Brien was shaken,
When he saw that he was not quite forgot or forsaken;
An' down his pale cheeks, at the words of his mother,
The big tears wor runnin' fast, one after th' other;
An' two or three times he endeavoured to spake,
But the sthrong, manly voice wadn't falther and
break;
But, at last, by the strength of his high-mounting
pride,

He conquered and mastered his grief's swelling tide,
An', says he, "Mother, darlin', don't break your
poor heart."

For, sooner or later, the dearest must part;
And God knows it's betther than wandering in fear
On the bleak, trackless mountain, among the wild deer,
To lie in the grave, where the head, heart, and breast,
From thought, labour, and sorrow for ever shall rest.

SHAMUS O'BRIEN

Then, mother, my darlin', don't cry any more,
Don't make me seem broken in this, my last hour :
For I wish, when my head's lyin' under the raven,
No thrue man can say I died like a raven !"
Then towards the judge, Shamus put on his head,
An' that imitate the soldier's death-sing-song was said.

The mornin' was bright, and the mists rose on high,
An' the lark whistled merrily in the clear sky,
But why are the men standin' idle so late ?
An' why do the crowds gather fast in the strate !
Wha' come they to talk of ? what come they to see ?
An' why doe' the long rope hang from the cross-tree ?
O Shamus O'Brien ! pray fervent and fast,
May the saint take your soul, for this why is your last,

Pray fast and pray strong, for the moment is nigh,
When strong, proud, and great as you are, you will die

An' faster an' faster, the crowd gathered there,
Bo' hoxes, an' gingerbread, just fire & fair,
An' whisky was sellin', and usamuck too,
An' odd men an' young women enjoyin' the show,
An' odd Tim Mulowny, he made the remark,
'Tha' w'n't such a sight since the time of Noah's ark
An', b' gorra, 'twas thrue for him, for ne'er such a
stage,

Such diversion and crowds, was known since the
Deluge,

For the sands wor' gathered there, if there was one,
Wait 'till such time as the haugin' 'd come on.

At last they throw open the big prison-gate,
An' out came the sheriffs and sodgers in state,
An' a cart in the middle, an' Shamus O'Brien,
Not paler, but prouder than ever, that man,
An' as soon as the people saw Shamus O'Brien,
Wid prayin' and blessin', and all the while cryin',
A wild wailin' sound keim on by degrees,
Like the sound of the lonesome road, blowin' through
trees.

SHEMUS O'BRIEN.

In, on to the gallows the sheriffs are gone,
An' the cart an' the sodgers go steadily on ;
An' at every side swellin' around of the cart,
A wild, sorrowful sound, that 'id open your heart.
Now under the gallows the cart takes its stand,
And the hangman gets up with the rope in his hand ;
An' the priest, havin' blost him, goes down on the
ground,
An' Shemus O'Brien throws one last last look round.
Then the hangman dhrew near, an' the people grew
still,
Young faces turned sickly, an' warm hearts turn chill.
An' the rope bein' ready, his neck was made bare,
For the gripe iv the life strangling chord to prepare ;
An' the good priest has left him, havin' said his last
prayer.
But the good priest did more, for his hands he
unbound,
And with one daring spring Jim has leaped on the
ground.
Bang! Bang! go the carbines, and clash go the
sabres ;
He's not down! he's alive still! now stand to him,
neighbours!
Through the smoke and the horses he's into the
crowd, --
By the heavens, he's free!—than thunder more loud,
By one shout from the people the heavens were
shaken, --
One shout that the dead of the world might awaken ;
Your swords they may glitter, your carbines go bang,
But if you want hangin' it's yourselves you must hang ;
To night he'll be sleepin' in Aherloe Glin,
An' the plague's in the dice if you catch him ag'in.
The sodgers ran this way, the yeomen ran that,
And Father Malone lost his new Sunday hat ;
And the sheriffs wor both iv them punished sevarely,
And fined, because Shemus had beaten them fairly.

J. S. Le Fanu.

THE STORY OF A STOWAWAY.

COME, my lad, and sit beside me; we have often talked
before

Of the hurricane and tempest, and the storms on sea and
shore:

When we read of deeds of daring, done for dear Old Eng-
land's sake,

We have cited Nelson's duty, and the enterprise of Drake;
Midst the fever'd din of battle, roll of drum and scream of
fire,

Heroes pass in long procession, calmly yielding up their life.
Pomps and pageants have their glory; in cathedral aisles are
seen

Marble effigies, but seldom of the mercantile marine.

If your playmates love adventure, bid them gather round at
school,

Whilst you tell them of a hero, Captain Strachan of Liver-
pool.

Spite of storm and stress of weather, in a gale that lash'd
the land,

On the *Cyprian* screw steamer, there the Captain took his
stand.

He was no fair-weather sailor, and he often made the boast
That the ocean safer sheltered, than the wild Carnarvon
coast.

He'd a good ship underneath him, and a crew of English
form,

So he sailed from out the Mersey in the hurricane and
storm.

All the luck was dead against him, with the tempest at its
height,

Fires expired and rudders parted, in the middle of the night,
Sails were torn and rent asunder, then he spoke with bated
breath.

"Save yourselves, my gallant fellows! we are drifting to our
death!"

Then they looked at one another, and they felt the awful
shock,

When, with louder crash than tempest, they were dashed
upon a rock.

was over now and hopeless, but across those miles of foam
They could hear the shouts of people, and could see the
light of home.

"All is over!" screamed the Captain. "You have answered
duty's call."

Save yourselves! I cannot help you! God have mercy on
us all!"

So they rushed about like madmen, seizing belt, and oar,
and rope.

For the sailor knows where life is, there's the faintest ray
of hope:

Then, amidst the wild confusion, at the dreaded dawn of
day,

From the hold of that doomed vessel crept a wretched
Stowaway.

Who shall tell the saddened story of this miserable lad?

Was it wild adventure stirred him, was he going to the bad?

Was he thief, or bully's victim, or a runaway from school,

When he stole that fatal passage from the port of Liverpool?

No one looked at him, or kicked him, 'midst the paralysing
roar;

All alone he felt the danger, and he saw the distant shore.

Over went the gallant fellows, when the ship was breaking
fast.

And the Captain with his life-belt—he prepared to follow
last;

But he saw a boy neglected, with a face of ashy grey:

"Who are you?" roared out the Captain, "I'm the boy
what stow'd away."

There was scarce another second left to think what he could
do,

For the fated ship was sinking—Death was ready for the
two;

So the Captain called the outcast, as he faced the tempest
wild;

From his own waist took the life-belt—and he bound it
round the child!

"I can swim, my little fellow! Take the belt, and make for
land.

Up, and save yourself!" The outcast humbly knelt to kiss
his hand.

With the life-belt round his body then the archin cleared
the ship;

Over went the gallant Captain, with a blessing on his lip;
But the hurricane howled louder than it ever howled before,
As the Captain and the Stowaway were making for the
shore.

When you tell this gallant story to your playfellows at
school,

They will ask you of the hero—Captain Strachan, of Liver-
pool;

You must answer—They discovered on the beach at break
of day,

Safe—the battered, breathing body of the little Stowaway;
And they watched the waves of wreckage, and they searched
the cruel shore,

But the man who tried to save the little outcast—was no
more.

* * * * *

When they speak of English heroes, tell this story where
you can,

To the everlasting credit of the bravery of man;

Tell it on a tone of triumph, or with tears and quickened
breath.

“Manhood is stronger for than storms, and Love is mightier
than Death!”

From *Punch*, October 29th, 1881.

THE PLUMBER'S REVENGE.

CANTO I.—THE DEATH-BED OATH.

IT was some thirty years ago,
An evening calm and red,
When a gold-haired stripling stood beside
His father's dying bed.
“Attend, my son,” the sick man said,
“Unto my dying tones,
And swear eternal vengeance to
The accursed race of Jones.

THE PLUMBER'S REVENGE.

For why? Just nineteen years ago
A girl sat by my side,
With cheek of rose and breast of snow,
My peerless promised bride.
A viper by the name of Jones
Came in between us twain;
With honeyed words he stole away
My loved Belinda Jane.
For he was rich and I was poor,
And poets all are stupid,
Who feign the god of love is not
Cupidity, but Cupid.
Now listen to me, Walter Smith;
Hie to you plumber bold,
An' thou would'st ease my dying pang,
His prentice be enrolled.
For Jones has houses many on
The fashionable squares;
And thou, perchance, may'st be called in
To see to the repairs.
Think of thy father's stolen love,
Recall thy father's ills,
Remember this, the death-bed oath,
And then make Jones's bills.

CANTO II. - THE YOUNG AVENGER.

Young Walter's to the plumber gone,
A boy with smut on nose;
Furnace and carpet sack in hand,
With the journeyman he goes.
Now grown a journeyman himself,
In griny hand he grips
A candle-end, and 'neath the sink
Explores the frozen pipes.
His furnace portable he lights
With smoking wads of news-
Papers, and smiles to see within
The pot the solder fire.
He gave his fiat: "They are froze-
Down about sixteen feet;
If you want water ere July
You must dig up the street."

THE PLUMBER'S REVENGE.

"Practical Plumber" now is he
As witnesseth his sign,
And ready now "to undertake
Repairs in any line."
One day a housemaid, as he sat
At the receipt of biz,
Came crying, "Ho, Sir Smith, Sir Smith,
Sir Jones' pipes is friz!"
He girt his apron round his loins,
His tools took from the shelf,
And to the journeyman he said,
"I'll see to this myself."

CANTO III.—THE TRAITOR'S DOOM.

The Jones' had houses many on
The avenues and squares,
And hired the young avenger Smith,
To see to the repairs.
And Smith put faucets in, and cocks,
And meters eke, and taps,
Connections, T-joints, sewer-pipes,
Basins, and water-traps:
He tore the walls, and ripped the floors
To reach the pipes beyond,
And excavations in the street
And 'neath the sidewalk yawned;
And Jones would wring his hands and cry—
"Woe, woe, and utter woe!
Ah me, that taxes should be so high,
And rents should be so low!"
Then he would give to Smith the house
As instalment on account
Of its repairs, and notes of hand
For the rest of the amount.

CANTO IV.—AVENGED AT LAST.

Now, Smith had been for a dozen years
In the practical plumbing line,
And the bills of Smith did not grind slow
And they ground extremely fine.
Terrace by terrace, house by house,
The lands of Jones he took.

CAPTAIN NORRIS.

And heavier still the balance was
Writ in that fatal book.
At last no property nor cash
Had he, so he did fail,
And the avenging plumber locked
Him in the county jail.
His heartless creditor he besought
For mercy in his need;
"Nay, nay, no mercy; he and rot,"
Quoth he, "in jail like Tweed.
For I have sworn avenged to be
On thee, thy kin and kith;
Rememberest thou Belinda Jane?
I am the son of Smith!!!"

CAPTAIN NORRIS

A TALE OF THE CRIMEAN WAR.

(Dedicated to *Our Air. Sergt. J. A. Smith.*)

THE mask of peace was thrown aside; the woeery thinned
And Britain's sons went out to beard the terror of the
North;
And in the midst of those who sailed--and those who fought
and bled--
Our 24th was found, with noble Norris at our head.
Our Norris! how we trusted him! *ah, call him stiff and
stern,*
But never under soldier's coat more true a heart could burn;
He'd led us on through many a charge; and now with him
once more
We vowed to fight, yes! fight as we had never done before.
A giant was our Captain, though his years were not a few,
And big his battle-scars--how much they'd cost him no one
knew;
To those who hadn't fought with him, he might seem rough,
maybe,
But we, who knew his gallant spirit, loved him fervently.

New to our ranks was Charley Wynne—a boy with curly
hair,
And features like a girl's—but of a temper blithe and rare;
A widowed mother saw him leave, the youngster's only
friend,
Until we liked him; then we tried his careless ways to mend.
For Captain Norris couldn't stand his boyish pranks and
fun!
The rules he loved to see obeyed, were broken one by one;
For both were gallant soldiers, but their views were wide
apart;
And something like a hatred grew between each honest
heart.

Ah! how we strove that fearful day, when, close by Alma's
stream,
The grey-coat Russians pelted down, and broke each soldier-
dream;
Yes, broke each dream! but, once awake, we stood
Englishmen,
And, when the Russians thronged up—we hurled
back again.

Flashed sword and sabre—as we hewed them down from left
to right;
The 24th had never flinched; who now would shirk
fight?
The French and Turk allies were there; 'twas ours to prove
to both
That, when the hour of danger came, it found us nothing
loth.

And in the midst our reckless Charley like a hero stood,
His woman's figure, woman's face, begrimed with smoke and
blood;
Our Captain almost stopped to stare, to see those foemen
fall,
For though we each fought fiercely, yet the boy did best
of all.

CAPTAIN NORRIS.

That shining sword—that yellow hair—were always in the
van;

Down went the Russian hounds before the dauntless Eng-
lishman;

Where were his boyish follies now? the *soldier*, like a star,
Shone in the hour of battle—brave as only Britons are.

But suddenly there came a change; poor Wynne had got
away

From all the rest, when orders came to stand awhile at bay;
Then something struck our comrade's horse—it stumbled—
and the lad

Was left to fight on foot; a fight that but one ending had.

How well he struggled --but his arm grew weak; 'twas
nearly o'er;

We shut our eyes, to hide the sight, while closer still and
more

They crept around him; then a man, with one wild, headlong
dash,

Spurred from our ranks, and darted to the rescue like a
flash.

'Twas Norris! *discipline forgot*; yet what was he to him,
This soldier who could never please the veteran grave and
grim?

Yet, on he went! and we, who'd watched our comrade in
the strife,

Knew that he meant to save him, though the task should
cost his life.

Fast flew the shots around him, but he galloped on unhurt;
His fine old figure straight and firm—the ride, one mighty
spurt;

Through, through it all he darted, till he reached the nearest
foe,

Then slashed right at them, warding off full many a fatal
blow.

He caught the boy, just as he fell, as lightly as a feather --
Then drew him to the saddle, and away they flew together.
Cheer after cheer went wildly up, as on the charger came
To where we waited—waited for them, all our hearts aflame.

Hark, hush ! a shot came rattling out. Then came a Russian yell -
 And then, the Captain wavered--rose in agony--and fell ;
 Great Heaven, he's down ! the demons leapt upon him with a bound,
 Whilst up with senseless Charley came the charger, safe and sound.

We flew upon the Russians' not an army yet could stand
 A maddened charge like that ; then took our comrade by the hand ;
 He gave a glance of welcome, and " Is Wynne alright ? " he said :--
 Then, smiling at our muttered " Yes," the man we loved--
 was dead.

When we, a band of victors, left Crimea's shore at last,
 A weight was on our hearts ; and tears fell heedlessly and last.

Yes, woman's weakness if you like ; but only soldiers know
 The grief of leaving comrades dead in the country of a foe.

But we--the 24th--had more than common loss to weep :
 No longer at the battle cry our hero's heart would leap ;
 Yet, we who'd served him, felt that he had longed for such
 a death,
 To fall as he had done--a soldier to his latest breath.

And Charley gallant Charley--though he left us there and then,
 Went back next year to Alma's stream, and saw that spot again ;
 And there a little stone he placed, to mark the hallowed grave
 Where Norris lay--true Englishman, and bravest of the brave.

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Frederick G. Webb.

SELECTIONS FROM SHAKESPEARE.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

TRIAL SCENE.

Duke. What, is Antonio here?

Antonio. Ready, so please your grace.

Duke. I am sorry for thee; thou art come to answer
A ~~very~~ ^{severe} adversary, an inhuman wretch
Incapable of pity, void and empty
From any dram of mercy.

Ant. I have heard
Your grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify
His rigorous course; but since he stands obdurate,
And that no lawful means can carry me
Out of his envy's reach, I do oppose
My patience to his fury and am arm'd
To suffer, with a quietness of spirit,
The very tyranny and rage of his.

Duke. Go, bid the Jew into the court.

Solanio. He is ready at the door: he comes, my lord.

Enter SHYLOCK.

Duke. Make room; and let him stand before our face.
Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too,
That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice
To the last hour of act: and then 'tis thought
Thou'lt show thy mercy and remorse, more strange
Than is thy strange apparent cruelty;
And where thou now exact'st the penalty
(Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh),
If thou wilt, not only lose the forfeiture,
But, touch'd with human gentleness and love,
Forgive a moiety of the principal;
Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,
That have of late so huddled on his back,
Enough to press a royal merchant down,
And pluck commiseration of his state
From brassy bosoms, and rough hearts of flint,
From stubborn Turks and Tartars, never train'd
To offices of tender courtesy.
We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.

Shy. I have possess'd your grace of what I purpose.
 And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn,
 To have the due and forfeit of my bond :
 If you deny it, let the danger light
 Upon your charter, and your city's freedom.
 You'll ask me why I rather choose to have
 A weight of carrion flesh, than to receive
 Three thousand ducats : I'll not answer that ;
 But, say, it is my humour : is't answered ?

Bassanio. This is no answer, thou speakest like a man,
 To excuse the current of thy cruelty.

Shy. I am not bound to please thee with my answer.

Ant. I pray you, think you question with the Jew ;
 You may as well go stand upon the beach,
 And bid the main flood bate his usual height ;
 You may as well use question with the wolf,
 Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb ;
 You may as well forbid the mountain pines
 To wag their high tops, and to make no noise,
 When they are frotted with the gusts of heaven ;
 You may as well do anything most hard,
 As seek to soften that—(than which what's harder ?)
 His Jewish heart :—Therefore, I do beseech you,
 Make no more offers, use no further means,
 But, with all brief and plain courtesy,
 Let me have judgment, and the Jew his will.

Bass. For thy three thousand ducats, here is six.

Shy. If every ducat in six thousand ducats
 Were in six parts, and every part a ducat,
 I would not draw them,—I would have my bond.

Duke. How shalt thou hope for mercy, rendering
 none ?

Shy. What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong ?
 You have among you many a purchas'd slave,
 Which like your asses, and your dogs, and mules,
 You use in abject and in slavish parts,
 Because you bought them :—Shall I say to you,
 Let them be free, marry them to your heirs ?
 Why sweat they under burthens ? Let their beds
 Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates
 Be season'd with such viands ? You will answer,

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

The slaves are ours :—So do I answer you
The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,
Is dearly bought ; 'tis mine, and I will have it :
If you deny me, fie upon your law !

There is no force in the decrees of Venice :
I stand for judgment ; answer, shall I have it ?

Duke. Upon my power, I may dismiss this court,
Unless Bellario, a learned doctor,
Whom I have sent for to determine this,
Come here to-day.

Solan. My lord, here stays without
A messenger with letters from the doctor,
New come from Padua.

Duke. Bring us the letters ; call the messenger.

Enter NERISSA, dressed like a lawyer's clerk.

Duke. Came you from Padua, from Bellario ?

Ner. From both, my lord : Bellario greets your
grace. *(presents a letter).*

Duke. This letter from Bellario doth commend
A young and learned doctor to our court
Where is he ?

Ner. He attendeth here hard by,
To know your answer, whether you'll admit him.

Duke. With all my heart.—some three or four of
you
Go give him courteous conduct to this place.—

Enter PORTIA, dressed like a doctor of laws.

Duke. Give me your hand. Came you from old
Bellario ?

Por. I did, my lord.

Duke. You are welcome : take your place.
Are you acquainted with the difference
That holds this present question in the court ?

Por. I am informed thoroughly of the cause.
Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew ?

Duke. Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.

Por. Is your name Shylock ?

Shy. Shylock is my name.

Por. Of a strange nature is the suit you follow ;
Yet in such rule that the Venetian law

Cannot impugn you, as you do proceed.—
You stand within his danger, do you not?

[To ANT.]

Ant. Ay, so he says.

Por. Do you confess the bond?

Ant. I do.

Por. Then must the Jew be merciful.

Shy. On what compulsion must I? tell me that.

Por. The quality of mercy is not strain'd;
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice bless'd;
It blessing him that gives, and him that takes;
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown;
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings:
But mercy is above this sceptred sway,
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's,
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this—
That in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much,
To mitigate the justice of thy plea,
Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.

Shy. My deeds upon my head! I crave the law,
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

Por. Is he not able to discharge the money?

Bass. Yes, here I tender it for him in the court;
Yea, twice the sum: if that will not suffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart:
If this will not suffice, it must appear
That malice hears down truth. And I beseech you,
Wrest once the law to your authority:
To do a great right do a little wrong.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

Por. It must not be; there is no power in Venice
Can alter a decree established:

'Twill be recorded for a precedent;
And many an error, by the same example,
Will rush into the state: it cannot be.

Shy. A Daniel come to judgment! yea, a Daniel!
O wise young judge, how do I honour thee!

Por. I pray you, let me look upon the bond.

Shy. Here 'tis, most reverend doctor, here it is.

Por. Shylock, there's thrice thy money offer'd thee.

Shy. An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven,
'Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?

No, not for Venice.

Por. Why, this bond is forfeit:
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off

Nearest the merchant's heart. — Be merciful;
Take thrice thy money; bid me tear the bond.

Shy. When it is paid according to the tenor,
It doth appear you are a worthy judge;

You know the law, your exposition
Hath been most sound: I charge you by the law,
Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,

Proceed to judgment: by my soul I swear,
'There is no power in the tongue of man'
'To alter me: I stay here on my bond.

Ant. Most heartily I do beseech the court
To give the judgment.

Por. Why, then, thus it is:
You must prepare your bosom for his knife.

Shy. O noble judge! O excellent young man!

Por. For the intent and purpose of the law,
Hath full relation to the penalty,
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.

Shy. 'Tis very true: O wise and upright judge;
How much more elder art thou than thy looks!

Por. Therefore lay bare your bosom.

Shy. Ay, his breast;
So says the bond: Doth it not, noble judge?
Nearest the heart, those are the very words.

Por. It is so. Are there balance here to weigh the
flesh?

Shy. I have them ready.

Por. Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your charge,

To stop his wounds, lest he should bleed to death.

Shy. Is it so nominated in the bond?

Por. It is not so express'd, but what of that?
'Twere good you do so much for charity.

Shy. I cannot find it; 'tis not in the bond.

Por. Come, merchant, have you anything to say?

Ant. But little; I am arm'd, and well prepar'd,—
Give me your hand, Bassanio; fare you well!
Grieve not that I have fallen to this for you;
For herein Fortune shows herself more kind
Than is her custom: it is still her use
To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,
To view with hollow eye and wrinkled brow
An age of poverty; from which lingering penance
Of such misery doth she cut me off.
Commend me to your honourable wife:
Tell her the process of Antonio's end,
Say, how I lov'd you, speak me fair in death:
And when the tale is told, bid her be judge
Whether Bassanio had not once a love.
Repent not you that you shall lose your friend,
And he repents not that he pays your debt;
For, if the Jew do cut but deep enough,
I'll pay it instantly with all my heart.

Shy. We trifle time; I pray thee pursue sentence.

Por. A pound of that same merchant's flesh is 'tine;
The court awards it, and the law doth give it.

Shy. Most rightful judge!

Por. And you must cut this flesh from off his breast,
The law allows it, and the court awards it.

Shy. Most learned judge!—A sentence; come; prepare.

Por. Tarry a little;—there is something else.—
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood;
The words expressly are a pound of flesh;
Then take the bond, take thou thy pound of flesh;
But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate
Unto the state of Venice.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

Gra. O upright judge!—Mark, Jew;—O learned judge!

Shy. Is that the law?

Por.

Thyself shall see the act:

For, as thou urgest justice, be assured

Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desirest.

Gra. O learned judge!—Mark, Jew;—a learned judge!

Shy. I take this offer then,—pay the bond thrice,
And let the Christian go.

Bass.

Here is the money.

Por. Soft.

The Jew shall have all justice;—soft;—no haste;—
He shall have nothing but the penalty.

Gra. O Jew! an upright judge, a learned judge!

Por. Therefore, prepare thee to cut off the flesh.
Shed thou no blood; nor cut thou less, nor more,
But just a pound of flesh; if thou tak'st more,
Or less, than just a pound,—be it not so much
As makes it light, or heavy, in the substance,
Or the division of the twentieth part
Of one poor scruple,—may, if the scale do turn
But in the estimation of a hair,—

Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.

Gra. A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew!

Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.

Por. Why doth the Jew pause! take thy forfeiture.

Shy. Give me my principal, and let me go.

Bass. I have it ready for thee: here it is.

Por. He hath refused it in the open court;
He shall have merely justice, and his bond.

Gra. A Daniel, still say I; a second Daniel!

I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.

Shy. Shall I not have barely my principal?

Por. Thou shalt not have nothing but the forfeiture,
To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.

Shy. Why, then the devil give him good of it;
I'll stay no longer question.

Por.

Tarry, Jew;

The law hath yet another hold on you.

It is enacted in the laws of Venice,—

If it be prov'd against an alien,

That by direct or indirect attempts
He seek the life of any citizen;
The party 'gainst the which he doth contrive
Shall seize one-half his goods; the other half
Comes to the privy coffer of the state;
And the offender's life lies in the mercy
Of the duke only, 'gainst all other voice,
In which predicament, I say, thou standest;
For it appears by manifest proceed'ng,
That indirectly, and directly too,
Thou hast contriv'd against the very life
Of the defendant! and thou hast contriv'd
The danger formerly by me relieved.
Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the duke.

Gen. Beg that thou mayst have leave to hang thyself:
And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the state,
Thou hast not left the value of a cord;
Therefore, thou must be hang'd at the state's charge.

Duke. That thou shalt see the difference of our spirit,
I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it:
For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's;
The other half comes to the general state,
Which humbleness may drive into a fine.

Por. Ay, for the state; not for Antonio.

Shy. Nay, take my life and all, pardon not that:
You take my house, when you do take the prop
That doth sustain my house; you take my life,
When you do take the means whereby I live.

Por. What mercy can you render him, Antonio?

Gen. A halter gratis; nothing else.

Ant. So please my lord the duke, and all the court,
To quit the fine for one-half of his goods;
I am content, so he will let me have
The other half in use to render it,
Upon his death, unto the gentleman
That lately stole his daughter;
And also, that he do record a gift,
Here in the court, of all he dies possess'd,
Unto his son Lorenzo and his daughter.

Duke. He shall do this; or else I do recant
The pardon that I late pronounced here.

HENRY VIII.

Per. Art thou contented, Jew ; what dost thou say ?

Shy. I am content.

Per.

Clerk, draw a deed of gift.

Shy. I pray you give me leave to go from hence :

I am not well ; send the deed after me,

And I will sign it.

Shy.

~~Exit Shy.~~ Get this gone, but do it.

Shakespeare

HENRY VIII.

~~SCENE BETWEEN WOLSEY AND CROMWELL.~~

Wol. Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness !
 This is the state of man. To-day he puts forth
 The tender leaves of hopes, to-morrow blossoms,
 And bears his blushing honours thick upon him ;
 The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
 And—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
 His greatness is a ripening—nips his root,
 And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,
 Like little wanton boys, that swim on bladders,
 This many summers in a sea of glory ;
 But far beyond my depth. My high-blown pride
 At length broke under me ; and now has left me,
 Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
 Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
 Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye ;
 I feel my heart new seal'd. O, how wretched
 Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours !
 There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
 That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
 More pangs, and fears than wars or women have,
 And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
 Never to hope again. —

Enter CROMWELL, amaz'dly.

Why, how now, Cromwell !

Crom. I have no power to speak, sir.

Wol.

What, amaz'd

At my misfortunes ! can thy spirit wonder

A great man should decline ? Any, and you weep,

I am fallen indeed.

Crom.

How does your grace?

Wol.

Why, well;

Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.

I know myself now; and I feel within me

A peace above all earthly dignities,

A still and quiet conscience. The king has cur'd me,

I humbly thank his grace; and from these shoulders,

These ruin'd pillars, out of pity, taken

A load would sink a navy, too much honour:

O, 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden,

Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven.

Crom. I am glad your grace has made the right use of it.*Wol.* I hope I have: I am able now to think

(Out of a fortitude of soul I feel)

To endure more miseries, and greater far,

Than my ill-hearted enemies dare offer.

What news abroad?

Crom. The heaviest, and the worst,

Is your displeasure with the king.

Wol.

God bless him!

Crom. The next is, that Sir Thomas More is chosen

Lord Chancellor in your place.

Wol.

That's so new that sudden:

But he's a learned man. May he continue

Long in his highness' favour, and do justice

For our sake, and his country's; that his bones,

When he has run his course, and sleeps in blessings,

May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on 'em!

What more?

Crom. That Cranmer is return'd with welcome,

Installed Lord Archbishop of Canterbury.

Wol. That's news indeed.*Crom.*

Last, that the Lady Anna,

Whom the king hath in secrecy long married,

This day was view'd in open as his queen,

Going to chapel; and the voice is now

Only about her coronation.

Wol. There was the weight that pull'd me down.

O Cromwell,

The king has gone beyond me; all my glories

In that one woman I have lost for ever:

No sun shall ever usher forth mine honour,

Or gild again the noble troops that waited
 Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell,
 I am a poor fallen man, unworthy now
 To be thy lord and master: Seek the king;
 That sun, I pray, may never set! I have told him
 What, and how true thou art: he will advance thee;
 Some little memory of me will stir him
 (I know his noble nature), not to let
 Thy hopeful service perish too. Good Cromwell,
 Neglect him not, make use now, and provide
 For thine own future safety.

Crom. O, my lord,
 Must I then leave you? must I need forego
 So good, so noble, and so true a master?
 Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,
 With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.--
 The king shall have my service; but my prayers
 For ever and for ever shall be yours.

Wol. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
 In all my miseries: but thou hast forr'd me
 Out of thy honest truth to play the woman.
 Let's dry our eyes: and thus far hear me, Cromwell;
 And, when I am forgotten, as I shall be;
 And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
 Of me more must be heard of,-- say, I taught thee!
 Say, Wolsey,-- that once trod the ways of glory,
 And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,
 Found thee a way, out of his wrack, to rise in;
 A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.
 Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.
 Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition;
 By that sin fell the angels; how can man, then,
 The image of his Maker, hope to win by't?
 Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate thee;
 Corruption wins not more than honesty.
 Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
 To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not.
 Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
 Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell
 Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the king;
 And,--Prithet, lead me in;
 There take an inventory of all I have,

To the last penny; 'tis the king's: my robe,
 And my integrity to Heaven, is all
 I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell,
 Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
 I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age
 Have left me naked to mine enemies.

Crom. Good sir, have patience.

Wol. So I have. Farewell.

The hopes of court! my hopes in heaven do dwell.

Shakespeare.

BRUTUS AND MARK ANTONY.

BE patient till the last. Romans, countrymen, and
 lovers! hear me for my cause; and be silent, that
 you may hear; believe me for mine honour; and have
 respect to mine honour, that you may believe; censure me
 in your wisdom; and awake your senses, that you may the
 better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear
 friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar
 was no less than his. If then that friend demand, why
 Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer, -- Not that I
 loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you
 rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves; than that
 Cæsar were dead, to live all free men? As Cæsar loved me,
 I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he
 was valiant, I honour him; but as he was ambitious, I
 slew him. There is tears, for his love; joy, for his fortune;
 honour, for his valour, and death, for his ambition. Who
 is here so base, that would be a bondman? If any, speak;
 for him have I offended. Who is so rude, that would not
 be a Roman? If any, speak, for him have I offended.
 Who is here so vile, that will not love his country? If any,
 speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply. . . .
 Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar
 than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is
 enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, when
 he was worthy; nor his offences enforced, for which he
 suffered death. . . . Here comes his body, mourned by
 Mark Antony: who, though he had no hand in his death,
 shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the

BRUTUS AND MARK ANTONY.

commonwealth: as which of you shall not? With this I depart: that, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

Enter MARK ANTONY.

FRIENDS, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;
I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft bit-tered with their bones:
So let it be with Caesar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you Caesar was ambitious:
If it were so, 'twas a grievous fault;
And grievously hath Caesar answered it.
Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest—
(For Brutus is an honourable man;
So are they all, all honourable men)—
Come I to speak in Caesar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me;
But Brutus says, he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Caesar seem ambitious?
When that the poor hath cried, Caesar hath wept:
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff;
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
You all did see that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he thrice refused. Was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;
And, sure, he is an honourable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause;
What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?
O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beast,
And men have lost their reason!—Bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin here with Caesar,
And I must pause till it come back to me. . . .

But yesterday, the word of Caesar might
 Have stood against the world: now lies he there,
 And none so poor to do him reverence.
 O masters! if I were disposed to stir
 Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
 I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
 Who, you all know, are honourable men.
 I will not do them wrong: I rather choose
 To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,
 Than I will wrong such honourable men.
 But here's a parchment with the seal of Caesar,
 I found it in his closet, 'tis his will.
 Let but the commons hear this testament
 (Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read),
 And they would go and kiss dead Caesar's wounds,
 And dip their napkins in his sacred blood,
 Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
 And, dying, mention it within their wills,
 Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
 Unto their issue. . . .
 If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
 You all do know this mantle: I remember
 The first time ever Caesar put it on.
 'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent;
 That day he overcame the Nervii; --
 Look! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through:
 See, what a rent the envious Caesar made:
 Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabbed;
 And as he plucked his cursed steel away,
 Mark how the blood of Caesar follow'd it,
 As rushing out of doors, to be resolved
 If Brutus so unkindly knocked or no;
 For Brutus, as you know, was Caesar's angel.
 Judge, O you gods, how dearly Caesar loved him!
 This was the most unkindest cut of all:
 For when the noble Caesar saw him stab,
 Ingratitude, more strong than traitor's arms,
 Quite vanquished him; then burst his mighty heart;
 And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
 Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
 Which all the while ran blood, great Caesar fell.

CLARENCE'S DREAM.

O, what a fall was there, my countrymen;
 Then I and you, and all of us fell down,
 Whilst bloody treason flourished over us.
 O, now you weep; and I perceive, you feel
 The dint* of pity: these are gracious drops:
 Kind souls, what, weep you when you but behold
 Our Caesar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
 Here is himself, marred, as you see, with traitors. . . .
 Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
 To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
 They that have done this deed are honourable;
 What private griefs they have, alas! I know not,
 That made them do it; they are wise and honourable,
 And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
 I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts;
 I am no orator as Brutus is;
 But as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
 That love my friend; and that they know full well
 That gave me public leave to speak of him.
 For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
 Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
 To stir men's blood: I only speak right on:
 I tell you that which you yourselves do know;
 Show you sweet Caesar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths,
 And bid them speak for me: but, were I Brutus,
 And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
 Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
 In every wound of Caesar, that should move
 The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

* Impression.

Shak. spee.

CLARENCE'S DREAM.

O H, I have passed a miserable night,
 So full of fearful dreams, of ugly sights,
 That, as I am a Christian, faithful man,
 I would not spend another such a night,
 Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days;
 So full of dismal terror was the time.—
 Methought that I had broken from the Tower,
 And was embarked to cross to Burgundy;

And in my company my brother Gloster;
 Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
 Upon the hatches: there we looked towards England,
 And cited up a thousand heavy times,
 During the wars of York and Lancaster
 That had befallen us. As we paced along
 Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
 Methought that Gloster stumbled; and, in falling,
 Struck me, that thought to stay him, overboard,
 Into the tumbling billows of the main.
 O Lord! methought what pain it was to drown!
 What dreadful noise of water in mine ears!
 What sights of ugly death within my eyes!
 Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;
 A thousand men that fishes gnawed upon;
 Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
 Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
 All scattered in the bottom of the sea.
 Some lay in dead men's skulls; and in those holes
 Where eyes did once inhabit there, ~~there~~ crept,
 As 'twere in scorn of eyes, reflecting suns,
 That wooed the slimy bottom of the deep,
 And mocked the dead bones that lay scattered by.

Often did I strive
 To yield the ghost; but still the envious flood
 Stopt in my soul, and would not let it forth
 To find the empty, vast, and wandering air;
 But smothered it within my panting bulk,
 Which almost burst to belch it in the sea: . . .

Oh, then began the tempest to my soul!
 I passed, methought, the melancholy flood,
 With that sour ferryman which poets write of,
 Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
 The first that there did greet my stranger soul
 Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick;
 Who spake aloud,—"What scourge for perjury
 Can this dark Monarchy afford false Clarence?"
 And so he vanished: then came wandering by
 A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
 Dabbled in blood; and he shrieked out aloud,—
 "Clarence is come,—false, fleeing, perjured Clarence,—

OTHELLO'S ADDRESS TO THE SENATE.

That stabbed me in the field by Tewkesbury ;—
Seize on him, furies, take him to your torments !
With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends
Environed me, and howled in mine ears
Such hideous cries that, with the very noise,
I trembling waked, and, for a season after,
Could not believe but that I was in hell ;
Such terrible impression made my dream.

Shakspeare.

OTHELLO'S ADDRESS TO THE SENATE.

MOST potent, grave, and reverend signiors,
My very noble and approved good masters,—
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is most true, true I have married her ;
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my speech,
And little bless'd with the soft phrase of peace ;
For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,
Till now some nine moons wasted, they have used
Their dearest action in the tented field ;
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle ;
And therefore little shall I grace my cause
In speaking for myself. Yet, by your gracious patience,
I will a round unvarnished tale deliver
Of my whole course of love : what drugs, what charms,
What conjuration, and what mighty magic,
(For such proceeding I am charged withal),
I won his daughter.

. . . . I do beseech you,
Send for the lady to the Sagittary,
And let her speak of me before her father :
If you do find me foul in her report,
The trust, the office, I do hold of you,
Not only take away, but let your sentence
Even fall upon my life. . . .

Ancient, conduct them : you best know the place.
And, till she come, as truly as to heaven
I do confess the vices of my blood,

So justly to your grave ears I'll present,
How I did thrive in this fair lady's love,
And she in mine. . . .

Her father loved me; oft invited me!
Still questioned me the story of my life,
From year to year; the battles, sieges, fortune,
That I have passed.

I ran it through, even from my boyish days,
To the very moment that he bade me tell it.
Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field;
Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent
Of being taken by the insolent foe,
And sold to slavery; of my redemption
And portance in my travels' history;
Wherein of antres vast, and deserts idle,
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch
heaven,

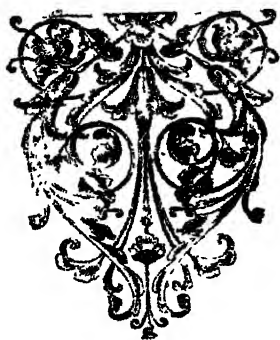
It was my hint to speak, — such was the process;
And of the cannibals, that each other eat,
The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Dew-drops beneath their shoulders, — these things to hear
Would Demetrius seriously incline:
But still the house affairs would draw her thence;
Which ever as she could with haste and patch,
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my discourse: which I observing
Took once a plantain hour, and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
But not attentively: I did consent;
And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did speak of some distressful stroke
That my youth suffered. My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs:
She swore, — in faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing
strange;

'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful:
She wished she had not heard it; yet she wished
That heaven had made her such a man: she thanked
me:

OTHELLO'S ADDRESS TO THE SENATE.

And bade me, if I had a friend that loved her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would woo her. Upon this hint I spake :
She loved me for the dangers I had passed ;
And I loved her that she did pity them.
This only is the witchcraft I have used ;—
Here comes the lady, let her witness it.

Shakspeare.



SELECTIONS IN PROSE.

FOR READING AND RECITATION.

CAGED!

A GADL-BIRD'S STORY.

(From "*A Hundred Dozen*,") By permission.

THE shades of night 'ad closed round Seving Dials, an' the public-houses was about for to foller their example.

I 'ad been a-doin' a little bit on my 'ead at Clerkenwell—"three month's with"—in consequence of a little misunderstandin' about a silk 'andkerchief.

I 'ad been let out that day; not a nice sort of a day to be turned into the streets, even out of a prison! Snow fallin' everywhere, thicker as the night come on, an' the wind blowin' colder an' colder every minute, freezin' the 'caps of slushy snow. As I walked along, the windows was all bright with the warm fires a-burnin' within the swells' houses. I could 'ear the 'appy 'bokes inside laughin', an' dancin', an' makin' merry, an' I knowed they all 'ad plenty to eat an' drink. The theat'ers was all a-blaze with light, an' a-comin' out of 'em into their carriages was people as any thief what wasn't a rank outsider, could have made a month's livin' out of in two minutes. I 'ad likewise noticed as there seemed a extra show on at the churches, an' by-an'-by out crashed the bells, ringin' thro' the cold air, thick with the fallin' snow, an' some people passin' me as I slouched against the wall says to each other very cheery, "A merry Christmas to you—A merry Christmas."

"Oh," I says to myself, "it's merry Christmas, is it? I shouldn't 'a thought it. I ain't pertickler merry myself—not what yer might call downright roarin' boisterous—so I s'pose that's why I forgot as it was merry Christmas."

"Now then," says a perleceman, a-comin' up to me, "what do yer want 'angin' about here, eh?"

"Well, guv'ner," I says, "I want a good many things. I won't go so far as to say that I couldn't do with a bit of a fire an' a bit of a bed; and I've sorter got a dim idea as I want a bit o' supper. Between you an' me, I says, "I

"I'd make a fool of about 'arf a roast bullock, with baked peattaters. But don't let it go no further," I says, "becos it might 'urt the feelin's o' some o' these 'ere Christian people a-comin' out of church."

"You'll 'ave to go further yourself," says the perleeceman. "Non o' yer nonsense 'ere." I know yer. "Ow would Buckin'ham Palace or Marlboro' 'Ouse do for yer?"

"I might put up with 'em for 'a night or two till my town 'ouse is in order," I says; but I've left my dress soot be'ind me. Besides, I ain't expecten till the next Drowin' Room, an' I wouldn't care for to take 'em unawares like. It might inconvenience 'em, don't yer know. Maybe they wouldn't 'a had the chimbley swept."

"Move on," 'e says. "I know yer. Come, move on."

The perleeceman were quite right in one thing—it were quite true 'e knowed me, for 'e'd run me in many a time. So I couldn't be offended at 'is winnin' ways. I stepped from the wall across the slippery pavement, an' I didn't know, till I come to move, 'ow cold an' numbed I was. But as I stepped into the road I must 'a stumbled. I rememb'ed the blaze of two bright lights, a loud cry, the swerve of a pair of frightened horses, an' the 'orrid pain of a 'eavy wheel on my body; an' then the lighted houses an' churches an' theayters, and the gay crowds of people, an' the fallin' snow, an' the bitter cold, my 'unger an' thirst, an' the kind perleeceman, all faded away.

When I opened my eyes again I was in a 'ospital. A clean white pillow was under my 'ead, an' clean white sheets covered my wounded limbs, an' I was lyin' on so 'a 'ink so soft an' easy that I thought at first the doctor, an' 'e took out all my bones in some operations; an' as I was always a bony chap, I began thinkin as I did ought to be allowed the price o' them bones.

I just opened my eyes, an' looked once down the long room, an' see a whole line o' little white beds, all like mine—some with curtains drawn round 'em.

I closed my eyes again, an' sorter dozed off. Presently I 'eard a voice—a woman's voice—oh! sich a low, an' sweet, an' soft, an' gentle voice—talkin' to the poor chap in the bed next to mine, an' readin' to him 'out of a Book. An' what she read was all about a Woman an' a Child. I'd 'eard somethink about it before, but I never took it in till

I 'eard about it then, lyin' weak an' helpless. I couldn't understand it all, not bein' a schollard, but only Jack Scraggs, the gaol-bird; but I could make out enough of it to 'ang on by. Before she finished I knowed who the Woman was, an' I knowed who was the Child. When she stopp'd speakin' I 'eld out my hand an' beckoned 'er to come to me. An' when she came ~~an' sat down~~ ^{an' sat down} by my bedside, I says, "Tell it to me." An' she ~~told~~ ^{told} over all the story, talkin' so simple an' easy I could make out almost all she said. When she rose to go away, evenin' 'ad come, for I see through the top of the winder a great star shinin'; an' I wondered whether 'twas like the star that was a shinin' long ago above the Woman an' the Child.

Every day she used to come an' talk to me, an' she told me more an' more every time; till I used to watch for 'er as anxious as the people used to watch for me sometimes.

Everybody was well-kind to me in the hospital—the doctors, an' the nurses, an' the kindly by what used to come to read to us.

The mornin' I was discharged two doctors came an' pulled me about a bit; an' one of 'em said I were all right now, exceptin' that 'e rather suspected him some valvular bagglomeration in my 'eart. I were told afterwards as 'e must 'a mea'd some complaint, but I didn't know it at the time, an' I felt hurt then. I didn't know what 'e meant, but it sounded bad.

"Mister," I says, "you're wrong. Don't go suspectin' me of sich a thing as that. I know," I says, "as my 'eart is full of all manner o' bad feelin's an' wickedness, but I ain't got no incipient thingummy indeed I, ~~that~~ ^{that}; far from it, I says. I'm a-goin' for to try to lead a honest life. I'm a-goin' for to try to turn over a new leaf, please God—blowed if I ain't!"

* * * * *

Some'ow I don't mind talkin' about myself, an' a-tellin' all manner o' things about myself; but when it comes to speakin' about little Charlie, I feels took aback like. There comes a ugly sort o' lump thro' my throat, an' my voice gets sorter 'usky, an' I can't see quite clear through my eyes. I think, maybe, it's that incipient what's-is-nam'e comin' on. Yer see I never 'ad nobody for to love, nor nobody for

~~My~~ gave me, exceptin' little Charlie. I never 'ad no father an' no mother worth speakin' about; I never 'ad no little brother or sister to look after. I never 'ad nobody to care for, ~~nor~~ nobody to care for me, like Charlie—little Charlie—the poor little tired urchin I found forsook in the park. I can't tell about it properly, but 'all my life, so rough an' so wicked as it 'ad always been, seemed to grow into my poor wee, lovin' Charlie.

It was in the park I found 'im, soon after I was discharged from the 'ospital. I 'ad been tryin' 'ard to live honest, but it were 'arder work than the treadmill. One dark night, after I'd been tryin' to get a job for a night's loigin' without earnin' a copper, an' after bein' turned away from the work'ouse becos' they was a-doin' of sich a roarin' trade, they was like the homberleebusses in wet weather—"full inside"—I got into the park, an' made for one of the benches. There was scarcely any moon or stars that night—only a dim gaslight 'ere an' there among the trees. In the reg'ler season for sleepin' in the park I 'ad a favourite per-tickler bench which I always patteredized. an' though I was too bitter cold for to be the reg'ler season now—far from it—I made straight for my usual seat. When I gets up to it, I finds somebody a-lyin' on it already, an' in my most specialist an' most perticklerest corner.

It were too dark to see clear, but I could make out right enough that somebody was there, an' I didn't like it.

"Mate," I says, speakin' wery calm an' perlitic to the bundle in the corner—"Mate," I says, "excuse me, but that 'ere corner where you are a-snoozin' is my own special an' pertickler corner, what I as reg'ler. If yer doubts my word," I says, "ask any lady or gen'l'man as is in the 'abit o' sleepin' 'ere. I'm well beknown to 'em all," I says; "an' if yer want any other references, there ain't a perliceoman in this 'ere metropolus as don't know me."

The bundle didn't make no answer.

"Excuse me, mate," I says again, "but there ain't no other gen'l'man as uses this park, he wouldn't rockernise my right to that 'ere corner, an' be'ave as sich. I knows a good deal about the lawrs of this country," I continners, "for no m'n 'as broke more of 'em than me; an' my opinion is as the lawr itself would give me the persession of that corner, in consideration of length of tenner. 'Ave yer," I.

says, "any objection, religious or otherwise, to go to some other bench, or at least to move into the other corner? We'll share the clothes," I says, sarcastical, "between us, an' sleep together; an' I only opes as yer won't want to get out of bed, and that yer don't kick."

Still I didn't get no answer, an' I steps quietly up to the silent bundle an' turned aside the ragged old shawl that 'id whatever was underneath. Just at the moment some o' the dark clouds partly cleared away, an' the moon shone out, an' by its faint, glimmerin' light I see that the shawl was coverin'—not a great, course, rough chap like me, but a little child. A little child of, maybe, seven or eight years old, with white, starved flesh, an' thin, worn wee 'ands. Fallin' 'alf over 'is pale, pinched face was curls of sich beautiful 'air as I had never seen before—'air that looked as though it 'ad been all dipped in gold, or been kissed some summer's evenin' by the settin' sun. One 'and was lyin' on 'is breast, like as though 'e 'ad put it there for warmth, an' in it was nestlin' a little yeller canary-bird. As I looked down on this 'elpless young 'un in my corner, with the bird 'eld so close to 'im, tears come into my eyes for the fust time I could remember. I thought of the tale about the Child I 'ad 'eard in the 'orspital, an' I wondered whiether the Child what was on earth no more, knowid about this little 'un sleepin' that bitter winter's night on a bench in the cold park.

Just as I was thinkin' that, the little 'un opened 'is eyes—big, timid eyes—an' see me bendin' over 'im—a rough, dirty fellow—a gaol-bird. But 'e didn't shrink from me—'e didn't cry, or 'ide 'isself from me. No; but 'e stretched out 'is little arm, and 'is poor little 'and slipped into my bony fingers. Oh, often an' often I feel it there, white an' cold, an' so small an' tender, laid in my wicked 'and.

Then 'is little lips opened an' 'e says, "I'm Charlie. Who are you?"

"My name's Jack, little 'un," I says, wery 'usky.

"Haven't you got any home, Jack?"

"No," I says, "I ain't got no home, Charlie."

"Then you're like me," says Charlie. "I haven't got any home either. Mother died—oh, such a long time ago it seems—an' father's gone away now. So I came into the park to sleep, because I don't like to sleep with the others."

under the arches. So I came here—I and the little bird, Jack—the bird that used to sing to mother. Father used to say he'd kill it, but, oh! I'm so glad he never did, because there's nobody to love me now but the little bird that mother loved, Jack. You won't hurt us, Jack, will you?" An' 'e raised my 'and to 'is little lips, and kissed it. Then, like as though there'd been a river there dammed up all my life, my 'eart overflowed; an' I threw off my coat, an' wrapped it round little Charlie. An' soon, in my arms, 'e fell asleep; an' when the mornin' broke I carried 'im out o' the park. Not to a workhouse or a board school, but to a little bit of a room, where they took us in me, an' my boy, an' 'is little bird.

That's 'ow me an' Charlie begun to live together. I tried wery 'ard to get a livin', turnin' my 'and to anythink that come in my way. But times was bad, an' often, as I went back to Charlie without no money in my pocket, I thought of goin' back to my old life; but I know'd if I did I might get parted from the little fellow what loved me so dear, an' what would 'a become of 'im without me?

When the summer come, we done a little bit better. Sometimes me an' Charlie used to get out into the country a bit, an' used to see the green fields, an' the flowers, an' the great trees, with the blue sky all over. An' always Charlie brought the little bird with him. We'd bought a little cage; an' before we went back, we always put in some cool, sweet, green grass, an' then Dicky would sing all the sweeter an' louder, an' 'op about so pleased, with 'is eyes so bright an' beamin' that Charlie used to clap 'is 'ands for joy. I often think of them walks in the country, an' of all Charlie used to say, an' 'ow 'e used to love to run among the flowers. But when the days grew shorter again, an' all the flowers was dyin' an' the leaves fadin', everythink went bad again. God knows I tried 'ard—I tried my 'ardest—but every man's 'and seemed against me, an' I got poorer an' poorer, an' work scarcer an' scarcer, till at last, as the winter set in once more, we was starvin'. We could scarcely even give a crumb to the poor little bird in 'is cage. An' then Charlie was took ill—ill becos I couldn't give 'im food, an' drink, an' warm clothes. 'E'd been tryin' to sell matches in the streets for a bit, but at last 'e 'ad to give that up, for 'e was too sick to move. 'E used to lie so pale an' thin in 'is rough bed, while 'is bird 'opped about the pillow an' sang to 'im.

I want to tell all the rest quickly, for 'tis 'ard to tell.

It all 'appened becos of one thing--we was starvin'.

'Oh! I wish I could put it into all the bells that will be a-ringin' again this Christmas. I wish I could put it into all the sermons as will be preached again this Christmas. We was starvin'--like so many others are now.

I'd been out all day, an' brought back nothink. Charlie was lyin' in 'is bit of a bed--the last time I ever see 'im again but one--the last time but one that ever I see 'is dear little pale face, or put my 'and on the curls that was all so soft an' golden. There was no fire in the room, an' one wee white 'and was pressed inside 'is ragged shirt for warmth, an' the little bird nestled in it--just like when I found 'em in the park.

I closed the door, crep' down the stairs, an' out into the lighted streets, full o' people 'urryin' along to their comfortable homes, to their 'arm fires, an' greenin' tables.

An' that night I went back on the good resolves I'd made, for I stole. But 'twas only food I stole--only food--food for poor starvin' little Charlie, as was lyin' sick in that lonely corner, with 'is little bird pressed to 'is dym' heart.

I stole. But 'twas only food--only food for little Charlie.

The touch of the perleccoman's 'and was on my shoulder again that night--the old touch; an' 'e says, with a smile, "Up to the old game again, Jack, eh? Thought we should 'ave yer again before long. I know yer. Come along. Yer know the way."

Once more I stood before the beak, an' for duce in my life I asked for mercy.

"I did it, sir. I took it. But 'twas not for me; 'twas for my little dyin' Charlie. I left 'im starvin', sir, an' 'e loves me, an' I never 'ad nobody else for to love me but Charlie. The world's so full o' plenty, it can't be right that 'e should die o' want. There's somethink all wrong, sir. Let me go, sir--let me go back to 'im. Some people 'as all they want, an' I've only got little Charlie. 'E's sich a little feller, an' 'e's so thin, an' pale, an' weak; an' 'e loves me, an' 'is 'air's all soft an' golden. I can't 'elp it, sir--escuse me--I've got a hincipient somethink in my 'eart, an' it's a comin' on."

An' I put my face in my tremblin' 'ands an' cried.

Then the beak says, "Six weeks."

Caged again!

* * * *

CAGED!—A GAOL-BIRD'S STORY.

Again 'twas the day before Christmas as I was let out of gaol. Again there was a slush, an' snow, an' piercin' wind, and bitter cold. Again the warm 'ouses, an' gay theatres, an' lighted churches as I trudged along to the gurret where I'd left Charlie six weeks before.

'E'd gone! Got up an' went away with 'is matches and 'is bird soon after I 'ad been took away from 'im.

Out of the 'ouse I came, an' on, an' on, an' on I walked, searchin' for my poor lost Charlie.

Under the arches where the black, dark river flowed, in the streets, at the stations—everywhere I searched for 'im, an' nowhere I found 'im.

At last something came over me— I don't know what— to go to the park—to the place where I fust see 'im, that night what seemed so long ago.

Into the park I got, an' straight on to the old seat I went.

An' there, crouched on the bench, I found 'im at last; an' 'ugged to 'is poor cold bosom was the cage with 'is little bird.

The snow 'ad been fallin' thick on 'im thick on 'is shiverin' body, thick on 'is starved face, thick on 'is beautiful hair. Thick it lay now even on 'is little hands an' the tired, worn, weary feet what was never to run about the streets no more.

"Charlie! Charlie! Charlie!"

Open at last came the big, blue, timid eyes, 'an again I 'eard 'is voice, but so faint an' weak.

"Jack!—I—was a comin'—to meet you—at the prison gates. They told me where you was caged, and I walked across—the park,— an' I rested 'ere, becós I— got tired, an' so weak— an' I think I fell asleep. Jack— Jack— do you hear the bells— the Christmas bells?"

"Yes, Charlie; 'tis Christmas morning."

"Jack, tell me—once more—the tale you 'eard in the 'ospital— about the woman an'— the Child."

An' I told 'im.

The little 'ands on the cage loosed their clutch, an' down it fell. As it fell, the door came open, an' up, up, through the snow went Charlie's bird.

An' up through the snow—free at last—went the soul of little Charlie—to the Child Jesus.

Robert Overton.

THE THREE PARSONS.

A DEACON'S STORY.

(From *Queer Fish*, by J. H. Sturges.)

WHICH I don't belong to the 'Stabbed Church, myself, sir, as am a Independent, I beggin' your pardon, as I know for to be a Church parson.

But yer see what I says is this: you takes for o' men like us fisherfolk, as works 'ard all the week, and mostly under command, a-doin' what the skipper tells us—'auntin' ropes, settin' sail, draggin' nets, and one thing and another as you naterally don't know nothing about—with nobody for to feel authority over like, 'ceptin' maybe a boy or two what anybody can knock about; well, now, if so be as we chaps go in for the 'Stabbed Church, we ain't nobody no more at Church than aboard the boats; we ain't got no voice in what's to be done, and we ain't got no sort of power or command like. But if we goes in for the Methodies or the Baptists, . . . we get made a lot of—some being stoards, some deacons, and some a-takin' round the 'at. You should see me and old Cockles foller our minister out o' the westry o' Sundays, or a-makin' the collection afterwards, and our names called out sometimes from the pulpit: "Brother Cockles and Brother Coleman."

Then, again, if we don't hold with what our minister preaches, or if we seem to want a change, we can tell 'im to look out for a call to some other place; and afore we engages a hand we have a lot down on trial. We pays our money and we take our choice.

Now, generally speaking, when we're on the look-out for a minister, we have one chap down one Sunday, another on the follerin' Sunday, and so on till we're satisfied—one done, t'other come on. But it so happened, one time we wanted a minister, we all seemed most dreadful particular—we couldn't satisfy ourselves. We had six down runnin', but none of 'em didn't suit. At last, by some little misunderstandin', we had three come down to preach their trial sermons on the same Sunday: and we arranged it that the Rev. Paul Duster should preach in the mornin', the Rev. Halgernon Sydney Crackles in the arternoon, and the Rev. John Brown in the evenin'.

THE THREE PARSONS.

When the Sunday came when we was to try 'em we was all a-gog like.

"You mark my words, mate," says Cockles to me in the westry, "there'll be some close sailin'. I'm rather inclined," he continues, very thoughtful, "to bet on the old gentl'm'n wot's got his fustin' this mornin', as is strict orthodox, and appears to me to carry a deal of canvas."

"Ere he comes," I says, and sure enough he were just tackin' across the road under convoy of Bill Tubbs, the buttermann, as was understood to have took 'im in hand.

A dreadful severe looking man were Mr. Duster, with a himmense head and face, both on 'em bald and shining, and 'is head all over bumps. He certainly were awful himpressive 'to look at. The sermon he preached were severe orthodox, and the language quite as uncommon as you could ha' got in a 'Stablished Church—Greek and Latin and all sorts.

"Ere's words," I says to Cockles.

"Words, and sound doctrine too, mate," says Cockles—as was very particular about doctrine.

And surelie we got enough about doctrine that mornin', for all the sermon was a-up'oldin' of all as our see' believes, and a-showin' 'ow all other sectises is wrong. The Latin quotations went doan himmense, and I see several ladies overcome by the Greek. The sermon, in fact, caused a tremenjious sensation, and Tubbs trotted 'is man away in high sperits, and lookin' proud and triumphant, as though the whole thing was finished and 'is man engoge.

In the arternoon we meets for to hear the second preacher, as turned out so wery poetical and 'eart-breakin' that he seemed fairly like takin' the wind out of the other's sails. His voice had a beautiful shivery-shakery in it, and he wep' that copious I thought sometimes we should have to bale the pulpit out, and ask 'im to weep over the side. Lor! how he shot about that blessed pulpit! first one side, then t'other, 'is eyes a-rollin' and 'is face purple, a-gurglin' and a-yellin', and a-whisperin' and a-shoutin'. He were a lean, pale man, regular poetical-lookin', with long hair, and a nose a trifle red at the knob.

At half-arter six, we meets for to hear the last preacher. Only a few on us saw 'im before he got into the pulpit; but we quite agreed that let alone 'is name, which were

dead agin 'im, he wasn't the man for *our* money, and I see at once as he didn't go down like with the congregation. He were only about twenty-five, and a trifle undersized, and at first sight didn't look anything at all out o' the common; but somehow I fancied there was a something in 'is eye and hangin' about his mouth that showed he'd got good stuff in 'im. Howsomdever, I didn't think he'd do for us, whatever he'd got stowed away. Well, he preached his sermon—a short straightaway sermon, what everybody could understand. It wasn't doctrinal, nor it were not poetical, but just practical, a-tellin' us as how everybody in the world had dooties to perform, from queen to pauper, and then a-goin' on about *our* dooties, and how we should stick to 'em and “never say die” like a-sort o' standin' by the ship, however the winds might roar and the sea rage.

Arter the meedin' we had a little gatherin' in the westry —just a few on us to talk matters over, don't yer know -- and the only question seemed to be, should we go in for doctrine and elect the doctrinal chap, or wote for the poetical bloke?

We lectued about equally divided on the point, nobody sayin' nothin' about the young chap what had just preached.

On the Wednesday night there was to be a Church Meeting to settle about electin' one on 'em; but none of us knowed when we separated that Sunday night how very soon our choice was to be made.

I reckon that Sunday night will never be forgotten, mister, so long as this 'ere place has got a boat on the water, or a house on the shore; the night of the great storm we call it, when the Spanish “San Pedro” went to pieces.

I 'ad a look out to sea accordin' to custom afore I varnel in, and I see a we-sel in the offing, which I made out to be a London-bound ship. I didn't much like the look of things, and I said a bit of a prayer for all poor chaps afloat and in danger that night.

Well, sir, an old sailor like me always sleeps with one eye open, so when the winds began to gather strong and the waves to tumble and roll, and dash against the jetty there, I woke up. By-and-by the wind got higher and higher,

the winder-panes, shriekin' and 'owlin', and the sound of the risin' waves got louder and louder. All of a sudden I thought of that ship I had seen passing, and out I jumped from my bunk into my clothes, clapped on a sou'-wester, and made for the beach.

Heaven save us, what a night it was! You see the black rock out there, sir? Well, you've never seen that covered since you've been 'ere, I know, and you might stop for years and never see it covered; but that night the great black waves were heavin' right over the top, and bang across the jetty. The sky was just as black as ink, and the wind blowin' at last fit to wake the dead. By-and-by, crack, blaze, crack, went the lightnin', and boom, boom, boom, followed the thunder, the awful sound pealin' above our heads, and seemin' to roll away over that dreadful sea. Almost all the men and women in the place were on the beach, and even little chil'en 'ad crept away from home, and were clingin' to their mothers' gowns.

The first flash had showed us an awful sight -- a ship, part of 'er riggin' all entangled on 'er deck, driftin' straight on for the rocks. Nought on earth could help 'er--there she was--a noble, handsome craft, drivin' right ashore, drivin' fast and sure into the jaws of death! Only the Hand of God Itself put out from Heaven could keep 'er off. The women and chil'en were weepin'--weepin' for brave men to die, for sailors' wives to be made widows, and sailors' little ones made orphans that night; and many a man's true heart, as we stood there grimly silent, was wild with sorrow at its own helplessness.

Just as another flash of lightnin' lit up the scene, she struck with a great shiverin' shock; wild cries from the wreck were borne to the shore, and the women shuddered and fell on their knees, while from man to man went the question: "Can we do nothing--*nothing*--to help them now?" But what *could* we do? We hadn't got no life-boat then, sir, or no rockets or such-like apparatus, and we knowed that none of our boats could live in a sea like that; while as to swimming off to the wreck--no wonder that even brave hearts quailed a bit, though a rope 'ad been fetched, and was lying handy. All at once I heard a noise behind and turns round. A lot of lanterns had been lit, and I could see everything pretty plainly. Clingin' together in

the background was still the women and chill'en, between them and us was two of the parsons—the poetical one on 'is knees, and t'other one, 'is hat blown clean away and 'is buns all wisible, was 'oldin' on tight to a jetty post, and giving went to the doctrine that it was God Almighty's Will the poor fellows in the wreck should perish. As I said afore, every hale man in the place seemed on the beach; but I didn't see the young preacher chap of that evenin', as I found arterwards had gone to a farm a little way up country. But just as I was thinkin' of 'im I see 'im comin', makin' with quick, hasty strides towards the water. With a light spring he jumps down on to the beach and straight on, 'is mouth set firm and steady, and all 'is face glowin' with a light which wasn't on it in the pulpit—straight on, lookin' neither to port nor starboard, but straight forward.

"Stand aside, women!"

Calm and cool he orders them, and to right and left they scatter.

Straight on he comes—past the poetical parson on 'is knees, and the doctrinal one a-angin' to the jetty post—on to where we men was standin'—and then off he flings 'is hat and coat and boots, and takes 'old of the rope; as though in a moment he understands all. "Lads, bear a hand!"

But now we crowd round 'im, crying, "Sir, you shall not go!"

With 'is own hands he fixes on the rope to 'is body, wavin' us off as we press round 'im, and then givin' one look towards the wreck, and one look—bright and quick—up to heaven, he takes a step back, and then: "Stand aside, lads!"

With a great rush everybody presses forward to the water's edge, and with bated breath and strainin' eyes we watch the strugglin' swimmer. Beaten, buffeted, bruised, tossed hither and thither—can he ever reach the ship? To us on shore it seems impossible. But God Himself, sir, must have filled that brave young man with strength for 'is datin' deed—for see! strugglin' hard, though not so strongly as at first, for 'is limbs must be all numb and weary now, and perhaps even 'is heart is giving way—see, he 'is gettin' a little nearer. Nearer still—O God support 'im! Still nearer. Still a little nearer; and the poor foreign fellows on the "San Pedro" are crowdin' over the side, cheerin' 'im on with wild and thankful cries.

But we on shore are silent still, for our hearts are too full for word or shout. But at last we break that silence—break it with a shout I can almost hear yet—such a “Hurrah!” as I never heard afore or since—for at last the swimmer has reached the ship and a great wave flings ‘im almost on board; and we break out many hands stretched forth to help ‘im over the ship’s side. The women were cryin’ for joy now—ay, and even a rough fisher chap drewed ‘is sleeve across ‘is eyes to brush away ‘is tears he need never ha’ been ashamed of.

Well, sir, every man on that vessel, which turned out to be a London-bound Spaniard, was saved. One arter another they come ashore, and such a set out I never did see, for blest if they didn’t want to kiss and hug us though we ‘ad all been a parcel of women together.

Bruised and pale, with blood still a-tricklin’ from a great gash in ‘is head, where he must ha’ struck the rocks, at last there came ashore young Euston Brown, and men, women, and children, all eager to see ‘is face or touch ‘is hand, crowded round him.

“Lads,” says old Cockles, “I can’t say much, but what I do say is”—and he takes ‘old tight o’ young Brown’s hand—“God bless Our Minister!”

“Hooroar! God bless Our Minister!”

“Hooroar,” I yell, and then, dreadful excited, I walks up to the Reverend Hagermon Sydney Crackles, and I says: “Poetry be blessed! Hooroar!”

Just then I caught sight o’ that there Tubbs. He also were latounin’ under dreadful emotion. ‘is little fat body a-heavin’ and puffin’ and trenblin’. All of a sudden he starts for’ard, pantin’, and makin’ straight for poor Duster. He shakes ‘is little fist in the gentl’mann’s face, and holler.—“Doctrine be blowed!”

“God bless Our Minister, Hooroar!”

That was the way we elected a person that time, sir.

PETER BROWN'S WATCH.

My name is Brown, Peter Brown. Perchance some sympathatic face may light up with a smile of recognition: some of you may remember me. I have edited the public on several occasions—once particularly, when I fell into the Thames. But let that pass. I am a misunderstood

man. I was born to be the victim of circumstance, and the story I am about to relate is my last exemplification of that lamentable fact.

Some years ago my respected great-uncle made me a present of a watch—a silver one, weighing about half a pound. I was proud of that watch. It was a watch of no ordinary character. It had a method of keeping time that no other watch could approach in the slightest degree.

Many a time have I rushed off, breakfastless, to catch the train that was to bear me to the City by the accustomed hour in the morning, and discovered, on reaching the station, that, owing to the playful habits of that watch, I was an hour and twenty-five minutes too soon; and many a time have I, still cheerfully relying, with a touching and beautiful faith, on that watch, lingered affectionately over the morning rasher and the toast, and sauntered down to the station, to find that I was an hour and fifty minutes late. These occurrences on several occasions gave rise to complications, and involved me in many arguments of an unpleasant and painful character; but despite all the scornful imputations that were cast upon my favourite by those in the bosom of my family and others, I patiently bore with all its waywardness, and regarded its many startling deviations from the beaten track as the quaint eccentricities of an original genius. But alas for the stability of mundane things! A day came—a day that I shall ever remember with a sigh of regret—when that watch made a startling departure from its usual unconventional behaviour. What was the cause of the change I know not, it must ever be a mystery; but the deplorable fact remains, my watch began to keep absolutely correct time! Then, and only then, did my faith begin to waver; I began to have dismal forebodings of some impending catastrophe; my confidence in that watch grew gradually less, and at length the thunderbolt fell; my worst fears were realized: the firm, beautiful faith that had bound me to it for ten years was completely shattered—my watch stopped.

I used persuasive measures and the watch-key—in vain. It stopped at a quarter to six one morning, and it stolidly refused to go any further, and at a quarter to six the hands obstinately remained.

This dire occurrence had the effect of clouding my soul with a deep melancholy. I began to have a distaste for food. I took to absently drawing figures of watches on my blotting-pad at the office, until my employer told me of it in a most brutal and ungentlemanly manner. I frequently shed tears over my dinner; and my depression at length became so marked that Bulwinkle noticed it. Bulwinkle and I were bosom friends in those days. I had borne my grief in sad, uncomplaining silence. I had scorned to seek any one's pity. But Mr. Bulwinkle's alarm at my condition, and his brotherly expressions of sympathy, touched a tender chord in my heart, and I poured my sorrowful story into his sympathetic ear.

He listened patiently, and when I had finished, he took up and examined the cause of my grief. Then, to my astonishment, his face lit up with smiles, and he gave me a vigorous punch in the ribs. It was well meant, I know, but it was sudden; and it took my breath away, and made my eyes water.

"Why, it's all right, Peter, my boy!" he said, after I had somewhat recovered from the shock. "It's as simple as ABC. The oil in the works has corroded, and all you've got to do is to *bake it!*"

"Bake it?" I said, faintly. I had never heard of such an extraordinary method of curing the infirmities of a watch before, and I felt somewhat dubious.

But Bulwinkle is a scientific man, and I knew I could place dependence on his advice.

"All you've got to do," he said, briskly, "is to put it in the oven to-morrow morning, soon after the fire is lit, when there is not too much heat. Take it out again in about half an hour, and if it doesn't go like a steam-engine, why, call me the son of a gun!"

I thanked him, and promised I would try the experiment.

The next morning I arose early, and creeping downstairs before anyone else was up, affectionately placed that watch in a saucer and laid it in the oven. I did not wish the members of the household to know anything about it, because they did not understand my feelings, and were wont to scoff at my weakness for my uncle's present.

The fire was duly lit; time passed; and I was seated at breakfast, when suddenly the postman's knock came at the door. A letter for me.

It was from Belinda—my Belinda!—She tenderly informed me that she would meet me that afternoon—for it was Saturday, and I left my toil at two—and we would go for a trip down the Thames in a steamboat as far as Greenwich.

Greenwich! I was in raptures. I longed for two o'clock to come. I took my umbrella, and absently putting my hat on wrong side foremost, went out, and presently found myself in the City without remembering how I had got there, so absorbed was I in dreams of Belinda and Greenwich.

The morning flew rapidly on. I was working like a slave, to get everything finished early, when suddenly Bulwinkle—who is in the same office—nudged me and said, "Did you try that experiment with the watch?"

I sprang from my stool with a cry. Then I stood gazing at him in speechless horror as it flashed upon me—I had left my watch in the oven!

In a few moments I partially regained my presence of mind, and pulling a telegram-form out of my desk, wrote a few brief words thereon, and addressing it to my eldest sister, gave our office boy what in my hurry I took to be a shilling, and despatched him to the post office with it. Then I related the terrible event to Bulwinkle, and he laughed—he actually roared!

In five minutes that boy came back, and in a condition deplorable to contemplate. His coat was torn half-way down the back and covered with mud. His hands and face were also mud-bespattered, and the skin from the tip to the bridge of his nose was grazed off in a painful manner. I was inexpressibly shocked at his appearance; but that heartless fiend, Bulwinkle, burst out into another roar of laughter.

"If you please, sir," said the boy, beginning to howl in an alarming manner, "I trod on a piece of orange-peel, and fell into the gutter, and knocked my nose against the kerb-stone, and tore my coat, and lost the shilling down a sewer-grating!"

"Haven't you—haven't you taken the telegram?" I gasped.

"If you please, sir, I dropped it in the mud," he answered, howling louder than ever.

I frantically rushed out and tore off to the post office, and asking for a form, wrote out a telegram as follows: "My watch is in the oven; take it out;" and handing it to the young lady behind the desk, felt in my pocket for the money to pay for its transmission. I drew forth a solitary coin. Oh, my gracious goodness! It was a halfpenny.

And now the truth flashed upon me in all its hideous reality. I recollected that I had had but a sovereign and a halfpenny in my pocket, and in my agitation forgetting this, I had given the boy the sovereign without looking at it, mistaking it for a shilling, and he had lost it down the sewer!

And this was the day I was to take Belinda to Greenwich! I groaned.

In the meantime the young lady behind the desk had called another young lady, and they were indulging in what I considered disrespectful and unseemly mirth at the somewhat remarkable nature of my message. I endeavoured to explain. I implored her to trust me; but she was inexorable. She couldn't send the telegram without the money. I determined to smother my pride and go and solicit a loan from Bulwinkle.

But all this time my watch was in the oven; perhaps already a hopeless wreck! The thought was maddening. I rushed out into the street again, and was tearing along towards the office at full speed, when, just outside a large china shop, I suddenly came into collision with a man who was carrying a ladder over his shoulder. He stumbled and fell, and clutching me as he went, I fell on top of him, and the ladder went backwards.

I heard a terrible crash—and I was floundering about amongst fragments of broken glass and crockery. We had fallen upon a heap of goods placed outside the shop for show!

Ere I could recover my scattered senses, a rough hand grasped my arm, I was dragged to my feet, and a gruff voice exclaimed, "This is a pretty kettle of fish, young feller!" and I saw I was in the clutches of a policeman.

I was too bewildered to speak, and stood gazing wildly around and gasping incoherently.

The proprietor of the shop rushed out; a crowd collected. Then, to my horror, I saw that the ladder had gone through a large plate-glass window.

The man, with whom I had come into collision slowly picked himself up, and without saying a word, began to pick pieces of glass out of his fingers.

"He's drunk!" exclaimed the shopkeeper, pointing to me. "I saw him do it! There's ten pounds' worth of damage done."

"Drunk and disorderly," observed the constable, shaking me in a ferocious manner. "Charge him?"

"Oh, yes, I'll charge him," grimly replied the other; "and I'll also charge him with the cost of this 'ere little picnic."

In vain I remonstrated and offered to explain. The constable maintained an adamant stolidity, and marched me off towards the police-station, accompanied by the shopkeeper and the other man, and followed by a crowd of grinning, jeering urchins.

"It's fortunate for you that the beak's a-sittin'!" remarked the policeman as we entered the station, "or you'd have had free lodgings till Monday."

In a few minutes—ere I had time to realize the extent of the dire misfortune that had befallen me—I was placed in the dock, and stood trembling beneath the glance of a severe-looking old gentleman with a bald head and a wart on his nose, and with green spectacles obscuring his eyes.

They told him I was inebriated. The policeman said he believed I was a well-known character. I endeavoured to be calm. I tried to explain, and to reason mildly with the magistrate. I told him I was the victim of circumstances, I even shed tears. But, reader, weep with me! I—a respectable member of the community in a so-called free and enlightened country—was fined forty shillings and costs for being tipsy, and sentenced to pay ten pounds four and sevenpence-halfpenny for the damage; and I only had a halfpenny in the world!

I was compelled to adopt the terrible and humiliating course of sending to my employer for assistance. He paid the amount, and I am now refunding the same at the rate of two shillings per week out of my salary.

But all my wretched story is not yet told. When I arrived home, I found my watch—the cause of all my misfortune—still in the oven, reduced to a shapeless mass!

I failed to keep my appointment with Belinda. The whole

THE MAN IN THE FUSTIAN JACKET.

affair reached her ears. She considers that a young man whose salary is reduced two shillings per week, for a period extending over two and a half years, is not worthy of her young affection : so we have parted.

I never speak to Bulwinkle now. I wish I was dead.

(" Young Folks' Paper.")

Fred. R. Coulson.

THE MAN IN THE FUSTIAN JACKET.

IT is an excellent thing for a man to be diligent in what he undertakes. If business is to answer, it must be attended to. If a plan is to succeed, it must be followed up with spirit.

Soon after I came to live in this house, as I was painting the palisades of my little garden to the fresh, a man in a fustian jacket stopped at the gate. " You have a pretty little garden here, sir," said he, " and it looks all the better for the fresh paint on the palisades. I live just round the corner, and if you should ever want colours of any kind, I should be happy to supply you. I have ivory-black, drop-black, blue-black, and lamp-black ; very good browns, purple, Spanish, and Vandyke, and though I say it, nobody has better blues, ochres, and umbers. Those who deal with me say I'm famous for my gamboge, king's yellow, and chrome yellow ; and as for vermilion both English and Chinese, white lead and flake white, Brunswick-green, emerald-green, and mineral-green, there is none better than mine to be had."

No sooner had I told him that no colour of any kind was wanted by me, than he thanked me civilly, again spoke of my pretty garden, and went on. " I wish," thought I, rather hastily, " that he would keep his gamboge, king's yellow, and his vermilion to himself—what do I want with his colours ?"

The very next morning, as I stood in my little garden, again came by the man in the fustian jacket, carrying a large jar. " How nice and fresh the shower that fell in the night has made your garden, sir," said he ; " I am taking a jar of my neat's-foot oil to one of your neighbours. If anything in the oil way should at any time be wanted, lin-

seed or boiled, common train, seal, sperm, or Florence in flasks, I shall be happy to serve you ; I live only just round the corner."

"What does the man mean?" said I to myself, when he was gone, "pestering me with his linseed and boiled oil. I want none of it. I am not to be compelled against my will, I suppose, to buy his greasy oils. Why cannot the man keep quiet?"

"Rather warm, sir," said the man in the fustian jacket as he paused for a moment, on passing by in the middle of the same day. "Rather warm, sir! Not exactly the day for hot joints, but better suited for cold meat and pickles. I am running with a pot of pickles to the house with the green blinds yonder. If you are fond of pickles, sir, my capers and cucumbers would just suit you; but I have all sorts—olives, both French and Spanish; onions, gherkins, walnuts, French beans, cabbage, capsicums, and cauliflower. I live rather handy for you, sir—only three doors round the corner."

"Yes," thought I, "you live handy enough to torment me! One would think it would be quite time enough to tell me all about your capers and your cucumbers, your capsicums and your cauliflowers, when I ask you; but that will be some time first, I promise you." I began to be sadly out of temper.

On the evening of the same day, just as I was entering in at my garden gate, once more went by the man in the fustian jacket. "Almost time to light up, sir," said he; "I somehow forgot, when I was out with my basket this morning, to leave four pounds of moulds at one of my customer's, and so I am taking them now. If you should want candles of any kind, sir, you will find my store dips, fine wax, spermaceti, cocoa nut, composite, metallic wicks, excellent. Perhaps, sir, you will give me a trial some day; for I am, as I may say, a sort of neighbour of yours, my shop being only just round the corner."

Hardly could I keep my temper while he was talking to me, but when he was gone I gave way sadly. "He will be a daily plague to me," said I, "and I wish that I had never come into the neighbourhood, or that he and his tallow candles were a hundred miles off."

I was pulling up a weed or two on the following day in

my little garden, as Betty came out to the door with her broom to sweep the steps, and at the same instant I heard the voice of the man in the fustian jacket who, as usual, was on his way to take some article or other to his customers. "You deserve a garden, sir," said he, "for you keep it so nice and tidy. Your girl, there, knows how to handle a broom, I see. I sell brooms, sir, and brushes of all kinds; best shoe brushes in sets, scrubbing brushes, stone, furniture, tooth, clothes, and hat brushes, as well as thimble mops, and hump and wool mats. I supply every thing in the kitchen way; housewife's gloves, black-lead, servant's friend, bees'-wax, ~~butcher's~~ scouring paper, emery, fuller's-earth, whiting, pipeclay, paste in pots, hearthstones, knife bricks, mason's dust, firewood, and matches; I think I told you, sir, that I live just round the corner?"

"Yes, you did tell me," thought I, "and I have a great mind to tell you something. He really can stir out into my front garden without being annoyed with a long catalogue of oils, pickles, candles, and kitchen articles; but of one thing I am determined, that neither oil, pickle, nor candle, from your shop, shall ever come into my house."

From that time not a single day passed without my seeing, and hearing too, the man in the fustian jacket. He seemed not only always ready to catch me in my garden, but always ready to take advantage of any little circumstance that occurred. At one time, coming up as Betty brought in a fish, he thought it a very fine one, and told me that he kept the best of fish sauces, and, indeed, sauces of all kinds, anchovy, Burgess' essence, ketchup, mushroom, walnut, Indian soy, and currie powder; as well as all kinds of spices, nutmegs, cinnamon, pimento, cloves, ginger, mace; peppers, both black, cayenne, Chili, long, and white. At another time, when I had hung up my canary in the front, there he stood by the gate, calling it a pretty creature, and telling me that he sold bird-seeds of every sort, and birds' sand. On a third occasion, he overtook me just as I stepped across to the post office with a letter. "We are both on the same errand, sir," said he, "for I have a letter to put in the office myself. It was directed to my son. See, sir, what a beautiful hand he writes!" and then he failed not to tell me that he sold writing-paper, good ink, sealing-wax and wafers, and excellent black-lead pencils; not forgetting to remind me,

as before, that his shop was no distance from my house, being only just round the corner. In short, morning, noon, and night, when at home, in my garden, or walking abroad, I never seemed secure from having the man in the fustian jacket at my elbow. Again and again he enumerated the articles he sold, and again and again he informed me that he lived just round the corner.

Man is a changeable creature, and in many respects it is well that he is so; for if all his angry feelings and unjust opinions were to remain ever the same, he would be more unlovely than he now is. In my anger I thought unjustly of the man in the fustian jacket, but, in a little time, my anger passed away, for he turned out to be an honest, industrious, kind-hearted, and benevolent man. True it is that he pursued his business with more ardour than tradesmen usually do, but then he was attentive, punctual, and as upright in executing his orders as he was active in obtaining them. His perseverance prevailed. I tried him, made inquiries about him, liked him, and at last so heartily respected him that, from that time to this, all the colours, oil, pickles, candles, kitchen articles, sauces, spices, birdseed, writing-paper, ink, sealing wax, wafers, and blacklead pencils that I have required, have been bought of him; nor have I ever once regretted the circumstance of his shop being only three doors round the corner.

(Religious Tract Society.)

George Moggridge.

"MAD RYE'S SHADDER."

"**Y**ES, gents, I knew a bit about Mad Rye, the gambler." These words were said in a quiet tone, and every eye was turned to the speaker at once. He was a tall, wiry figure, though only a youth, with thin features and bony, nervous hands, one of which held a small derringer. He leant up against the side of the fireplace with a nonchalant air, and seemed to be very much at home.

We were a party of travellers, journeying to San Francisco by stage—for I am speaking now of many years ago. We had got as far as Whip Town (an almost identical name for a collection of six broken-down shanties and the remains of about a score more, and an "hotel"); and, then, by reason

of the badness of the roads which were encumbered with snowdrifts, the coach, being old and shaky, had broken down, and having no other alternative, we had resolved to stay at the "Whip-Tong Hotel" until means could be found for our continuing our journey. The hotel was a rambling, low lying, dilapidated affair altogether, with a multitude of broken windows, and with a look of ruin and desolation around it all.

It was ten o'clock. The wind was howling outside in the darkness, whirling the snow up into deep drifts, rattling the shaky windows, blustering against the doors, and shaking the shingles on the roof; and we, six in all, pulled up round the huge fire in the best room of the hotel (which was bad at that), resolved not to let anything hinder us in a quiet chat and an interchange of opinion on "local" affairs.

But something did hinder us.

The party was made up of two scouts, a medical friend, a miner, myself, and the bouchebant gentleman before described.

The miner had started a conversation about a noted gambler, who, about three years before, had strangely disappeared in the very neighbourhood in which we then were. He, by all accounts, had been a notorious robber, a reckless gambler, and if certain rumours were at all to be believed, his hands were not unstained by blood. He had taken to the roads at times, then to mining, spending his gains in gambling, and then the roads again.

The man with the derringer had not spoken until this conversation had begun, and then he had been very attentive, and at last had spoken out as described.

We all waited, expecting him to say more. He still continued to toy with that small weapon of his, and his grey, piercing eyes glanced at our countenances furtively and searchingly.

The wind howled round the house, shaking the wooden walls and blowing down the chimney into the fire in front of us, making the flames sparkle and leap.

At last he began in a quiet tone, which seemed suited to the feelings conjured up by the riot of the wind outside.

"Yes," said he, "I know Mad Rye, the gambler. He was called 'Mad Rye' because, when he was in a temper he looked more like a madman than anything else, and his

devilries, when he got raw-like that, were somethin' terrible. This house was wheer he used ter put up and live half his time, and was called then 'Madman's Bar,' because there was supposed ter be a madman keep it once on a time. There was a madmar kept it when Mad Rye played in it, for no one but a madman would ha' tried to play him. Anyway, the man who kept this place then was Ned Tuppit. He was a dare-devil sort o' fellow, but he had a good heart, too. He played Mad Rye many a time, but was always gittin' stumped. Mad Rye was too cute. One night, gents, Ned Tuppit bet one o' the miners that he wouldn't give in at a game till either he or Rye was clean plucked of everythin' they had; and he kept his word, for when he got up from that little bit o' play he didn't have anythin' ter call his own, even ter the bar, and everythin' had bin gambled away—clean gone.

"Well, gents, this Ned Tuppit, I've said, was a good-hearted chap—so he was. He'd dopted a young 'un, name o' Phil, out o' sheer kindness for the kid, and it warn't ter be s'rprised at that thet young 'un should ha' bin willin' ter lay down his very life for Ned, and he loved him as—Phaugh! don't let's git soft over it. Well, gents, as I was sayin', Ned got clean plucked, and so, like a man as he was, he went an' told Phil all, and thet they'd have ter git and work in the diggin's for their grub. This town, p'raps yer know, gents, had a rich lead of gold once; but it's cleared out now, and theer ain't many thet live here in the broken-down bits o' shanties that's left. Well, the youngen took it easy, and said he was ready for anythin'. But they didn't have ter turn out so quick as they thought, for thet very night Mad Rye skooted, nobody know'd wheer. The chaps in the diggin's had heerd a pistol-shot up the mountains behind yar, wheer it was s'posed he'd gone, and they kin across some blood pools next day, near the side of a devilish ugly gulch; but this was common, specially as he'd had a mighty heavy purse with 'im. Anyow, they warn't sorry, for he'd bin a very sure shot while he was alive, and in fact, gents, was a man sort o' made ter hold his own, as well as anythin' which wasn't his'n, but which he'd lifted. So the diggers warn't at all sorry, and there warn't much blubberin' over him."

Here the narrator paused and folded his arms across his

"MAD RYE'S SHADDER."

breast, and seemed to think. The room was only lighted by the fire on the hearth, which every now and then fitfully gleamed into flame and lighted the place for a moment, and then died away. The light from the red cinders shone on all our faces excepting his, and showed an expectant, listening look on them all. He was standing up, with his face in the shade. He had stood so all the time of his recital, saying his words as if he'd learnt them off by heart, and speaking in a low tone. He had been strangely affected when he spoke of the attachment of Phil to the older man. The wind was still blowing wildly and fitfully, rocking the pines outside and moaning through them, giving an awed feeling to me, seated there in the darkest room, listening to a tale of robbery and perhaps darker crimes. The moaning and wailing of the wind sounded full of portent to me.

"Mad Rye had a pard, a gambler, same as he, who he used ter call his 'Shadder,' because wheever Rye was, his 'Shadder' 'ud sure to be not fur behind, and if you'd had the choosin' of the greatest devil out of 'em, you'd choose the 'Shadder.' It warn't any what you call 'rumour' about his having nobbled any one, because he was one of the blood-thirstiest devils out and was always ready with the bowie. He was an Injun, who'd got all the devilments of his own tribe and every other sort o' tribe mixed up in him, as well as all the devilries of the whites. He called hisself 'Slyfoot'; we called him 'Red Devil.' He had the cunning' and cuteness of a fox, and 'ud ease yer of yer pipe in yer mouth without yer knowin' it, if yer warn't sharp. Same time as Rye went the 'Shadder' went too. Many chaps whispered that the Devil had killed his pardner, which warn't fur out, I guess—ay, gents, I'm sure of it.

"He hated Ned like snakes, 'cause he'd nearly landed him on Judge Lynch's tree once on a time, and he only waited his chance of puttin' daylight through him; but he didn't dare do anythin' in these diggin's, 'cause Ned was liked by all the chaps, and every one knew Red Devil didn't love him. Ned was a sort o' generous chap, and the Devil would let him tracked ter Doomsday if he dared ter touch him in the diggin's."

"Anyow, after Mad Rye had gone, old Ned Tuppit couldn't stay in this yer hole, some'ow. He got thin and pale, and lost all his pluck, and got snappish even with Phil

At last Phil got round the old man ter tell him what was up, and the old un told him after a bit that after that night, when Rye had gone, he'd had a sperit or somethink haunt him wheeriver he went. At first, he said, it was only when he was in the house, mostly at nights, that he heard a whisperin' near him, and when he went ter bed he couldn't sleep, because there was always some voice sayin' in a whisper somethin' he couldn't quite make out, 'cept some thin' like 'Mad Rye. Mad Rye.' Git out! git out! over and over agin! He kin to think it was Mad Rye's sperit to 'liu' him ter git out o' the bar, 'cause he'd gambled it away to him, and it warn't his'n. He'd often hunted round for it, though, in the middle o' the night, but couldn't see anythin'.

Then he said at last, he'd been ~~haunted~~ when out in the diggin's by somethin' 'em thrown at him, hittin' him on the face, but he found afterwards they were little lats o' clay. Any'ow, it was all very skeery, and the old chap was bein' worn out; so Phil spriced as he was at all this, kin ter the conclusion that it 'ud be better to let the old chap have his way, and leave the diggin's. So they did. They left the bar to a 'fres' chap, and went away to another diggin' in the next county, and got on mighty well; and him and Phil kin ter git a good pile o' nuggits atween em. That Red Devil hadn't done wi' them yit, though. He'd got ~~out~~ out o' the diggin's by hidin' behind the walls of his room, and whisperin' atween the logs, and sich like, which he knew 'ud frighten a poor devil of a miner out of his wits. Well, Red Devil hadn't done with 'im, as I said—more he hadn't. He tracked him into his diggin's, sneaked round the old man's cabin, and prospected the little pile he had, and then—"

The narrator stopped again and held up his head and listened for one moment. In that moment there was a hush in the roaring wind outside, and a deep, solemn silence reigned, and in that moment there was distinctly heard a rustling or some slight noise outside the window, which was opposite the fire and at our backs, but at which the man with the derringer was looking with an eager face and listening attitude. Then he went on hurriedly, in a whispering tone, as if almost he was speaking to himself.

"One night Phil found his old partner outside his cabin, nearly buried in the snow, which was covered in blood

around him. His pile was gone, and his life was going too. He'd lin shot in the back by the blackest coward on the 'arth. He turned his face to Phil—he knew Phil well enough, though he was nigh gone—and said, in a whisper, 'Phil, lad good bye—old sonny—I'm run out. The streak o' bad luck's come. Red Devil done it. Good-bye! Oh—Lord—have - -' Then he died with a prayer on his sinful lips, and his kind old eyes shut up—dead!

"In this house, on this very night a year ago, Red Devil, the blackest coward on this 'arth, nigh paid his reckonin' with a bullet in him.

"On this very night, at this moment, somethin',—p'raps it's Ned—tells me there is somethin' goin' ter 'appen, and I know it. The 'Shudder's' kin!"

Even as he spoke, the firelight gleamed out bright and strong for one instant, the flash of two polished barrels passed within the light one at the window and one near us. two whiplike reports, almost instantaneous, rang through the room; a sound of crashing glass, a yell that surged up with the shriek of the wind, and a dull thud outside the window, were heard, and a low voice by our side, out of the smoke, came to our ears, and said—

"Ned, Ned, I'm comin'! I'm comin'! Mad Rye! 'Shudder's' laid low, and poor Ned—'is——"

A groan, and a sound of something splashing, *splashing*, on the floor by our side, and the man who had been the avenger fell prone forward—dead!

("Young Folks' Paper.")

Kwill.

THE BOUQUET.

"HELEN'S BABIES."

THAT afternoon I devoted to making a bouquet for Miss Mayton, and a most delightful occupation I found it.

At length it was finished, but my delight suddenly became clouded by the dreadful thought, "What will folks say!" Upon the discretion of Mike, the coachman, I could safely rely. I had seen in one of the library drawers a small paste-board box, shaped like a bandbox—doubtless that would hold it. I found the box—it was just

the size I needed. I dropped my card into the bottom—no danger of a lady not finding the card accompanying a gift of flowers,—neatly fitted the bouquet in the centre of the box, and went in search of Mike. He winked cheerfully as I explained the nature of his errand, and he whispered:

"I'll do it as clane as a whistle, yer honour. Mistre Clarkson's cook an' meself understand each other, an' I'm used to going up the back way."

"Very well, Mike; here's a dollar for you; you'll find the box on the hat-rack in the hall."

Half an hour later, while I sat in my chamber window, reading, I beheld Mike, cleanly shaved, dressed and brushed, swinging up the road, with my box balanced on one of his enormous hands. With a head full of pleasing fancies, I went down to supper. My new friends were unusually good. Their ride seemed to have toned down their boisterousness and elevated their little souls; their appetites exhibited no diminution of force, but they talked but little, and all they said was smart, funny, or startling—so much so that when, after supper, they invited me to put them to bed, I gladly accepted the invitation. Toddie disappeared somewhere, and came back very disconsolate.

"Can't find my dolly's k'adle," he whined.

"Never mind, old pot," said I, soothingly. "Uncle will ride you on his foot."

"But I want my dolly's k'adle," said he piteously, rolling out his lower lip.

"Toddie, don't you want to ride on uncle's back?"

"No; want my dolly's k'adle."

"Don't you want me to tell you a story?"

For a moment Toddie's face indicated a terrible internal conflict between old Adam and Mother Eve, but curiosity finally overpowered natural depravity, and Toddie muttered, "Yesh."

"Do you know what the war was?" I asked.

"Oh, yes," said Budge, "papa was there, an' he's got a sword; don't you see it, hangin' up there?"

Yes, I saw it, and the difference between the terrible field where last I saw Tom's sword in action, and this quiet room where it now hung, forced me into a reverse from which I was aroused by Budge remarking:

"Ain't you goin' to tell us one?"

"O yes, Budge. One day while the war was going on, there was a whole lot of soldiers going along a road, and they were as hungry as they could be; they hadn't had anything to eat that day."

"Why didn't they go into the houses, and tell the people they was hungry? That's what I do when I goes along roads."

"Because the people in that country didn't like them: the brothers and papas and husbands of those people were soldiers too; but they didn't like the soldiers I told you about first, and they wanted to kill them."

"I don't think they were a bit nice," said Budge, with considerable decision.

"Well, the first soldiers wanted to kill *them*, Budge."

"Then they was *all* bad, to want to kill each other."

"Oh, no, they weren't; there were a great many real good men on both sides."

Poor Budge looked sadly puzzled, as he had an excellent right to do so, since the wisest and best men are sorely perplexed by the nature of warlike feeling.

"Both parties of soldiers were on horseback," I continued, "and they were near each other, and when they saw each other, they made their horses run fast, and the bugles blew, and the soldiers all took their swords out to kill each other with, when just then a little boy, who had been out in the woods to pick berries for his mamma, tried to run across the road, and caught his toe some way, and fell down and cried. Then somebody hallooed, 'Halt!' very loud, and all the horses on one side stopped, and then somebody else hallooed 'Halt!' and a lot of bugles blew, and every horse on the other side stopped, and one soldier jumped off his horse and picked up the little boy—he was only about as big as you, Budge—and tried to comfort him; and then a soldier from the other side came up to look at him, and then more soldiers came from both sides to look at him; and when he got better and walked home, the soldiers all rode away, because they didn't feel like fighting just then."

"O, Uncle Harry! I think it was an awful good soldier that got off his horse to take care of that poor little boy."

"Do you, Budge?—who do you think it was?"

"I dunno."

"It was your papa."

THE BOUTIQUE.

"Oh--h--h--h--h!" If Tom could have but seen the expression upon his boy's face as he prolonged this exclamation, his loss of one of the grandest chances a cavalry officer ever had, would not have seemed so great to him as it had done for years. He seemed to take in the story in all its bearings, and his great eyes grow in depth as they took on the far-away look which seemed too earnest for the strength of an earthly being to support.

But Toddie--he who a fond mamma thought endowed with art sense--Toddie had throughout my recital the air of a man who was musing on some affair of his own, and Budge's exclamation had hardly died away when Toddie commenced to weave aloud an extravaganza wholly his own.

"When I was a soldier," he remarked, very gravely, "I had a coat an' a hat on, an' a muff, an' a little knake wound my neck to keep me warm, an' it rained, an' hailed, an' stormed, an' I felt bad, so I fwhallowed a sword, an' burned me all down dead."

"And how did you get here?" I asked, with interest proportioned to the importance of Toddie's last clause.

"Oh, I got up from the burn-down dead, an' *came* right here. An' I want my dolly's k'adle."

O persistent little dragon! If you were of age, what a fortune you might make in business!

"Uncle Harry, I wish my papa would come home right away," said Budge.

"Why, Budge?"

"I want to love him for bein' so good to that poor little boy in the war."

"Unken Hawwy, I wants my dolly's k'adle, tause my dolly's in it, an' I want to shce her:" thus spake Toddie.

"Don't you think the Lord loved my papa awful much for doin' that sweet thing, Uncle Harry?" asked Budge.

"Yes, old fellow, I feel sure that he did."

"Lord lovesh my papa vawy much, so I love ze Lord vawy much," remarked Toddie. "An' I wants my dolly's k'adle an' my dolly."

"Toddie, I don't know where either of them are--I can't find them now--do wait till morning, then Uncle Harry will look for them."

A knock at the door interrupted me. "Come in!" I shouted.

THE BOUQUET.

In stepped Mike, with an air of the greatest secrecy, handed me a letter and the identical box in which I had sent the flowers to Miss Mayton. What *could* it mean? I hastily opened the envelope, and at the same time Toddie shrieked:

"Oh, darsh my dolly's k'adle—dare tizh!" snatched and opened the box, and displayed—his doll! My heart sickened, and did not regain its strength during the perusal of the following note:—

"Miss Mayton herewith returns to Mr. Barton the package which just arrived, with his card. She recognizes the contents as a portion of the apparent property of one of Mr. Barton's nephews, but is unable to understand why it should have been sent to her.

"June 30, 1875."

"Toddie," I roared, as my younger nephew caressed his loathsome doll, and murmured endearing words to it, "where did you get that box?"

"On the hat-wack," replied the youth, with perfect fearlessness. "I keep it in ze book-case drawer, an' somebody took it 'way an' put nasty ole flowers in it."

"Where are those flowers?" I demanded.

Toddie looked up with considerable surprise, but promptly replied:

"I froed 'em away—don't want no ole flowers in my dolly's k'adle. That's ze way she works—see!" And this horrible little destroyer of human hopes rolled that box back and forth with the most utter unconcern, as he spoke endearing words to the substitute for my beautiful bouquet.

Under my stern glance, Toddie gradually lost interest in his doll and its cradle, and began to thrust forth and outward his piteous lower lip, and to weep copiously.

"Dee Lord not make me sho bad," he cried through his tears. Toddie even retired to a corner, and hid his face in self-imposed penance.

"Never mind, Toddie," said I sadly; you didn't mean to do it, I know."

"I wantsh to love you," sobbed Toddie.

"Well, come here, you poor little fellow," said I.

Toddie came to my arms, shed tears freely upon my shirt-front, and finally, after heaving a very long sigh, remarked:

"Wantsh *you* to love *me*."

I complied with his request. Theoretically, I had long

believed that the higher wisdom of the Creator was most frequently expressed through the medium of His most innocent creations. Surely here was a confirmation of my theory, for who else had ever practically taught me the duty of the injured one towards his offender? I kissed Toddie and petted him, and at length succeeded in quieting him; his little face, in spite of much dirt and many tear-stains, was upturned with more of beauty in it than it ever held when its owner was full of joy; he looked earnestly, confidently, into my eyes, and I congratulated myself upon the perfection of my forgiving spirit, when Toddie suddenly re-exhibited to me my old unregenerate nature, and the incompleteness of my forgiveness, by saying:

"Kish my dolly too."

John Hubberton.

THE CARPENTER.

LAST week a draper deemed it good that he should have a partition put up in the back part of his shop, and so he sent for old Chips, the carpenter, to come and see about it. In the fulness of time Chips put in an appearance with a lot of sawdust in his hair and a two-foot rule in his pocket, and he sounded the plaster with his knuckles, and measured the length and height of the prospective partition, and talked technically regarding studding and braces. "Well, what'll it cost?" demanded the draper. Chips said it was that kind of work that you could hardly tell, and then he took off his hat, got down on his hands and knees, and squinted along the floor to see if it was level. Then he said it would be an ugly job, and told the man to have everything moved out of the way, and he would send two men down in the morning.

The draper, being in a hurry on account of the spring trade, put all his men to work that evening, and had the goods moved; but in the morning the men didn't come, and the goods were put back again. The next morning two men dawdled into the shop with two baskets of tools. One was a big man with a dirty face, and the other a little man with hands like a nutmeg grater. They set down a trestle, while the drapers again wrestled with the goods, and as this

was going on, the little man remarked that he would bet them suppose you know, wasn't perpendicular—they leaned too much towards Market Street. The big man didn't think so. He would bet drinks they leaned toward Wood Street. Then the big man got a plumb-bob, and the little man procured a spirit-level, and they fought and wrangled over the point at issue until the appearance of the owner of the shop, when they began to work. The little man measured the length of the partition, and, to make sure, the big man also measured it, and said it was right. This recalled a reminiscence to the mind of the big man, and he asked his partner if he remembered the time they made a botch out of a job for old Janey by getting the wrong measure. Then each one put his foot upon the trestle, and they talked about old Janey until they were recalled to a sense of their duty by hearing the clock strike nine. Upon becoming aware of this, Mr. Chips' men began dragging in a lot of timber leisurely. The big man picked up a board, laid it on the trestles, produced a chalk line, made a cut in the end of the board with a saw, and felt in his vest pocket for a piece of chalk. Then he laid down the line, and felt in his other pockets. The little man, who had sat down to take a rest, felt in his pockets, but there was no chalk; and he went to the shop for some, while the other sat down to rest. When the man returned, about ten o'clock, they proceeded to work in style which caused the draper to groan in agony of soul; and about twelve o'clock the big man drove the end of a board into the stomach of old Mr. Piper, one of the draper's best customers, who laid across the counter gasping for breath for five minutes before anybody noticed him. Upon recovering, he threw down the bundle of goods he had purchased, and left in disgust. But this did not disturb Mr. Chips' men, and they drove nails and whistled, and put up the partition to suit themselves, and not according to the draper's orders. They said if they put it up in that way it would be wopsy-jawed; and the draper went into his office and tore his hair, and wondered if he had lived in vain. This sort of thing went on for a week, and then the little man and the big man packed up their tools, and went away, and Chips came around and looked at the job. The draper thought it would cost him about £2, but Chips said it would cost him £12 10s.

The draper danced around, and asked Chips why he didn't charge £100, but Chips had dealt with unreasonable men, and he merely picked a little piece of glue out of his whiskers, and suggested that the draper needed another partition on the other side of the shop. Upon hearing this, the victim was so thoroughly exasperated as to be speechless, and while he was glaring at Chips in astonishment, that person left his bill and--the shop.

HOW RUBINSTEIN PLAYED THE PIANO.

"JUD, they say you have heard Rubinstein play, when you were in New York?"

"I did, in the 'cool."

"Well, tell us all about it."

"What! me? I might's well tell you about the creation of the world."

"Come now; no mock modesty. Go ahead."

"Well, sir, he had the biggest, cattycornerdest manner you ever laid eyes on; somethin' like a distracted billiard-table on three legs. The lid was hoisted, and mighty well it was. If it hadn't, he'd a tore the intire sides clean out, and scattered them to the four winds of heaven."

"Played well, did he?"

"You bet he did; but don't interrupt me. When he first sat down he 'peared to 'pear mighty little 'bout playin', and wish't he hadn't come. He tweedle-oddled a little on the trille, and twoodle-oddled some on the bass--just foolin' and boxin' the thing's jaws for bein' in his way. And I says to the man settin' next to me, s' I, 'What sort of fool-playin' is that?' And he says, 'Hush!' But presently his hands began chasin' one 'nother up and down the keys, like a parcel of rats scamperin' through a garret very swift. Parts of it was sweet, though, and reminded me of a sugar-squirrel turning the wheel of a candy-cage."

"Now, I says to my neighbour, 'he's a showin' off. He thinks he's a doin' of it, but he ain't got no idee, no plan of nothin'. If he'd play a tune of some kind 'nother I'd--"

"But my neighbour says 'Heigh!' very impatient."

"I was just about to get up and go home, bein' tired of that foolishness, when I heard a little bird making away off in the woods, and callin' sleepy-like to his mate, and I looked

up, and I see that Rubin was beginnin' to take some interest in his business, and I set down agin. It was the peep of the day. The light came faint from the east, the breeze blowed gentle and fresh, some birds waked up in the orchard, then some more in the trees near the house, and all begun singin' together. People began to stir and the gal opened the shutters. Just then the first beam of the sun fell upon the blossoms a leetle more, and it techt the roses on the bushes, and the next thing it was the broad day: the sun fairly blazed, the birds sang like they'd split their throats; all the leaves were movin' and flashin' diamonds of dew, and the whole wide world was bright and happy as a king. Seemed to me like there was a good breakfast in every house in the land, and not a sick child or woman anywhere. It was a fine mornin'.

"And I says to my neighbour, 'That's music, that is.'"

"But he glanced at me like he'd cut my throat."

"Presently the wind turned; it began to thicken up, and a kind of thick grey mist came over things; I got low-spirited directly. Then a silver rain began to fall. I could see the drops touch the ground, some flashed up like long pearl ear-rings, and the rest rolled away like rubies. It was pretty, but melancholy. Then the pearls gathered themselves into long strands and necklaces, and then they melted into thin silver streams running between golden gravels, and then the streams joined each other at the bottom of the hill, and made a brook that flowed silent, except that you could kinder see music, especially when the bushes on the bank moved as the music went along down the valley. I could smell the flowers in the meadow. But the sun didn't shine nor the birds sing; it was a foggy day, but not cold. The most curious thing was the little white angel boy, like you see in pictures, that run ahead of the music brook, and led it on and on, away out of the world, where no man ever was—I never was, certain. I could see the boy just as plain as I see you. Then the moonlight came, without any sunset, and shone on the graveyards, over the wall, and between the black sharp-top trees splendid marble houses rose up, with fine ladies in the lift-up windows, and men that loved 'em, but niver got a-nigh 'em, and played on guitars under the trees, and made me that miserable I could a-cried, because I wanted to love somebody, I don't know who, better than the men with guitars did. Then the sun went down, it got

dark, the wind moaned and wept like a lost child for its dead mother, and I could a-got up and there and then preached a better sermon than any I ever listened to. There wasn't a thing in the world left to live for—not a single thing; and yet I didn't want the music to stop one bit. It was happier to be miserable than to be happy without being miserable. I couldn't understand it. I hung my head and pulled out my han'kerchief, and blowed my nose well to keep from cryin'. My eyes is weak anyway; I didn't want anybody to be a gazin' at me a snivelin', and it's nobody's business what I do with my nose. It's mine. But several glared at me as mad as Tucker. Then all of a sudden old Rubin changed his tune. He rip'd and he rar'd, he tip'd and he tar'd, and he charged like the grand entry at a circus. 'Peared to me that all the gas in the house was turned on at once, things got so bright, and I hilt up my head ready to look at any man in the face, and not afeard of nothin'. It was a circus, and a brass band, and a big ball, all going on at the same time. He hit into them keys like a thousand of bricks; he gave 'em no rest, day nor night; he set every livin' joint in me a goin', and not bein' able to stand it no longer, I jump't, sprang into my seat, and jest hollered—

“Go it, my Rube!”

“Every man, woman, and child in the house riz on me, and shouted, ‘Put him him out! Put him out!’”

“Put your great-grandmother's grizzly gray greenish cat into the middle of next month,” I says, ‘Tech me if you dare! I paid my money, and you jest come a-nigh me!’”

“With that several policemen ran up, and I had to simmer down. But I would a fit any fool that laid hands on me, for I was bound to hear Rube out or die.

“He had changed his tune again.” He hopt-light ladies, and tip-toed fine from end to end of the key-board. He played soft, and low and solemn. I heard the church bells over the hills. The candles in heaven were lit one by one; I saw the stars rise. The great organ of eternity began to play from the world's end to the world's end; and the angels went to prayers. . . . Then the music changed to water, full of feeling that couldn't be thought, and began to drop—drip, drop, drip, drop—clear and sweet, like tears of joy fallin' into a lake of glory. It was as sweet as a sweetheart sweetn'd with white sugar, mixed with powdered

silver and seed diamonds. It was too sweet. I tell you, the audience cheered. Rubin, he kinder bowed, like he wanted to say, 'Much obleeged, but I'd rather you wouldn't interrupt me.'

"He stopped a minute or two to fetch breath. Then he got mad. He runs his fingers through his hair, he shoved up his sleeve, he opened his coat-tails a leetle further, he drug up his stool, he leaned over, and, sir, he just went for that old pianner. He slapt her face, he boxed her face, he pulled her nose, he pinched her ears, and he scratched her cheek till she fairly yelled. - He knock'd her down, and he stamp't on her shameful. She bellowed like a bull, she bleated like a calf, she shrieked like a rat, and then he wouldn't let her up. He ran a quarter stretch down the low grounds of the bass, till he got clean into the bowels of the earth, and you heard thunder galloping after thunder, through the hollows and caves of perdition, and then he fox-chased his right hand with his left till he got away out of the treble into the clouds, where the notes was finer than the pints of cambric needle - and you couldn't hear nothin' but the shadders of 'em. And then he wouldn't let the old pianner go. He for'ard two'd, he cross't over first gentleman, he cross't over first lady, he balanced two pards, he chassede right and left, back to your places, he all hands'd aroun', ladies to the right, promenade all, in and out, here and there, back and forth, up and down, perpetual motion, doubled and twisted and turned and tacked and tangled into forty-seven thousand double-bow knots.

"It was a mistery. And then he won'dn't let the old pianner go. He fecht up his right wing, he fecht up his left wing, he fecht up his centre, he fecht up his reserves. He fired by file, he fired by platoons, by company, by regiments, by brigades. He opened his cannon, siege guns down thar, Napoleon here, twelve pounders yonder, big guns, little guns, middle-size guns, round shot, shells, shrapnels, grape, canister, mortars, mines and magazines, every livin' battery and bomb agoin' at the same time. The house trembled, the lights danced, the walls shuk, the floor come up, the ceilin' come down, the sky split, the ground rock't - heaven and earth, creation, sweet potatoes, Moses, ninpences, glory, tenpenny nails, my Mary Ann, Hallelujah, Sampson in a simon tree, Jerusalem, Tump Thompson in a tumbler

cart, riddle-oddle-oodle-iddle-oodle-riddle-uddle-iddle-uddle-
radlle-addle-uddle-iddle-riddle-iddle-iddle-iddle-ettle-ettle-
ettle-ettle-p-r-r-r-r-lang ! per lang ! per lang ! p-r-r-r-r-lang !
Bang !

"With that bang he lifted himself bodily into the air, and he come down with his knees, his ten fingers, his ten toes, his elbows, and his nose, striking every single military key on that pianer at the same time. The thing busted and went off into seventeen hundred and fifty-seven thousand five hundred and forty two hemi-demi-semi quavers, and I know'd no mo'."

Adams.

A JESTER'S ESSAY ON FOOLS.

THERE never was a character on the great Stage of life, or the drama, so much misunderstood as the one I am endeavouring to portray. It is generally supposed that the clown, or the fool of the olden time was a low, illiterate buffoon, who delighted to throw his limbs into horrible contortions, to wallow out his tongue and roll his eyes, and, as Shakespeare says, "commit such fantastic tricks before high heaven as to make the angels weep." But such is not the fact. The fool of the ancient day was a scholar, and a gentleman, when the kings and queens of his country could neither read nor write. Besides this, the clown or fool had a higher and nobler province. He was the pioneer of human intelligence and manly independence. It was he who first stood up for the down-trodden rights and privileges of the great human family. You see the fool was kept by kings, queens, and courts, to amuse them in their hours of leisure ; and it was he who, under the garb of laughter, dared to toll those wholesome truths to the very teeth of tyrants that greater men would have lost their heads for. But now, "Othello's occupation's gone." It is no use being a fool now-a-days—not it, indeed ! Five hundred years ago—that was the time to be a fool. In those days fools were great men ; but things are altered now, for great men are fools. In the olden times fools were well paid ; but now, like every other trade, profession, or business, there is so much opposition, and so many people make fools of themselves for nothing, that the trade is not worth following. Now, Shakespeare says, "Let

MY EDITING.

me play the fool with mirth and laughter; let old wrinkles come; and rather let my liver heat with wine, than my heart cool with mortifying groans." Now, there is no reason for being a fool; but the generality of fools are fools because they have no reason. But I am a fool, and I give you a reason for being a fool. Consequently, being a fool, and having a reason, I am a reasonable fool. But there are so many kinds of fools. There are fools in their own right and fools in their own wrong. There are fools for nothing, and there are fools for interest. Now, I am a fool for interest—that is, I am a fool, and I find it to my interest to be a fool. Therefore, being a fool, and having an interest, I ought to be considered ~~as~~ interested and an interesting fool. At the same time I must be a fool for principle, because if I had no principal, I could have no interest, because interest is derived from principal. And when I show I have an interest, that proves I have a principle; consequently I am a principled fool. But there are old fools and young fools; satirical fools and drunken fools—who are the worst of all fools. Yes, if I had a voice that would echo from hill to hill, and vibrate through every valley, I would cry aloud, without the fear of contradiction, that drunken fools are the worst of all fools—except teetotal fools. That reminds me of what I saw in Manchester the other day. In the gutter I saw a pig; in the other the countenance of a man. The pig was sober, the man was drunk. The pig had a ring in his nose, the other animal had one on his finger. The pig grunted; so did the man; and I said aloud, "We are known by the company we keep," and the pig heard me, and walked away, ashamed to be seen in the company of the drunken man. Shakespeare says, "All's well that ends well," so I finish with the pig, because I think the tale ends well when there is a pig at the end of it.—*Era*.

MY EDITING.

I DID not take the temporary editorship of an agricultural paper without misgivings. Neither would a landsman take command of a ship without misgivings. But I was in circumstances that made the salary an object. The regular editor of the paper was going off for a holiday, and I accepted the terms he offered, and took his place.

The sensation of being at work again was luxurious, and I wrought all the week with unflagging pleasure. We went to press, and I waited a day with some solicitude to see whether my effort was going to attract any notice. As I left the office, toward sundown, a group of men and boys at the foot of the stairs dispersed with one impulse, and gave me passage-way, and I heard one or two of them say, "That's him!" I was naturally pleased by this incident. The next morning I found a similar group at the foot of the stairs, and scattered couples and individuals standing here and there in the street, and over the way, watching me with interest. The group separated and fell back as I approached, and I heard a man say, "Look at his eye!" I pretended not to observe the notice I was attracting, but secretly I was pleased with it, and was purposing to write an account of it to my aunt. I went up the short flight of stairs, and heard cheery voices and a ringing laugh as I drew near the door, which I opened, and caught a glimpse of two young rural-looking men, whose faces blanched and lengthened when they saw me, and then they both plunged through the window with a great crash. I was surprised.

In about half-an-hour an old gentleman, with a flowing beard and a fine but rather austere face, entered, and sat down at my invitation. He seemed to have something on his mind. He took off his hat and set it on the floor, and got out of it a red silk handkerchief and a copy of our paper.

He put the paper on his lap, and, while he polished his spectacles with his handkerchief, he said, "Are you the new editor?"

I said I was.

"Have you ever edited an agricultural paper before?"

"No," I said, "this is my first attempt."

"Very likely. Have you had any experience in agriculture practically?"

"No, I believe I have not."

"Some instinct told me so," said the old gentleman, putting on his spectacles and looking over them at me with asperity, while he folded his paper into a convenient shape.

"I wish to read you what must have made me have that

instinct. It was this editorial. Listen, and see if it was you that wrote it:—

“ ‘Turnips should never be pulled, it injures them. * It is much better to send a boy up and let him shake the tree.’

“Now what do you think of that—for I really suppose you wrote it.”

“Think of it? Why, I think it is good. I think it is sense. I have no doubt that every year millions and millions of bushels of turnips are spoiled in this township alone by being pulled in a half-ripe condition, when, if they had sent a boy up to shake the tree ——”

“Shake your grandmother! Turnips don’t grow on trees!”

“Oh, they don’t, don’t they? Well, who said they did? The language was intended to be figurative, wholly figurative. Anybody that knows anything will know that I meant that the boy should shake the vine.”

Then this old person got up and tore his paper all into small shreds, and stamped on them, and broke several things with his cane, and said I did not know as much as a cow; and then went out and banged the door after him, and, in short, acted in such a way that I fancied he was displeased about something. But, not knowing what the trouble was, I could not be any help to him.

Pretty soon after this, a long cadaverous creature, with lanky locks hanging down to his shoulders, and a week’s stubble bristling from the hills and valleys of his face darted within the door, and halted motionless, with finger on lip, and head and body bent in listening attitude. No sound was heard. Still he listened. No sound. Then he turned the key in the door, and came elaborately tiptoeing toward me till he was within long reaching distance of me, when he stopped, and after scanning my face with intense interest for a while, drew a folded copy of our paper from his bosom, and said—

“There, you wrote that. Read it to me, quick! Relieve me. I suffer.”

I read as follows: and as the sentences fell from my lips I could see the relief come, I could see the drawn muscles relax, and the anxiety go out of the face, and rest and peace steal over the features like the merciful moonlight over a desolate landscape:—

“ ‘The guano is a fine bird, but great care is necessary in

rearing it. It should not be imported earlier than June or later than September. In the winter it should be kept in a warm place, where it can hatch out its young.

"It is evident that we are to have a backward season for grain. Therefore, it will be well for the farmer to begin setting out his cornstalks and planting his buckwheat cakes in July instead of August.

"Concerning the pumpkin.—This berry is a favourite with the natives of the interior of New England, who prefer it to the gooseberry for the making of fruit cake, and who likewise give it the preference over the raspberry for feeding cows, as being more filling and fully as satisfying. The pumpkin is the only esculent of the orange family that will thrive in the North, except the gourd and one or two varieties of the squash. But the custom of planting it in the front yard with the shrubbery is fast going out of vogue, for it is now generally conceded that the pumpkin as a shade-tree is a failure.

"Now, as the warm weather approaches, and the ganders begin to spawn —"

The excited listener sprang toward me, to shake hands, and said —

"There, there, that will do! I know I am all right now, because you have read it just as I did, word for word. But, stranger, when I first read it this morning I said to myself, 'I never, never believed it before, notwithstanding my friends kept me under watch so strict, but now I believe I am crazy;' and with that I fetched a howl that you might have heard two miles, and started out to kill somebody—because, you know, I knew it would come to that sooner or later, and so I might as well begin. I read one of them paragraphs over again, so as to be certain, and then I burned my house down and started. I have crippled several people, and have got one fellow up a tree, where I can get him if I want him. But I thought I would call in here as I passed along, and make the thing perfectly certain; and now it is certain, and I tell you it is lucky for the chap that is in the tree. I should have killed him, sure, as I went back. Good-bye, sir, good-bye; you have taken a great load off my mind. My reason has stood the strain of one of your agricultural articles, and I know that nothing can ever upset it now. Good-bye, sir."

I felt a little uncomfortable about the cripplings and arson's this person had been entertaining himself with, for I could not help feeling remotely accessory to them; but these thoughts were quickly banished, for the regular editor walked in! I thought to myself, Now, if you had gone to Egypt as I recommended you to, I might have had a chance to get my hand in; but you wouldn't do it, and here you are. I sort of expected you.

The editor was looking sad and perplexed and dejected.

He surveyed the wreck which that old rioter and these two young farmers had made, and then said, "This is a sad business—a very sad business. There is the mucilage bottle broken, and six panes of glass, and a spittoon and two candlesticks. But that is not the worst. The reputation of the paper is injured, and permanently, I fear. True, there never was such a call for the paper before, and it never sold such a large edition or soared to such celebrity; but does one want to be famous for lunacy, and prosper upon the infirmities of his mind? My friend, as I am an honest man, the street out here is full of people, and others are roosting on the fences, waiting to get a glimpse of you, because they think you are crazy. And well they might, after reading your editorials. They are a disgrace to journalism. Why, what put it into your head that you could edit a paper of this nature? You do not seem to know the first rudiments of agriculture. You speak of a furrow and a harrow as being the same thing; you talk of the moulting season for cows; and you recommend the domestication of the polecat, on account of its playfulness and its excellence as a ratter. Your remark that clams will lie quiet if music be played to them was superfluous, entirely superfluous. Nothing disturbs clams. Clams *always* lie quiet. Clams are nothing whatever about music. Ah, heavens and earth, friend! if you had made the acquiring of ignorance the study of your life you could not have graduated with higher honour than you could to-day. I never saw anything like it. Your observation that the horse-chestnut as an article of commerce is steadily gaining in favour, is simply calculated to destroy this journal. I want you to throw up your situation and go. I want no more holiday—I could not enjoy it if I had it. Certainly not with you in my chair. I would always stand in dress.

of what you might be going to recommend next. It makes me lose all patience every time I think of your discussing oyster-beds under the head of 'Landscape Gardening.' I want you to go. Nothing on earth could persuade me to take another holiday. 'Oh, why didn't you tell me you didn't understand agriculture.'

Mark Twain.

THE WOODEN LEG.

(From *Elbow Room*.)

MR. BROWN, you don't want to buy a first-rate wooden leg, do you? I've got one that I've been wearing for two or three years, and I want to sell it. I'm hard up for money; and although I'm attached to that leg, I'm willing to part with it, so's I kin get the necessaries of life. Legs are all well enough; they are handy to have around the house, and all that, but a man must attend to his stomach if he has to walk about on the small of his back. Now, I'm going to make you an offer. That leg is Fairchild's patent; steel-springs, india-rubber joints, elastic toes and everything and it's in better order now than it was when I bought it. It'd be a comfort to any man. It's the most luxurious leg I ever came across. If bliss ever kin be reached by a man this side of the tomb, it belongs to the person that gets that leg on, and feels the consciousness creeping over his soul that it is his. Consequently, I say that when I offer it to you I'm doing a personal favour; and I think I see you jump at the chance, and want to clinch the bargain before I mention—you'll hardly believe it, I know—that I'll actually knock that leg down to you at four hundred dollars. Four hundred, did I say? I meant six hundred; but let it stand. I never back out when I make an offer; but it's just throwing that leg away—it is, indeed."

"But I don't want an artificial leg," said Brown.

"The beautiful thing about the limb," said the stranger, pulling up his trousers and displaying the article, "is that it is reliable. You kin depend on it. It's always there. Some legs that I have seen were treacherous—most always some of the springs bursting out, or the joints working

backward, or the toes turning down and catching in things. Regular fronds. But it's almost pathetic the way this leg goes on year in and year out, like an old faithful friend, never knowing an ache or a pain, no rheumatism, nor any such foolishness as that, but always good-natured and ready to go out of its way to oblige you. A man feels like a man when he gets such a thing under him. Talk about your kings and emperors and millionaires, and all that sort of nonsense! Which of 'em's got a leg like that? Which of 'em kin unscrew his knee-pan, and look at the gum thingamajigs in his calf? Which of 'em kin leave his leg downstairs in the entry on the hat-rack, and go to bed with only one cold foot? Why, it's enough to make one of them monarchs sick to think of such a convenience. But they can't help it. There's only one man kin buy that leg, and that's you. I want you to have it so bad that I'll deed it to you for fifty dollars down. Awful, isn't it? Just throw it away; but take it, take it, if it does make my heart bleed to see it go out of the family."

"Really I have no use for such a thing," said Mr. Brown.

"You can't think," urged the stranger, "what a benediction a leg like that is in a family. When you don't want to walk with it, it comes into play for the children to ride horsey on; or you kin take it off and stir the fire with it in a way that would depress the spirits of a man with a real leg. It makes the most efficient potato-smasher ever you saw. Work it from the second joint, and let the knee swing loose; you kin tack carpets perfectly splendid with the heel; and when a cat sees it coming at him from the winder, he just adjourns *sine die* and goes down off the fence screaming. Now, you're probably scared of dogs. When you see one approaching, you always change your base. I don't blame you; I used to be that way before I lost my home-made leg. But you fix yourself with this artificial extremity, and then what do you care for dogs? If a million of 'em come at you, what's the odds? You merely stand still and smile, and throw out your spare leg, and let 'em chew, let 'em fool with that as much as they've a mind to, and howl and carry on, for you don't care. And that's the reason why I say that when I reflect on how imposing you'd be as the owner of such a leg, I feel like saying, that if you insist on offering only a dollar and a half for it, why, take it; it's yours. I'll

not the kinder man to stand on trifles. I'll take it off and wrap it up in paper for you; shall I?"

"I'm sorry," said Brown, "but the fact is, I have no use for it. I've got two good legs already. If I ever lose one, why, maybe then I'll ——"

"I don't think you exactly catch my idea on the subject," said the stranger. "Now, any man kin have a meat-and-muscle leg; they're as common as dirt. It's disgusting how monotonous people are about such things. But I take you for a man who wants to be original. You have style about you. You go it alone, as it were. Now, if I had your peculiarities, do you know what I'd do? I'd get a leg snatched off some way, so's I could walk around on this one. Or, if you hate to go to the expense of amputation, why not get your pantaloons altered, and mount this beautiful work of art just as you stand? A centipede, a mere ridiclous insect, has half a bushel of legs, and why can't a man, the grandest creature on earth, own three? You go round this community on three legs, and your fortune's made. People will go wild over you as the three-legged grocer; the nation will glory in you; Europe will hear of you; you will be heard of from pole to pole. It'll build up your business. People'll flock from everywhere to see you, and you'll make your sugar and cheese and things fairly hum. Look at it as an advertisement! Look at it any way you please, and there's money in it—there's glory, there's immortality. I think I see you now moving around over this floor with your old legs working as usual, and this one going clickety-click along with 'em, making music for you all the time and attracting attention in a way to fill a man's heart with rapture. Now, look at it that way; and if it strikes you, I tell you what I'll do: I'll actually swap that imperishable leg off to you for two pounds of water-crackers and a tin cupful of Jamaica rum. Is it a go?"

Then Brown weighed out the crackers, gave him an awful drink of rum, and told him if he would take them as a present and quit, he would confer a favour. And he did. After emptying the crackers in his pockets, and smacking his lips over the rum, he went to the door, and as he opened it, said,—

"Good bye. But if you ever really do want a leg, Old Reliable is ready for you; it's yours. I consider that you've

"get a mortgage on it, and you kin foreclose at any time. I dedicate this leg to you. My will shall mention it; and if you don't need it when I die, I'm going to have it put in the savings bank to draw interest until you check it out."

Max Adler.

A STOKER'S STORY.

CURIOUS experiences? Well, sir, although I've been a stoker for nigh on ten year, I can only say I've 'ad one; but *that* was a startler.

It 'appened about six year ago. Fur the fust four years I wer on one of the locals; but one night, jest arter we'd taken the engine into the yard, I wer told our manager wanted ter see me, so, dirty as I were, in I went, wondering, acourse, what 'e wanted *me* fur.

"Ah, Mathieson," says 'e, as I opened the office door, "I want you ter take the place of the stoker on the 12.5, who 'as met with a accident." Well, yer know, that wer a bit o' promotion fur me, so I says, "All right, sir, thank 'e," an' out I comes.

So that you ken understand some'at about wot I'm agoin' ter say, I'll jest tell yer wot we all knowed about the accident (as the manager called it) as 'ad 'appened to the stoker.

Phil Johnson, the driver of the engine, 'ad given information at Teesleigh that close agen a small sidin' about three mile from there, Jack Blackton, the stoker, who 'ad climbed on the coal fur suthin', 'ad all at once lost 'is balance an' pitched over. Well, a sarch wer made an' 'e wer found; but 'e wer terribly cut up b' the up goods train that 'ad jest passed through. They 'eld a inquest on 'im. Phil give 'is version of the affair, an' the jury brought in a verdict of accidental death. It wer a sad thing, though, an' no mistake, considerin' as 'e left a wife an' six kids behin' 'im. I've got four mysel, an' it's 'ard enough fur me ter keep them, so I reckon I ken understand 'ow it 'ud be fur the poor woman lef wi' six. 'E wer a nice fellow, too, allus a-singin' songs an' sich-like. 'E wer tall an' fair, wi' broad shoulders, an' a 'and that 'ud a'most fell a ox, an'.

a pair o' blue eyes that any woman 'ud fall in love wi'. Well, my missis, yer know, she swears b' me; but w'en she see'd 'im once before 'e died, she telled me, a-laughin' o' course, that if she'd ha' knowed 'im afore she did me, she'd never ha' 'ad me. "We did wot we could fur 'is wife; we got up a petition, an' it brought in enough ter buy'er a mangle, an' leave a little bit over."

Well, I went on wi' Phil, an' fur the fust half-dozen runs all went right, though I noticed that 'e *did* drink a little; but, o' course, as I didn't know 'im much, I thought it wer only usual. Still, it sent sort o' strange ter see 'im allus a-sippin' at a bottle. 'E wer a big, powerful chap, wi' small black eyes an' big, bushy whiskers. 'E wer very quiet, kep' ter hissel' a good bit, an' were generally considered a awkward customer ter deal wi' if yer put 'im out.

One night, jest as we'd got about three-parts through, Phil says ter me, "Tom, d' yer 'ear that?" "What?" says I. "Why, that singin'," says 'e. Well, I listened, an' blest if I didn't 'ear suthin'; I couldn't make out wot it wer at fust, but I listened an' listened, an' it got plainer an' plainer, till I could 'ear above the noise of the engine the sound of somebody singin'. It sent quite close ter me, too, an' yet I couldn't see anybody. I could make out the tune, though; it wer "The Lass o' Richmon' Hill."

Well, you ken guess 'ow scared I wer. 'Ow 'ud you ha' been if you wor on a engine runnin' 'bout forty mile a hour, an' 'eard somebody a-singin' quite close ter yer, an' couldn't see who it wer? Well, I reckon you'd ha' been about as bad as I wer. You may be sure I wer mighty glad when I got off the engine that night (or mornin', rather); an' lookin' at Phil, 'e didn't seem very sorry either.

I didn't mention it to any one, as I knowed as I should on'y be laughed at, an' as fur Phil, 'e never said another word about it.

It wer about a week arter that when the 12.5 started, as usual, wi' me an' Phil on it. The moon wer shinin' quite bright when we lef' the station, but fur the fust quarter of an hour or so we 'ad no time to think o' that or anything else 'cept our work. 'Owsome'er, arter that, we settled down fur the fifty-mile run to Teesleigh, an' I foun' time ter look about me.

The fust thing I clapped my eyes on wer Phil, an' I

noticed then that 'e sent sort o' curious--wild-like, you know. I thought, too, that the 'and 'e 'ad on the lever sent to shake a bit, but arter another look I decided it wer on'y fancy. A little while arter I looked at 'im agen, an' then I seed it wain't fancy. I could see, too, by the cock of 'is 'ead that 'e wer a-listenin' fur suthin'.

Seein' 'im listen, I listened, too; fur accurse I 'adn't forgot wot I'd 'eard afore. Presen'ly sort o' faint-like, I 'eard that singin' agen. Then I looked at Phil, an' I seed by the look on 'is face that 'e 'eard it as well, though 'e kep' 'is eyes fixed straight in front, an' didn't move.

The singin' afore 'ad sent to come from in front, then ter pass us, an' get fainter an' fainter, till we 'eard no more of it. It wer the same this time. I dropped back in a corner, an' stood there a-shiverin' an' shakin' an' starm' at Phil. The singin' got nearer an' nearer, an' louder. Phil stood there, starin' straight in front of 'im, but as it sent to pass us 'e slowly turned 'is 'ead, as if 'e wer 'ollowin' suthin' wi' 'is eyes. I looked, too, an' there, on the coal, wi' the moonlight a-shinin' full on 'im, stood Jack Blackton.

Presen'ly 'e glided down an' stood aside o' Phil. 'E wer' still a singin' the same song, an' 'ad just got to "I'd crowns resign ter call 'er mine," when Phil let go the lever an' aimed a blow at 'is face. But 'e wer too quick fur Phil, fur 'e struck up 'is arm wi' one 'and, an' grabbed 'im by the throat wi' the other.

Then I saw a awful struggle. Back'ards an' for'ards, up an' down, round an' round they reeled. Not a word wer said. Presen'ly the stoker, who sent the strongest, began to shove Phil back ter the side. Another minute, an' over he'd ha' gone, when all at once Jack Blackton slipped, an' down 'e went, wi' one leg bent under 'im an' Phil on top, wi' 'is 'and on 'is throat. Phil got 'is knee on the other's chest, an' then, seizin' 'old of 'is 'ead, 'e battered it agenst the iron agen an' agen. The blood spurted out over 'is 'ands, but still 'e kep' on 'ammerin' an' 'ammerin' away, till the other 'ad stopped strugglin'. Then 'e sent satisfied. 'E got up, wiped 'is 'ands on a bit o' waste, lifted up the body, an' flung it head foremost on to the rails. 'E then wiped up the blood, threw the waste into the fire, an' turned to 'is work agen.

While the struggle wer goin' on, I 'ad stood there with a

kind o' spell on me. When it wer over I still felt as if there-wer more to come, an' I wer right; for a few minutes arter we 'eard that singin' agen, an' there on the footboard stood the stoker, wi' the blood drippin' from 'is 'ead, a 'orrid grin on 'is face, an' a ghostly light playin' around 'im. 'is right arm wer stretched out, an' the 'and wer moving back'ards an' for'ards as if 'e wer beckonin' ter Phil.

Phil looked at 'im fur a moment v'out speakin', then, throwin' up 'is 'ands an' shoutin', "My God! my God!" he fell back'ards by my side, an' set ther e cursin' an' prayin', laughin' an' cryin'.

I covered my face wi' my 'ands, an' fur a minute or two wer afeard to look up; when I did, the figger wer gone.

I managed to get on my feet, look out an' see we were right on Teesleigh, an' bring the train to a stan'-still. Then I flopped down, an' knew nothink more till I foun' mysel' in bed.

I asked wot wer the matter, and they said I'd 'ad brain fever, an' been delirious fur a fortnight. Then I remembered Phil, an' asked about 'im, an' they told me 'e wer in a mad'ouse.

That's my story, sir, an' I think you'll agree wi' me in sayin' it's a strange one. I've told it to a good few, but I never yet come across any one as could explain it. Some say I imagined it; I say I didn't; 'owsum'er, the fac' remains the same, Phil Johnson went mad that night. My opinion is that they quarrelled, an' Jack Blackton 'ad the best of it, an' that Phil bided 'is time ter get revenged; but *whether* that's the truth or not, I don't s'pose we'll know till that day when, as the clergymen say, "all secrets will be revealed."

("Young Folks' Paper.")

Tiny.

A MEDICAL TESTIMONIAL.

(From "*Out of the Hurly Burly.*")

I HAVE been the victim of a somewhat singular persecution for several weeks past. When we came here to live, Judge Pitman was partially bald. Somebody induced him to apply to his head a hair restorative made by a Chicago man named Pulsifer. After using this liquid for a few

worship, the judge was gratified to find that his hair had returned; and as he naturally regarded the remedy with admiration, he concluded that it would be simply fair to give expression to his feelings in some form. As I happened to be familiar with all the facts of the case, the judge induced me to draw up a certificate affirming them over my signature. This he mailed to Pulsifer. I have not yet ceased to regret the weakness which permitted me to stand sponsor for Judge Pitman's hair. Of course, Pulsifer immediately inserted the certificate, with my name and residence attached to it, in half the papers in the country, as a displayed advertisement, beginning with the words, "HOPE FOR THE BALDHEADED; THE MOST REMARKABLE CURE ON RECORD," in the largest capital letters.

I have had faith in advertising since that time. And Pulsifer had confidence in it too, for he wrote to me to know what I would take to get him up a series of similar certificates of cures performed by his other patent medicines. He had a corn salve which dragged a little in its sales, and he was prepared to offer me a commission if I would write him a strong letter to the effect that six or eight frightful corns had been eradicated from my feet with his admirable preparation. He was in a position, also, to do something handsome if I could describe a few miraculous cures that had been effected by his Rheumatic Lotion, or if I would name certain ruined stomachs which had, as it were, been born again through the influence of Pulsifer's Herb Bitters; and from the manner in which he wrote, I think he would have taken me into partnership if I had consented to write an assurance that his Ready Relief had healed a bad leg of eighteen years' standing, and that I could never feel that my duty was honourably performed until he sent me a dozen bottles more for distribution among my friends whose legs were in that defective and tiresome condition. I was obliged to decline Pulsifer's generous offer.

I heard with singular promptness from other medical men. Fillemup and Killen forwarded some of their Hair Tonic, with a request for me to try it on any bald heads I happened to encounter, and report. Doser and Co. sent on two packages of their Capillary Pills, with a suggestion to the effect that if Pitman lost his hair again he would get it back finally by following the enclosed directions. I also heard from

Brown and Bromley, the agents for Johnson's Scalp Awakener. They sent me twelve bottles for distribution among my bald friends; then Smith and Smithson wrote to say that a cask of their Vesuvian Wash for the hair would be delivered in my cellar by the express company; and a man called on me from Jones, Butler and Co., with a proposition to pump out my vinegar barrel, and fill it with Balm of Peru for the gratuitous use of the afflicted in the vicinity.

But this persecution was simply unalloyed felicity, when compared with the suffering that came in other forms. I will not attempt to give the number of the letters I received. I cherish a conviction that the mail received at our post office, doubled the first week after Judge Pitman's cure was announced to a hairless world. I think every bald-headed man in the Tropic of Cancer must have written to me at least twice upon the subject of Pulsifer's Renovator and Pitman's hair. Persons dropped me a line to inquire if Pitman's baldness was hereditary; and if so, if it came from his father's or his mother's side. One man, a phrenologist, sent on a plaster head mapped out into town-lots, with a suggestion that I should ink over the bumps that had been barest and most fertile in the case of Pitman. He said he had a little theory which he wanted to demonstrate. A man in San Francisco wrote to inquire if my Pitman was the same Pitman who came out to California in 1849 with a bald head; and if he was, would I try to collect two dollars Pitman had borrowed from him in that year? The superintendent of a Sunday-school in Vermont forwarded eight pages of foolscap, covered with an argument supporting the theory that it was impious to attempt to force hair to grow upon a head which had been made bald, because, although Elisha was bald, we find no record in the Bible that he used Renovator of any kind. He warned Pitman to beware of Absalom's fate, and to avoid riding mules out in the woods. A woman in Snyder County, Penna., sent me a poem inspired by the incident, and entitled, "Lines on the Return of Pitman's Hair." A party in Kansas desired to know whether I thought Pulsifer's Renovator could be used beneficially by a man who had been scalped. Two men in New Jersey wrote, in a manner totally irrelevant to the subject, to inquire if I could get each of them a good hired girl. I received a confidential letter from a man who was willing to let me into a "good

"~~thing~~" if I had five hundred dollars cash capital. Mrs. Slingerley, of Frankford, related that she had shaved her dog, and shaved him too close; and she would be relieved if I would inform her if the Renovator would make hair grow on a dog. A devoted mother in Rhode Island said her little boy had accidentally drank a bottle of the stuff, and she would go mad unless I could assure her that there was no danger of her child having his stomach choked up with hair. And over eleven hundred boys inquired what effect the Renovator would have on the growth of whiskers which betrayed an inclination to stagnation.

But the visitors were a more horrible torment. Bald men came to see me in droves. They persecuted me at home and abroad. "If I went to church, the sexton would call me out during the prayers to see a man in the vestibule, who wished to ascertain if Pitman merely bathed his head or rubbed the medicine in with a brush. When I went to a party, some bald-headed miscreant would stop me in the midst of the dance to ask if Pitman's hair began to grow in the full of the moon or when it was new. While I was being shaved, someone would bolt into the shop and insist, as the barber held me by the nose, upon knowing whether Pitman wore ventilators in his hat. If I attended a wedding, as likely as not a bare-headed outlaw would stand by me at the altar and ask if Pitman ever slept in nightcaps; and more than once I was called out of bed at night by wretches who wished to learn, before they left the town, if I thought it hurt the hair to part it behind.

It became unendurable. I issued orders to the servants to admit to the house no man with a bald head. But that very day a stranger obtained admission to the parlour; and when I went down to see him, he stepped softly around, closed all the doors mysteriously, and asked me, in a whisper, if anyone could hear us. Then he pulled off a wig; and handing me a microscope, he requested me to examine his scalp and tell him if there was any hope. I sent him over to see Pitman; and I gloat over the fact that he bored Pitman for two hours with his baldness.

I am sorry now that I ever wrote anything upon the subject of his hair. . . . If I should see a patent medicine man take a mummy which died the year Joseph was sold into Egypt, and dose it until it kicked off its rags

and danced the polka Mazourka while it whistled the tune, I would die at the stake sooner than acknowledge the miracle on paper. Pitman's hair winds me up as far as medical certificates are concerned.

Max Adler.

SANDY McNAB'S COW.

LIKE other villages, our village had its nuisances, most of them chronic, and all outrageous. The river rose at intervals and flooded some of the houses; the brew-house filled the street full of smoke, when the wind was in the east quarter; and the village brass band occasionally gave serenades. But the villagers expressed their belief that all these things, and many others viewed as nuisances, were mere fleabites, compared with Sandy McNab's white cow.

Every evening the cow would come trotting through the village, with Sandy behind it, armed with an old bean-pole, and their appearance at the bottom of the street was the signal for everybody to get into shelter; for that cow was as vicious as a Gillingham bull. One day it drove its horns into the windows of the general shop; and when Joe Anderson, the shopkeeper, came furiously out to drive it away, it chased him down the street into the village inn, where he took refuge behind the bar.

It "bunted" poor old Billy Gray, our oldest inhabitant, overturning him into a ditch; and it had defied the authority of the kirk by knocking down Elder Watson on his return from a prayer meeting.

Naturally these two last exploits had aroused general indignation, which was only intensified when it was discovered with what callous indifference Sandy regarded the conduct of his cow. It was proposed to drum him out of the place, and a deputation, performing on tin cans, pots, kettles, and sawpans, waited upon him for that purpose. But when Sandy himself came forth with poker and fish-kettle, and joined in the din, it was felt that the endeavours of the assembly had been misapplied. This conviction was strengthened when Sandy's wife, from an upper window, emptied several vessels of water on the crowd, who sorrowfully dispersed.

That evening Sandy drove his cow through the street

with a look of triumph, and although his neighbours reviled him, it was from a safe distance. Suddenly a drag came in sight. I think it was the first time the cow had seen a four-in-hand, for as it passed she made a "set" at it. The horses shied and swerved: the wheel caught in a kerb-stone, and the drag was overturned. Luckily, nobody was inside, and the gentlemen on top, with the grooms, saved themselves by leaping off. Scrambling to their feet, they began to curse Sandy as the cause of the disaster. But the cow took part in the discussion, and upon her motion the meeting was adjourned. Everybody took refuge in the houses round about, except Sandy and the cow, who remained in possession of the field. Soon the late occupants of the coach began to shout to Sandy to drive the cow away, and then it was discovered that Sandy valued this service at the sum of one sovereign. The owner was furious, his friends swore, and the grooms gave vent to threats of knocking somebody's head off, but Sandy and the cow were immovable. At last the money was paid, and Sandy went on his way rejoicing. But Nemesis was ahead.

The Volunteers were out that evening, and they came through the village, their band playing "Tullochgorum" with all its might. They met the cow; they said afterwards they thought it was an earthquake. The big drum was ruined, one of the bagpipe exploded, and several of the bandmen were badly hurt. The captain of the foremost company gave the order to fix bayonets, and the cow died an honourable death.

The whole village turned out, and roared and shouted with delight. Sandy attacked the crowd with his bean-pole, but he was soon captured, and it was proposed to duck him, for which purpose he was taken to the pond. After the ceremony, the Volunteer colonel handed Sandy a few pounds, compensation for the loss of his cow, after which the regiment resumed its march, the band playing the appropriate melody, "What's a' the steer, kimmer?"

There was rejoicing in our village that evening. The brass band came forth and played a selection on the green, although a cynic characterized the proceeding as superfluous, observing that the cow was already dead.

THE MOTHER AND HER DEAD CHILD.

THERE sat a mother with a little child. She was so down-cast, so afraid that it should die ! It was so pale, the small eyes had closed themselves, it drew its breath so softly, and now and then with a deep respiration, as if it sighed ; and the mother looked still more sorrowfully on the little creature.

Then a knocking was heard at the door, and in came an old man wrapped up as in a large horse-cloth—for it warms one, and he needed it, as it was the cold winter season. Everything out of doors was covered with ice and snow, and the wind blew so that it cut the face.

As the old man trembled with cold, and the little child slept a moment, the mother went and poured some ale into a pint pot and set it on the stove, that it might be warm for him ; the old man sat and rocked the cradle, and the mother sat down on a chair close by him, looked at her little sick child, that drew its breath so deep, and raised its little hand.

"Do you think that I shall save him ?" said she. "*Our Lord will not take him from me !*"

And the old man—it was Death himself—he nodded so strangely, it could just as well signify yes as no. And the mother looked down in her lap, and the tears ran down over her cheeks ; her head became so heavy—she had not closed her eyes for three days and nights ! and now she slept, but only for a minute, when she started up and trembled with cold ; "What is that ?" said she, and looked on all sides ; but the old man was gone, and her little child was gone—he had taken it with him ; and the old clock in the corner burred, and burred, the great leaden weight ran down to the floor, bump ! and then the clock also stood still.

But the poor mother ran out of the house and cried aloud for her child.

Out there, in the midst of the snow, there sat a woman in long, black clothes, and she said, "Death has been in thy chamber, and I saw him hasten away with thy little child ; he goes faster than the wind, and he never brings back what he takes !"

"Oh, only tell me which way he went !" said the mother. "Tell me the way, and I shall find him !"

"I know it," said the woman in black clothes, "but before I tell it, thou must sing for me all the songs thou hast sung for thy child !—I am fond of them, I have heard them before ; I am Night ; I saw thy tears whilst thou sang'st them !"

"I will sing them all—all!" said the mother; "but do not stop me now—I may overtake him—I may find my child."

But Night stood still and mute. Then the mother wrung her hands, sang and wept, and there were many songs, but yet many more tears: and then Night said, "Go to the right, into the dark pine forest: thither I saw Death take his way with thy little child!"

The roads crossed each other in the depths of the forest, and she knew no longer whether she should go: then there stood a thorn-bush; there was neither leaf nor flower on it. It was also in the cold winter season, and ice-flakes hung on the branches.

"Hast thou seen Death go past with my little child?" said the mother.

"Yes," said the thorn bush; "but I will not tell thee which way he took, unless thou wilt first warm me up at thy heart. I am freezing to death: I shall become a lump of ice!"

And she pressed the thorn-bush to her breast so firmly, that it might be thoroughly warmed, and the thorn went right into her flesh and her blood flowed in large drops, but the thorn-bush shot forth fresh green leaves, and there came flowers on it in the cold winter night, the heart of the afflicted mother was so warm! and the thorn-bush told her the way she should go.

She then came to a large lake, where there was neither ship nor boat. The lake was not frozen sufficiently to bear her; neither was it open, or low enough that she could wade through it: and across it she must go if she would find her child. Then she lay down to drink up the lake, and that was an impossibility for a human being, but the afflicted mother thought that a miracle might happen nevertheless.

"Oh, what would I not give to come to my child!" said the weeping mother; and she wept still more, and her eyes sunk down into the depths of the waters and became two precious pearls; but the water bore her up, as if she sat on a swing, and she flew in the rocking waves to the shore on the opposite side, where there stood a mile-broad strange house; one knew not if it were a mountain with forests and caverns, or if it were built up; but the poor mother could not see it, she had wept her eyes out.

"Where shall I find Death, who took away my little child?" said she.

"He has not come here yet?" said the old grave-woman, who was appointed to look after Death's great green-house! "How have you been able to find your way hither? and who has helped you?"

"Our Lord has helped me," said she. "He is merciful, and you will also be so. Where shall I find my little child?"

"Nay, I know not," said the woman, "and you cannot see! Many flowers and trees have withered this night: Death will soon come and plant them over again! You certainly know that every person has his or her life's tree or flower, just as every one happens to be settled: they look like other plants, but have pulsations of the heart. Children's hearts can also beat; go after yours, perhaps you may know your child's; but what will you give me, if I tell you what you shall do more?"

"I have nothing to give," said the afflicted mother, "but I will go to the world's end for you!"

"Nay, I have nothing to do there!" said the woman, "but you can give me your long black hair; you know yourself that it is fine, and that I like! You shall have my white hair instead! that's always something!"

"Do you demand nothing else?" said she—"that I will gladly give you!" And she gave her fine black hair, and got the old woman's snow-white hair instead.

So they went into Death's great green-house, where flowers and trees grew strangely into one another. There stood fine hyacinths under glass bells, and there stood strong-stemmed peonies; there grew water-plants, some so fresh, others half sick, the water-snakes lay down on them, and black crabs pinched their stalks. There stood beautiful palm-trees, oaks, and plantains; there stood parsley and flowering thyme: every tree and every flower had its name; each of them was a human life, and the human frame still lived—one in China, and another in Greenland—round about in the world. There were large trees in small pots, so that they stood so stunted in growth, and ready to burst the pots; in other places, there was a little dull flower in rich mould, with moss round about it, and it was so petted and nursed. But the distressed mother bent down over all the smallest plants, and heard within them how the human heart beat; and amongst millions, she knew her child's.

"There it is!" cried she, and stretched her hands out over

a little blue crocus, that hung quite sickly on one side.
 "Don't touch the flower!" said the old woman, "but place yourself here, and when Death comes—I expect him every moment,—do not let him pluck the flower up, but threaten him that you will do the same with the others. Then he will be afraid! he is responsible for them to *Our Lord*, and no one dares to pluck them up before *He* gives leave."

All at once an icy-cold rushed through the great hall, and the blind mother could feel that it was Death that came.

"How hast thou been able to find thy way hither?" he asked. "How could'st thou come quicker than I?"

"I am a mother," said she.

And Death stretched out his long hand towards the fine little flower, but she held her hands fast round his, so tight, and yet afraid that she should touch one of the leaves. Then Death blew on her hands, and she felt that it was colder than the wind, and her hands fell down powerless.

"Thou canst not do anything against me!" said Death.

"But that *Our Lord* can!" said she.

"I only do His bidding!" said Death. "I am His gardener, I take all His flowers and trees, and plant them out in the great garden of Paradise, in the unknown land; but how they grow there, and how it is there, I dare not tell thee."

"Give me back my child!" said the mother, and she wept and prayed. At once she seized hold of two beautiful flowers close by, with each hand, and cried out to Death, "I will tear all thy flowers off, for I am in despair."

"Touch them not!" said Death. "Thou say'st that thou art so unhappy, and now thou wilt make another mother equally unhappy."

"Another mother!" said the poor woman, and directly let go her hold of both the flowers.

"There, thou hast thine eyes," said Death; "I fished them up from the lake, they shone so bright; I knew not they were thine. Take them again, they are now brighter than before; now look down into the deep well close by, I shall tell thee the names of the two flowers thou would'st have torn up, and thou wilt see their whole future life—their whole human existence; see what thou wast about to disturb and destroy."

And she looked down into the well; and it was a happiness to see how the one became a blessing to the world, to see how

much happiness and joy were felt everywhere. And she saw the other's life, and it was sorrow and distress, horror and wretchedness.

"Both of them are God's will!" said Death.

"Which of them is Misfortune's flower? and which is that of happiness?" asked she.

"That I will not tell thee," said Death; but this thou shalt know from me, that the one flower was thy own child! it was thy child's fate thou saw'st—thy own child's future life!"

Then the mother screamed with terror. "Which of them was my child? Tell it to me! save the innocent! save my child from all that misery! rather take it away! take it into God's kingdom! Forget my tears, forget my prayers, and all that I have done!"

"I do not understand thee!" said Death. "Wilt thou have thy child again, or shall I go with it there, where thou does not know?"

Then the mother wrung her hand, fell on her knees, and prayed to our Lord: "Oh, hear me not when I pray against Thy will, which is the best! hear me not! hear me not!"

And she bowed her head down in her lap, and Death took her child and went with it into the unknown land.

Hans Christian Andersen.

REFORM IN WINDOWS.

GENTLE reader, did you ever go to church? If you have, and the church was one of those with stained-glass windows, you have noticed that the sunlight, as it streams through the windows and becomes doctored with the paint, invariably reaches out for a bald-headed man, and falls upon his polished exterior. This, we believe, from what we have noticed, is the invariable rule. The painted sunshine never falls anywhere else. It seeks out the bald headed, and shoots him on the spot; and the map of the Union Jack, which appears on the bald place, cannot be hauled down with impunity. All through the sermon this circus-lemonade sunlight will flicker and glint and play tag all over that bald head as it nods approvingly to some point that the preacher has made in his sermon, or nods with the weight of ripening years, or the ponderous burdens of the man's intellect.

Sometimes a blue streak, that has come through the tail of St. Paul's ulster, will fall upon the bald man's nose, and it will look like a Bologna sausage that ought to have been used long before the war broke out. A streak of yellow from the Virgin Mary's bodice will then strike the man across the mouth, so to speak, and he will look like a laughing hyena. But all the while the blue, red, yellow, and purple are getting in their work on that bald pate, and it looks like a circus poster or target for an archery club. Do we feel solemn under such circumstances, and experience a sense of reverence and awe? Well, if we are bald-headed, and know that we are being illuminated in the same manner, we do feel pretty solemn, and no mistake. But if we had a boy fourteen years old, who would sit in a back seat and see all those variegated egg-plants, and feel solemn and pay attention to what the minister was saying, we would take him home and thrash him within an inch of his life.

We do not wish to be understood as wishing to clothe religion in the gloom and superstition of the dark ages, but it does seem as if the stained-glass windows in our churches added unusual and uncalled-for terrors to the trembling sinner in a back pew. Why should we cause our houses of worship to look like the front windows of a chemist's shop at night? And what is the imperative need—we do not ask this in a complaining spirit, but simply for information—what is the imperative need of giving a magic-lantern exhibition in the middle of the day? Is it not out of place? Is it in harmony with the advanced spirit of the age in which we live? Is it not a reflection upon bald-headed men, and does it not have a tendency to drive them to the haunts of vice instead of leading them gently through green fields by the side of still waters, up to a nobler existence and the contribution-box? If there was any utility about these stained glass windows, we could make allowances. If they contained advertisements, something that was of benefit to somebody, so a person could sit in his pew and read on a bald-head, "Buy your postage stamps of John Smith and save forty per cent."; if in short, there was one redeeming feature in the whole rainbow, we would not say a word. But we have given the matter serious thought, and there does not appear to be any possible defence of this diluted sunshine. Give us straight sunshine; give us the clear quill, the pure article without any

bitters in it. If we have to have it mixed, we can mix it afterwards.

THE DEATH OF EVA.

THE deceitful strength which had buoyed Eva up for a little while was fast falling away; seldom and more seldom her light footstep was heard in the verandah; and oftener and oftener she was found reclined on a little lounge by the open window, her large, deep eyes fixed on the rising and falling waters of the lake.

It was towards the middle of the afternoon as she was so lying, she said suddenly,

"Mamma, I want to have some of my hair cut off—a good deal of it!"

"What for?"

"Mamma, I want to give some away to my friends, while I am able to give it to them myself. Won't you ask aunty to come and cut it for me?"

Marie raised her voice, and called Miss Ophelia from the other room.

The child half rose from her pillow as she came in, and, shaking down her long golden-brown curls, said, rather playfully:

"Come, aunty, shear the sheep!"

"What's that?"

"Papa, I just want aunty to cut off some of my hair: there's too much of it, and it makes my head hot. Besides, I want to give some of it away!"

Miss Ophelia came with her scissors.

"Take care; don't spoil the looks of it! cut underneath, where it won't show. Eva's curls are my pride?"

"Oh papa!"

"Yes, and I want them kept handsome against the time I take you up to your uncle's plantation, to see Cousin."

"I shall never go there, papa; I am going to a better country. Oh, do believe me! Don't you see, papa, that I get weaker every day?"

"Why do you insist that I shall believe such a cruel thing, Eva?"

"Ah, but it is true, papa! God wills it."

And he lowered his head in silence, hiding tears he could not stay.

As she had wished, they gathered around her that evening—all the servants, who so loved her. She spoke to them in her calm, sweet voice.

"Do not grieve that I am about to leave you. Do not grieve for me so. Listen to what I say. I want to speak to you about your souls. . . . Many of you, I am afraid, are very careless. You are thinking only about this world. I want you remember that there is a beautiful world where Jesus is. I am going there, and you can go there; it is for you, as much as me. You must remember that each one of you can become angels, and be angels for ever."

"Amen!" was the murmured response of uncle Tom.

"I know you all love me."

"Yes; oh, yes! indeed we do! Lord bless her!"

"Yes, I know you do. There isn't one of you that hasn't always been very kind to me; and I want to give you something that, when you look at, you shall always remember me. I'm going to give all of you a curl of my hair; and, when you look at it, think that I loved you and am gone to heaven, and that I want to see you all there!"

As each one took their gift, Miss Ophelia, who was apprehensive for the effect of all this excitement on her little patient, signed to each one to pass out of the apartment.

St. Clare had been sitting, during the whole time, with his hand shading his eyes. When they were all gone, he sat so still.

"Papa!"

He gave a sudden start and shiver, but made no answer.

"Dear papa!"

"I cannot, I cannot have it so! The Almighty has dealt very bitterly with me!"

"Augustine! has not God a right to do what He will with His own?"

"Perhaps so; but that doesn't make it any easier to bear."

"Papa, you break my heart! you must not feel so!" And the child sobbed and wept with a violence which alarmed them all, and turned her father's thoughts at once to another channel.

"There, Eva—there, dearest! Hush! hush! I was wrong—I was wicked! I will feel any way—do any way—only don't distress yourself; don't sob so! I will be resigned; I was wicked to speak as I did."

Eva soon lay, like a wearied dove, in her father's arms ; and he bending over her, soothed her by every tender word he could think of.

" You didn't give me a curl, Eva."

" They are all yours, papa, your's and mamma's ; and you must give dear aunts as many as she wants. I only gave them to our poor people myself, because you know, papa, they might be forgotten when I am gone ; and because I hoped it might help them remember."

Eva after this declined rapidly : there was no more any doubt of the event ; the fondest hope could not be blinded. Her beautiful room was avowedly a sick-room : yet so bright and placid was the farewell voyage of the little spirit--by such sweet and fragrant breezes was the small bark borne towards the heavenly shores--that it was impossible to realise that it was death that was approaching. The child felt no pain--only a tranquil, soft weakness, daily and almost insensibly increasing ; and she was so beautiful, so loving, so trustful, so happy, that one could not resist the soothing influence of that air of innocence and peace which seemed to breathe around her. St. Clare found a strange calm coming over him. It was not hope--that was impossible ; it was not resignation ; it was only a calm resting in the present, which seemed so beautiful that he wished to think of no future. It was like that hush of spirit which we feel amid the bright, mild woods of autumn, when the bright hectic flush is on the trees, and the last lingering flowers by the brook, and we joy in it all the more, because we know that soon it will all pass away.

Tom, at last, would not sleep in his room, but lay all night in the outer verandah, ready to rouse at every call.

" Uncle Tom, what alive have you taken to sleeping anywhere and everywhere, like a dog, for ? I thought you were one of the orderly sort, that liked to lie in bed in a Christian way."

" I do, Miss Feely, I do ; but now'---"

" Well, what now ?"

" We musn't speak loud ; Mas'r St. Clare won't hear on't ; but Miss Feely, you know there must be somebody watchin' for the bridegroom."

" What do you mean, Tom ?"

"You know it says in Sripture, 'At midnight there was a great cry made, Behold the bridegroom cometh.' That's what I'm 'spectin' now, every night, Miss Feely—and I couldn't sleep out o' hearin', noways."

"Why, Uncle Tom, what makes you think so?"

"Miss Eva, she talks to me. The Lord, He sends His messenger in the soul, I must be thar, Miss Feely; for when that ar blessed child goes into the kingdom, they'll open the door so wide, we'll all g'et a look in at the glory, Miss Feely."

"Uncle Tom, did Miss Eva say she felt more unwell than usual to-night?"

"No, but she telled me this morning she was coming nearer—thar's them that tells it to the child, Miss Feely. It's the angel,—it's the trumpet sound afore the break o' day."

Eva had been unusually bright and cheerful that afternoon, and had sat raised in her bed, and looked over all her little trinkets and precious things, and designated the friends to whom she would have them given; and her manner was more animated, and her voice more natural, than they had known it for weeks. Her father had been in in the evening, and had said that Eva appeared more like her former self than ever she had done since her sickness; and when he kissed her for the night, he said to Miss Ophelia, "Cousin, we may keep her with us, after all: she is certainly better; and he had retired with a lighter heart in his bosom than he had had there for weeks.

But at midnight—strange mystic hour when the veil between the frail present and the eternal future grows thin—then came the messenger!

There was a sound in that chamber, first of one who stepped quickly. It was Miss Ophelia, who at the turn of the night, had discerned what experienced nurses significantly call "a change." The outer door was quickly opened, and Tom, who was watching outside, was on the alert in a moment.

"Go for the the doctor, Tom! lose not a moment;" and stepping across the room, she rapped at St. Clare's door.

"Cousin, I wish you would come."

Those words fell on his heart like clods upon a coffin.

Why did they? He was up and in the room in an instant, and bending over Eva, who still slept.

What was it he saw that made his heart stand still? Why was no word spoken between the two? Thou canst say, who hast seen that same expression on the face dearest to thee—that look, indescribable, hopeless, unmistakable, that says to thee thy beloved is no longer thine.

On the face of the child, however, there was no ghastly imprint—only a high and almost sublime expression—the overshadowing presence of spiritual natures, the dawning of immortal life in that childish soul.

They stood there so still, gazing upon her, that even the ticking of the watch seemed too loud. In a few moments Tom returned with the doctor. He entered, gave one look, and stood silent as the rest.

“When did this change take place?”

“About the turn of the night.”

“Hush!” (hoarsely) “*she is dying!*”

Mammy heard the words, and flew to awaken the servants. The house was soon roused—lights were seen, footsteps heard, anxious faces thronged the verandah, and looked tearfully through the glass doors. But St. Clare heard and said nothing—his was only *that look* on the face of the little sleeper.

“Oh, if she would only wake, and speak once more!” And stooping over her, he whispered in her ear: “Eva darling!”

The large blue eyes unclosed—a smile passed over her face; she tried to raise her head, and to speak.

“Do you know me, Eva?”

“Dear papa!” with a last effort, throwing her arms about his neck. In a moment they dropped again; and, as St. Clare raised his head, he saw a spasm of mortal agony pass over the face—she struggled for breath, and threw up her little hands.

“O God, this is dreadful! Oh, Tom, my boy, it is killing me!”

Tom had his master's hand between his own; and, with tears streaming down his dark cheeks, looked up for help where he had always been used to look.

“Pray that this may be cut short! This wrings my heart!”

"Oh, bless the Lord! it's over—it's over, dear master! look at her!"

The child lay panting on her pillows, as one exhausted—the large clear eyes rolled up and fixed. Ah! what said those eyes, that spoke so much of heaven? Earth was passed, and earthly pain; but so solemn, so mysterious, was the triumphant brightness of that face, that it checked even the sobs of sorrow. They pressed around her in breathless stillness.

"Eva!" (gently).

She did not hear.

"Oh, **Eva**, tell us what you see! What is it?"

A bright, a glorious smile passed over her face, and she said, brokenly: "Oh! love—joy—peace!"—gave one sigh, and passed from death unto life!

Farewell, beloved child! the bright eternal doors have closed after thee; we shall see thy sweet face no more. Oh, woe for them who watched thy entrance into heaven, when they shall wake and find only the cold, grey sky of daily life, and thou gone for ever!

Harriet Beecher Stowe.

MRS. CORNEY AND MR. BUMBLE.

"**Y**OU'LL have a very cold walk, Mr. Bumble."

"It blows, ma'am," replied Mr. Bumble, turning up his coat-collar, "enough to cut one's ears off."

The matron looked, from the little kettle, to the beadle, who was moving towards the door; and as the beadle coughed, preparatory to bidding her good-night, bashfully inquired whether—whether he wouldn't take a cup of tea?

Mr. Bumble instantaneously turned back his collar again; laid his hat and stick upon a chair; and drew another chair up to the table.

"Sweet? Mr. Bumble," inquired the matron, taking up the sugar-basin.

"Very sweet, indeed, ma'am," replied Mr. Bumble. He fixed his eyes on Mrs. Corney, as he said this; and if ever a beadle looked tender, Mr. Bumble was that beadle at that moment.

"You have a cat, ma'am, I see, and kittens too, I declare!"

"I am so fond of them, Mr. Bumble, you can't think. They're *so* happy, *so* frolicsome, and *so* cheerful, that they are quite companions for me."

"Very nice animals, ma'am," replied Mr. Bumble, approvingly; "so very domestic."

"Oh, yes!" rejoined the matron; "so fond of their home too, that it's quite a pleasure, I'm sure."

"Mrs. Corney, ma'am," said Mr. Bumble, slowly, and marking the time with his tea-spoon, "I mean to say this, ma'am; that any cat, or kitten, that could live with you, ma'am, and *not* be fond of its home, must be a *ass*, ma'am."

"Oh, Mr. Bumble!"

"It's of no use disguising facts, ma'am: I would drown it myself with pleasure."

"Then you're a cruel man," said the matron; "and a very hard-hearted man besides."

"Hard-hearted, ma'am," said Mr. Bumble, "hard!" Mr. Bumble resigned his cup without another word; squeezed Mrs. Corney's little finger as she took it; and inflicting two open-handed slaps upon his laced waistcoat, gave a mighty sigh, and hitched his chair a very little morsel farther from the fire.

The table was a round one; consequently Mr. Bumble, moving his chair by little and little, soon began to diminish the distance between himself and the matron; and, continuing to travel round the outer edge of the circle, brought his chair, in time, close to that in which the matron was seated. Indeed, the two chairs touched; and when they did so, Mr. Bumble stopped.

Now, if the matron had moved her chair to the right, she would have been scorched by the fire; and, if to the left, she must have fallen into Mr. Bumble's arms; so (being a discreet matron, and no doubt foreseeing these consequences at a glance) she remained where she was, and handed Mr. Bumble another cup of tea.

"Hard-hearted, Mrs. Corney?" said Mr. Bumble; "are *you* hard-hearted, Mrs. Corney?"

"Dear me! what a very curious question from a single man. What can you want to know for, Mr. Bumble?"

The beadle drank his tea to the last drop; finished a piece of toast; whisked the crumbs off his knees; wiped his lips; and deliberately kissed the matron.

"Mr. Bumble," cried that discreet lady in a whisper; for the fright was so great, that she had quite lost her voice, "Mr. Bumble, I shall scream!" Mr. Bumble made no reply; but in a slow and dignified manner, put his arm round the matron's waist.

As the lady had stated her intention of screaming, of course she would have screamed at this additional boldness, but that the exertion was rendered unnecessary by a hasty knocking at the door.

A withered old female pauper put in her head: "If you please, mistress, Old Sally is a-going fast."

The matron hastened away, asking the beadle to await her return:

Mr. Bumble's conduct on being left to himself, was rather inexplicable. He opened the closet, counted the tea-spoons, weighed the sugar-tongs, closely inspected a silver milk-pot, to ascertain that it was of the genuine metal; and, having satisfied his curiosity on these points, put on his cocked-hat corner-wise, and danced with much gravity four distinct times round the table. Having gone through this very extraordinary performance, he took off the cocked-hat again; and spreading himself before the fire with his back towards it, seemed to be mentally engaged in taking an exact inventory of the furniture.

Mr. Bumble had re-counted the tea-spoons, re-weighed the sugar-tongs, made a closer inspection of the milk-pot, and ascertained to a nicety the exact condition of the furniture down to the very horse-hair-seats of the chairs; and had repeated each process full half-a-dozen times before he began to think that it was time for Mrs. Corney to return. Thinking begets thinking; and as there were no sounds of Mrs. Corney's approach, it occurred to Mr. Bumble that it would be an innocent and virtuous way of spending the time, if he were further to allay his curiosity by a cursory glance at the interior of Mrs. Corney's chest of drawers.

Having listened at the keyhole, to assure himself that nobody was approaching the chamber, Mr. Bumble, beginning at the bottom, proceeded to make himself acquainted with the contents of the three long drawers; which, being filled with various garments of good fashion and texture, carefully preserved between two layers of old newspapers, speckled with dried lavender, assumed to

yield him exceeding satisfaction. Arriving, in course of time, at the right-hand corner drawer (in which was the key), and beholding therein a small padlocked box, which, being shaken, gave forth a pleasant sound, as of the chinking of coin, Mr. Bumble returned with a stately walk to the fireplace; and resuming his old attitude, said, with a grave and determined air, "I'll do it!"

Mrs. Corney, hurrying into the room, threw herself, in a breathless state, on a chair by the fireside; and covering her eyes with one hand, placed the other over her heart, and gasped for breath.

"Mrs. Corney," said Mr. Bumble, stooping over the matron, "what is this, ma'am? has anything happened, ma'am? Pray answer me; I'm on—on——" Mr. Bumble, in his alarm, could not immediately think of the word "tenter-hooks," so he said "broken bottles."

"Oh, Mr. Bumble! I have been so dreadfully put out!"

"Put out, ma'am! Who has dared to——! I know. This is them vicious paupers!"

"It's dreadful to think of!"

"Then *don't* think of it, ma'am."

"I can't help it."

"Then take something, ma'am. A little of the wine?"

"Not for the world!" replied Mrs. Corney. "I couldn't—oh! The top shelf in the right hand corner—oh!" Uttering these words, the good lady pointed, distractedly, to the cupboard, and underwent a convulsion from internal spasms. Mr. Bumble rushed to the closet; and snatching a pint green-glass bottle from the shelf thus incoherently indicated, filled a teacup with its contents, and held it to the lady's lips.

"I'm better now," said Mrs. Corney, falling back, after drinking half of it.

Mr. Bumble raised his eyes piously to the ceiling in thankfulness; and bringing them down again to the brim of the cup, lifted it to his nose.

"Peppermint," exclaimed Mrs. Corney, in a faint voice, smiling gently on the headle as she spoke. "Try it! There's a little—a little something else in it."

Mr. Bumble tasted the medicine with a doubtful look; smacked his lips; took another taste; and put the cup down empty.

"It's very comforting," said Mrs. Corney.

"Very much so indeed, ma'am," said the beadle. As she spoke, he drew a chair beside the matron, and tenderly inquired what had happened to distress her.

"Nothing," replied Mrs. Corney. "I am a foolish, excitable, weak creetur."

"Not weak, ma'am. Are you a weak creetur, Mrs. Corney?"

"We are all weak creeturs," said Mrs. Corney, laying down a general principle.

"So we are," said the beadle.

Nothing was said, on either side, for a minute or two afterwards. By the expiration of that time, Mr. Bumble had illustrated the position by removing his left arm from the back of Mrs. Corney's chair, where it had previously rested, to Mrs. Corney's apron-string, round which it gradually became entwined.

"We are all weak creeturs," said Mr. Bumble.

Mrs. Corney sighed.

"Don't sigh, Mrs. Corney."

"I can't help it." And she sighed again.

"This is a very comfortable room, ma'am. Another room and this, ma'am, would be a complete thing."

"It would be too much for one," murmured the lady.

"But not for two, ma'am. Eh, Mrs. Corney?"

Mrs. Corney drooped her head, when the beadle said this; the beadle drooped his, to get a view of Mrs. Corney's face. Mrs. Corney, with great propriety, turned her head away, and released her hand, to get at her pocket-handkerchief; but insensibly replaced it in that of Mr. Bumble.

"The Board allow you coals, don't they, Mrs. Corney?"

"And candles."

"Coals, candles, and house-rent free. Oh, Mrs. Corney, what a angel you are!"

The lady was not proof against this burst of feeling. She sunk into Mr. Bumble's arms; and that gentleman, in his agitation, imprinted a passionate kiss upon her chaste nose.

"Such parochial perfection!" exclaimed Mr. Bumble rapturously. "You know that Mr. Slout is worse to night, my fascinator?"

"Yes," replied Mrs. Corney, bashfully.

"He can't live a week, the doctor says," pursued Mr. Bumble. "He is the master of this establishment; his death will cause a vacancy; that vacancy must be filled up. Oh, Mrs. Corney, what a prospect this opens! What a opportunity for a joining of hearts and house-keepings!"

Mrs. Corney sobbed.

"The little word! The one little, little, little word, my blessed Corney?"

"Ye—ye—yes!" sighed out the matron.

"One more," pursued the beadle; "compose your darling feelings for only one more—When is it to come off?"

"Mrs. Corney twice essayed to speak, and twice failed. At length, summoning up courage, she threw her arms round Mr. Bumble's neck, and said it might be as soon as ever he pleased, and that he was "a irresistible duck."

Charles Dickens.

PIGWACKET CENTRE SCHOOL.

THE truth was, that District No. 1, Pigwacket Centre had had a good deal of trouble of late with its school-masters. The committee had done their best, but there were a number of well-grown and pretty rough young fellows who had got the upper hand of the masters, and meant to keep it. Two dynasties had fallen before the uprising of this fierce democracy. This was a thing that used not to be very uncommon; but in so "intelligent" a community as that of Pigwacket Centre, in an era of public libraries and lyceum-lectures, it was portentous and alarming.

The advent of Master Langdon to Pigwacket Centre created a much more lively sensation than had attended that of either of his predecessors. Looks go a good way all the world over, and though there were several good-looking people in the place, and Major Bush was what the natives of the town called a "handsome mahn"—that is, big, fat, and red, yet the sight of a really elegant young fellow, with the natural air which grows up with carefully-bred young persons, was a novelty. The Brahmin blood which came from his grandfather as well as from his mother, a direct descendant of the old Flynt family, well known by the famous tutor, Henry Flynt (see Cat. Harv.

1693), had been enlivened and enriched by that of the Wentworths, which has had a good deal of ripe old Madeira and other generous elements mingled with it, so that it ran to gout sometimes in the old folks, and to high spirit, warm complexion, and curly hair in some of the younger ones. The soft curling hair Mr. Bernard had inherited something, perhaps, of the high spirit; but that we shall have a chance of finding out by-and-by.

Monday came, and the new schoolmaster was in his chair at the upper end of the schoolhouse, on the raised platform. The rustics looked at his handsome face, thoughtful, peaceful, pleasant, cheerful, but sharply cut round the lips, and proudly lighted about the eyes. The ringleader of the mischief-makers, the young butcher, looked at him stealthily, whenever he got a chance to study him unobserved; for the truth was, he felt uncomfortable whenever he found the large dark eyes fixed on his own little, sharp, deep-set grey ones. But he managed to study him pretty well—first his face, then his neck and shoulders, the set of his arms, the narrowing at the loins, the make of his legs, and the way he moved. In short, he examined him as he would have examined a steer, to see what he could do and how he would cut up. If he could only have gone to him and felt his muscles, he would have been entirely satisfied. He was not a very wise youth, but he did know well enough that, though big arms and legs are very good things, there is something beside size that goes to make a man; and he had heard stories of a fighting-man, called "The Spider," from his attenuated proportions, who was yet a terrible hitter in the ring, and had whipped many a big-limbed fellow in and out of the roped arena.

Presently the draughtsman of the school set a caricature in circulation, labelled, to prevent mistakes, with the schoolmaster's name. An immense bell-crowned hat, and a long, pointed, swallow-tailed coat showed that the artist had in his mind the conventional dandy, as shown in prints of thirty or forty years ago, rather than any actual human aspect of the time. One morning, on going to the schoolroom, Master Langdon found an enlarged copy of this sketch, with its label, pinned on the door. He took it down, smiled a little, put it into his pocket, and entered the schoolroom. An insidious silence prevailed, which looked as if some plot were brewing. The boys were ripe for mischief, but afraid. They had really no

fault to find with the master, except that he was dressed like a gentleman, which a certain class of fellows always consider a personal insult to themselves. But the older ones were evidently plotting, and more than once the warning *d'h'm* was heard, and a dirty little scrap of paper, rolled into a wad, shot from one seat to another. One of these happened to strike the stove-funnel, and lodged on the master's desk. He was cool enough not to seem to notice it. He secured it, however, and found an opportunity to look at it, without being observed by the boys. It required no immediate notice.

He who should have enjoyed the privilege of looking upon Mr. Bernard Langdon the next morning, when his toilet was about half finished, would have had a very pleasant gratuitous exhibition. First, he buckled the strap of his trowsers pretty tightly. Then he took up a pair of heavy dumb-bells, and swung them for a few minutes; then two great "Indian clubs," with which he enacted all sorts of impossible-looking feats. His limbs were not very large, nor his shoulders remarkably broad; but if you knew as much of the muscles as all persons who look at statues and pictures with a critical eye ought to have learned—if you know the *trapezius*, lying diamond-shaped over the back and shoulders like a monk's cowl—or the *deltoid*, which caps the shoulder like an epaulette—or the *triceps*, which furnishes the calf of the upper arm—or the hard-knotted *biceps*—any of the great sculptural landmarks. in fact,—you would have said there was a pretty show of them, beneath the white satiny skin of Mr. Bernard Langdon. And if you had seen him, when he had laid down the Indian clubs, catch hold of a leather strap that hung from the beam of the old-fashioned ceiling, and lift and lower himself over and over again by his left hand alone, you might have thought it a very simple and easy thing to do, until you tried to do it yourself.—Mr. Bernard looked at himself with the eye of an expert. "Pretty well!" he said;—"not so much fallen off as I expected." Then he set up his bolster in a very knowing sort of way, and delivered two or three blows straight as rulers and swift as winks. "That will do," he said. Then, as if determined to make a certainty of his condition, he took a dynamometer from one of the drawers in his old venerated bureau. First, he squeezed it with his two hands. Then he placed it on the floor and lifted, steadily, strongly. The

springs creaked and cracked; the index swept with a great stride far up into the high figures of the scale: it was a good lift. He was satisfied. He sat down on the edge of his bed, and looked at his cleanly lapped arms. "If I strike one of those boobies, I am afraid I shall spoil him," he said. Yet this young man, when weighed with his class at the college, could barely turn one hundred and forty-two pounds in the scale—not a heavy weight, surely: but some of the middle weights seem to be of a far finer quality of muscle than the bulkier fellows.

Master Langton took his seat, and began the exercises of his school. The smaller boys recited their lessons well enough, but some of the bigger ones were negligent and sulky. He noticed one or two of them looking toward the door, as if expecting somebody or something in that direction. At half-past nine o'clock, Abner Briggs, junior, who had not yet shown himself, made his appearance. He was followed by his "yallah dog," without his muzzle, who snarled down very grimly near the door, and gave a wolfish look round the room as if he were considering which was the plumpest boy to begin with. The young butcher, meanwhile, went to his seat, looking somewhat flushed, except round the lip which were hardly as red as common, and set pretty sharply.

"Put out that dog, Abner Briggs!" The master spoke as the captain speaks to the helmsman, when there are rocks foaming at the lips, right under his lee.

Abner Briggs answered as the helmsman answers, when he knows he has a mutinous crew round him that mean to run the ship on the reef, and is one of the mutineers himself. "Put him aout y'rself, 'f ye a'nt afoard on him!"

The master stepped into the aisle. The great cur showed his teeth, and the devilish instincts of his old wolf-ancestry looked out on his eyes, flashed from his sharp tusks, and yawned in his wide mouth.

The movements of animals are so much quicker than those of human beings commonly are, that they avoid blows as easily as one of us steps out of the way of an ox-cart. It must be a very stupid dog that lets himself be run over by a fast driver in his gig; he can jump out of the wheel's way after the tire has already touched him. So, while one is lifting a stick to strike or drawing back his foot to kick,

the beast makes his spring, and the blow or the kick comes too late.

It was not so this time. The master was a fencer, and something of a boxer; he had played at single-stick, and was used to watching an adversary's eye, and coming down on him without any of those premonitory symptoms by which unpractised persons show long beforehand what mischief they meditate.

"Out with you!" he said, fiercely, and explained what he meant by a sudden flash of his foot that clashed the yellow dog's white teeth together like the springing of a bear-trap. The cur knew he had found his master at the first word and glared as low animals on four legs, or a smaller number, always do; and the blow took him so by surprise, that it flung him up in an instant, and he went bundling out of the open schoolhouse-door with a most pitiable yelp, and his stump of a tail shut down as close as his owner ever shut the short, stubbed blade of his jack-knife.

It was time for the other cur to find who his master was.

The stout butcher^{was}-youth looked round, but the fellows were all cowed, and sat still.

"I'll go when I'm ready," he said, "'n' I goes; I won't go afore I'm ready."

"You're ready now," said Master Langdon, turning up his cuffs so that the little boys noticed the yellow gleam of a pair of gold sleeve-buttons, once worn by Colonel Percy Wentworth famous in the old French War.

Abner Briggs, junior, did not apparently think he was ready, at any rate; for he rose up in his place, and stood with clenched fists, defiant, as the master strode towards him. The master knew the fellow was really frightened, for all his looks, and that he must have no time to rally. So he caught him suddenly by the collar, and, with one great pull, had him out over his desk and on the open floor. He gave him a sharp fling backwards, and stood looking at him.

The rough-and-tumble fighters all *clinch*, as everybody knows; and Abner Briggs, junior, was one of that kind. He remembered how he had floored Master Weeks, and he had just pluck enough left in him to try to repeat his

former successful experiment on the new master. He sprang at him, open-handed, to clutch him. So the master had to strike—once, but very hard, and just in the place to tell. No doubt the authority that doth hedge a school-master added to the effect of the blow; but the blow was itself a neat one, and did not require to be repeated.

"Now go home," said the master, "and don't let me see you or your dog here again." And he turned his cuffs down over the gold sleeve-buttons.

This finished the great Pigwacket Centre School rebellion. What could be done with a master who was so pleasant as long as the boys behaved decently, and such a terrible fellow when he got "riled," as they called it? In a week's time everything was reduced to order, and the school-committee were delighted.

OUR NEXT-DOOR NEIGHBOUR.

(Inserted by permission of Messrs. Chapman & Hall.)

THE house without the knocker was in the occupation of a City clerk, and there was a neatly-written bill in the parlour-window, intimating that lodgings for a single gentleman were to be let within.

It was a neat, dull little house, on the shady side of the way, with new narrow floor-cloth in the passage, and new narrow stair-carpets up to the first floor. The paper was new, and the paint was new, and the furniture was new; and all three, paper, paint, and furniture, bespoke the limited means of the tenant. There was a little red and black carpet in the drawing-room, with a border of flooring all the way round; a few stained chairs and a penbrooke table. A pink shell was displayed on each of the little sideboards, which, with the addition of a teatray and caddy, a few more shells on the mantelpiece, and three peacock's feathers tastefully arranged above them, completed the decorative furniture of the apartment.

This was the room destined for the reception of the single gentleman during the day, and a little back room on the same floor was assigned as his sleeping apartment by night.

The bill had not been long in the window, when a stout good-humored-looking gentleman, of about five-and-thirty

appeared as a candidate for the tenancy. Terms were soon arranged, for the bill was taken down immediately after his first visit. In a day or two the single gentleman came in, and shortly afterwards his real character came out.

First of all, he displayed a most extraordinary partiality for sitting up till three or four o'clock in the morning, drinking and smoking cigars; then he invited friends home, who used to come at ten o'clock, and begin to get happy about the small hours, when they evinced their perfect contentment by singing songs with half-a-dozen verses of two lines each, and a chorus of ten, which chorus used to be shouted forth by the whole strength of the company, in the most enthusiastic and vociferous manner, to the great annoyance of the neighbours, and the special discomfort of another single gentleman overhead.

Now, this was bad enough, occurring as it did three times a week on the average, but this was not all; for when the company *did* go away, instead of walking quietly down the street, as anybody else's company would have done, they amused themselves by making alarming and frightful noises, and counterfeiting the shrieks of females in distress; and one night, a red-faced gentleman in a white hat knocked in the most urgent manner at the door of the powdered-headed old gentleman at No. 3 and when the powdered-headed old gentleman had groped downstairs, and after a great deal of unbolting and key-turning, opened the street door, the red-faced man in the white hat said he hoped he'd excuse his giving him so much trouble, but he'd feel obliged if he'd favour him with a glass of cold spring water, and the loan of a shilling for a cab to take him home; on which the old gentleman slammed the door, and went upstairs, and threw the contents of his water jug out of window very straight, only it went over the wrong man, and the whole street was involved in confusion.

A joke's a joke; and even practical jests are very capital in their way, if you can only get the other party to see the fun of them; but the population of our street were so dull of apprehension as to be quite lost to a sense of the drollery of this proceeding; and the consequence was, that our next-door neighbour was obliged to tell the single gentleman that, unless he gave up entertaining his friends at home, he really must be compelled to part with him. The single gentleman

received the remonstrance with great good-humour, and promised, from that time forward, to spend his evenings at a coffee-house—a determination which afforded general and unminged satisfaction.

The next night passed off very well, everybody being delighted with the change; but, on the next, the noises were renewed with greater spirit than ever. The single gentleman's friends, being unable to see him in his own house every alternate night, had come to the determination of seeing him home every night; and what with the discordant greetings of the friends at parting, and the noise created by the single gentleman in his passage upstairs, and his subsequent struggles to get his boots off, the evil was not to be borne. So, our next door neighbour gave the single gentleman, who was a very good lodger in other respects, notice to quit; and the single gentleman went away, and entertained his friends in other lodgings.

The next applicant for the vacant first floor was of a very different character from the troublesome single gentleman who had just quitted it. He was a tall, thin young gentleman, with a protusion of brown hair, reddish whiskers, and very slightly developed moustaches. He wore a braided surtut, with frogs behind, light grey trousers, and wash-leather gloves, and had altogether rather a military appearance. So unlike the roystering single gentleman's such insinuating manner, and such a delightful address! When he first came to look at the lodgings, he inquired most particularly whether he was sure to be able to get a seat in the parish church; and, when he had agreed to take them, he requested to have a list of the different local charities, as he intended to subscribe his mite to the most deserving among them. Our next door neighbour was now perfectly happy. He had got a lodger at last, of just his own way of thinking—a serious, well-disposed man, who abhorred gaiety, and loved retirement. He took down the bill with a light heart, and pictured in imagination a long series of quiet Sundays, on which he and his lodger would exchange mutual civilities and Sunday papers.

The serious man arrived, and his luggage was to arrive from the country next morning. He borrowed a clean shirt and a Prayer-book from our next-door neighbour, and retired to rest at an early hour, requesting that he might

be called punctually at ten o'clock next morning—not before, as he was much fatigued.

He was called and did not answer; he was called again, but there was no reply. Our next-door neighbour became alarmed, and burst the door open. The serious man had left the house mysteriously, carrying with him the shirt, the Prayer-book, a teaspoon, and the bedclothes.

Whether this occurrence, coupled with the irregularities of his former lodger, gave our next-door neighbour an aversion to single gentlemen, we know not; we only know that the next bill which made its appearance in the parlour window intimated generally that there were furnished apartments to let on the first floor. The bill was soon removed. The new lodgers at first attracted our curiosity, and afterwards excited our interest.

They were a young lad of eighteen or nineteen, and his mother, a lady of about fifty, or it might be less. The mother wore a widow's weeds, and the boy was also clothed in deep mourning. They were poor—very poor; for their only means of support arose from the pittance the boy earned by copying writings, and translating for book-sellers.

They had removed from some country place, and settled in London, partly because it afforded better chances of employment for the boy, and partly, perhaps with the natural desire to leave a place where they had been in better circumstances, and where their poverty was known. They were proud under their reverses, and above revealing their wants and privations to strangers. How bitter those privations were, and how hard the boy worked to remove them, no one ever knew, but themselves. Night after night, two, three, four hours after midnight, could we hear the occasional raking up of the scanty fire, or the hollow and half-stifled cough which indicated his being still at work; and day after day could we see more plainly that nature had set that unearthly light in his plaintive face, which is the beacon of her worst disease.

Actuated, we hope, by a higher feeling than mere curiosity, we contrived to establish, first an acquaintance, and then a close intimacy, with the poor strangers. Our worst fears were realized: the boy was sinking fast.

through a part of the winter, and the whole of the following spring and summer, his labours were unceasingly prolonged; and the mother attempted to procure needle-work, and embroidery--anything for bread.

A few shillings now and then were all she could earn. The boy worked steadily on; dying by minutes, but never once giving utterance to complaint or murmur.

One beautiful autumn evening we went to pay our customary visit to the invalid. His little remaining strength had been decreasing rapidly for two or three days preceding, and he was lying on his side at the open window, gazing at the setting sun. His mother had been reading the Bible to him, for he closed the book as we entered, and advanced to meet us.

"I was telling William," she said, "that you must manage to take him into the country somewhere, so that he may get quite well. He is not ill, you know, but he is not very strong, and has exerted himself too much lately." Poor thing! The tears that streamed through her fingers as she turned aside, to adjust her close window cap, too plainly showed how fruitless was the attempt to deceive herself.

We sat down by the head of the sofa. We said nothing, for we felt the breath of life was passing gently but rapidly from the young form before us. At every respiration his heart beat more slowly.

The boy placed one hand in ours, grasped his mother's arm with the other, drew her hastily towards him, and fervently kissed her cheek. There was a pause. He sunk back upon his pillow, and looked long and earnestly in his mother's face.

"William, William!" murmured the mother, after a long interval, "don't look at me so--speak to me, dear!"

The boy smiled languidly, but an instant afterwards his features resolved into the same cold, solemn gaze.

"William, dear William! rouse yourself, dear; don't look at me so, love--pray don't! Oh, my God! what shall I do?" cried the widow, clasping her hands in agony. "My dear boy! he is dying!"

The boy calmed himself by a violent effort, and folded his hands together. "Mother! dear, dear mother bury me in the open fields--anywhere but in these dreadful streets. I

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should like to be where you can see my grave, but not in these close, crowded streets; they have killed me; kiss me again, mother; put your arm round my neck ——"

He fell back, and a strange expression stole upon his features; not of pain or suffering, but an indescribable fixing of every line and muscle.

The boy was dead.

Charles Dickens.

THE HAUNTED TRACK.

IT was the race of that season. I had only one man to beat in order to become the champion professional mile runner, and I was to meet him in a final struggle for supremacy that afternoon. The race had been on the tapis for a long while, and for weeks we had both been steadily training.

Training was always an easy matter for me, as I was naturally abstemious and of thoroughly sound physique; my opponent, on the other hand—whom for the occasion I will call Lewis—was a much older man than myself, and, moreover, addicted to intemperance of all sorts, even when training, which at times shook the confidence of even his staunchest supporters, and which on this, more than on any other occasion, made his backers nervous and undecided. For there were rumours of his having quarrelled with his trainer, "lived as he liked," gone to pieces in trials, and a dozen others, the authentication of any one of which would have annihilated the betting in his favour, and which, as it was, made my friends confident of success.

It was on a well-known track in the Midlands; the weather was perfect, and the attendance immense. Cheers and counter-cheers arose as we both appeared on the steps of the pavilion at once, and stood side by side talking, whilst subject to the keen scrutiny of a host of rival supporters.

My rival was a tall, splendidly-made man, with pace written on every limb; but, still, on this occasion there was something about him, and especially in his face, that looked like want of condition, and I began to feel in myself the confidence of my friends. He looked worried and anxious, and despite the keen excitement and desire for victory, I

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felt an inward diffidence about running against a man who, to my mind, looked already half-beaten.

Suddenly, as we were standing there, a well-known bookmaker pushed his way up and laid his hand on my opponent's arm.

"What's this about?" I heard him say, angrily; then a hurried, whispered conversation ensued, at the end of which Lewis shook the intruder off.

"May I drop dead if I don't win!" I heard him whisper as he did so; and directly after, we took up our positions.

With that last speech still in my mind, and an unpleasant thought beside it to the effect that I was racing for a life, I sprang away as the pistol went off, with a lead of a few yards.

At the end of the first lap I was still leading, but the long deer-like stride of my opponent was close behind me, and losing at the sound all unpleasant reflections, I determined to do all I knew to beat him. At the second lap I had increased my lead; the pace was a cracker, and though my opponent was running steadily, I caught the sound of distressed breathing. It was telling on him, and I felt that I had heaps of "go" left still, and even increased the pace. On into the third lap and last, and then the deer-like stride came up nearer and nearer. He was at my shoulder; we were abreast; and then he passed me. But there was still half a lap, and I was not beaten yet. Once he had passed me, his pace dropped. He seemed to falter, and I dashed up and caught him. So we raced to within a hundred yards of home, when I heard him gasp and saw him stagger. For one instant I hesitated, but a wild cheer from the on-lookers roused me, and, springing forward, I raced home, the winner by fifty yards.

An uproarious greeting met me at the post, and I looked round in triumph for my opponent: but all I could see was a crowd on the path, and, directly after, one of my backers hurried up with the news that Lewis had dropped dead fifty yards from the tape.

So I won, and became the champion mile-man of my day. I was proud, certainly; but still I could not shake off the unpleasant feeling of having won at the cost of a life. And when, a few days later, I learned that Lewis loved the man who had spoken to him on the steps of the

pavilion, a considerable sum of money; that the man had sued him and got judgment, and that nothing but his chance of winning stood between my unhappy rival and a debtor's prison, I felt utterly sick of the whole business, and almost like a murderer.

* * * * *

It was ten years after. I had long since lost the championship, and almost given up running altogether. I had, however, won races in all parts of the country in that time; but nothing could induce me ever to run on that particular track again, or, indeed, to go into that part of the country: for me it was haunted, although I never owned as much even to myself, but always invented some excuse of a less superstitious nature whenever inducements were held out to get me down there.

One day, however, in late autumn, business other than athletic compelled me to go into the neighbourhood, and, having got through that towards the evening, I yielded to an irresistible impulse, and went to have a look at the scene of my greatest and fatal triumph. It was dark by the time I reached the ground, but the ground-man lived at the gate, and having secured the key, I went in. I could just trace out the track, and as I stood looking at it, and calling to mind the different points of my last race on it—every point and incident vivid enough, goodness knows,—in an evil moment I decided that I would like just to take a turn upon it, if it were only to abolish the taboo which my own superstition had placed upon it. How I so easily shook off the superstition itself at the time, I cannot tell: but, be that as it may, I borrowed some flannels and a pair of shoes from the man, and, despite the darkness and general dreariness of my surroundings, made my way on to the fatal track, and started at a fair pace to go just one lap.

It was six months since I had had a shoe on; but years of regular training are not easily shaken off, and as I strided along the well-kept track, my spirits rose, and I laughed aloud at my own silly fears. The night was dark, but as long as I could see the darker outline of the track, I cared little for that. I am not nervous, yet, although I had resolved to master my superstition, I could not quite shake off the consciousness of not being alone, and more than

once I caught myself starting at shrubs and posts. I was not to be beaten, however, and staid on manfully. But what was that? I had rounded the curve and was pulling myself together for a slight incline which occurred there, when a sound caught my ear. For a second I slackened, and then, with every atom of courage gone, burst away at a wild pace with a smothered cry of horror; for the sound was that of a shoe on the track behind me, with the tap, tap, tap of a long swinging stride that was his. Away I went, but fast as I might go, I could hear him behind me as I heard him that afternoon ten years before. I tried to leave the track, but something stronger than myself urged me on, and I knew that I was doomed to run the mile off. On into the second lap, with that ghostly stride gradually creeping up; another moment, and the dead man's face would be on a line with my own. At that thought I turned stone cold, despite the tremendous exertion, and yet I increased my pace in a mad effort to draw away. I could distinctly hear his distressed breathing as we tore along into the third lap, and with head bent forward, and every nerve and muscle straining, I strove to keep ahead, but slowly and surely the long deer-like stride was creeping up. Another instant, and the shadowy outline of a man was beside me. I had no need to look twice; it was he. At that moment I lost consciousness of all but a savage desire to repass my awful opponent. It all felt like a horrible nightmare. I seemed to be running in a dream, as with fascinated gaze and quivering nerves I rushed on. Hurray! I was catching him. A fierce yell rose to my lips, but it was lost in the rushing of the night breeze past us. It was the fatal race over again, with the excitement a thousand times intensified. We were level: once more I saw him stagger and heard him groan. I saw the shadowy form go down, and with a delicious shout of triumph I raced home. But once there, my unnatural strength failed, my legs gave way, and I fell at full length, paralyzed with fear.

I fancied I heard the sound of mocking laughter keeping time to the tapping of innumerable ghostly feet upon the cinder path in a race that had no finish. How long I lay there I cannot say, but at length I was roused by the ground-man, who had come to look for me.

I staggered back to the lodge, explaining my breakdown

as best I could, and as soon as I was sufficiently recovered I left that place for ever, carrying with me a nervous system utterly shattered.

I never heard of anyone else meeting my terrible opponent: probably, only for me was that track haunted.

("Young Folks Paper.")

John Waterson.

MRS. MAYTON INTERVIEWED.

(HELEN'S BABIES.)

THE course of Budge's interview with Mrs. Mayton was related by that lady, as follows:—

She was sitting in her own room (which was on the parlour-floor and in the rear of the house), and was leisurely reading "Good to be Free," when she accidentally dropped her glasses. stooping to pick them up, she became aware that she was not alone. A small, very dirty, but good-looking boy stood before her, his hands behind his back, and an inquiring look in his eyes.

"Run away, little boy," said she. "Don't you know it isn't polite to enter rooms without knocking?"

"I'm looking for my uncle," in most melodious accents, "an' the other ladies said you would know when he would come back."

"I'm afraid they were making fun of you—or me," said the old lady, a little severely. "I don't know anything about little boys' uncles. Now run away, and don't disturb me any more."

"Well," continued Budge, "they said your little girl went with him, and you'd know when *she* would come back."

"I haven't any little girl," said the old lady, her indignation at a supposed joke threatening to overcome her dignity. "Now, go away."

"She isn't a *very* little girl," said Budge, honestly anxious to conciliate; "that is, she's bigger'n I am, but they said you was her mother, an' so she's your little girl, isn't she? I think she's lovely, too."

"Do you mean Miss Mayton?" asked the lady, thinking she had a possible clue to the cause of Budge's anxiety.

Oh, yes—that's her name—I couldn't think of it," eagerly

replied Budge. "An' ain't she AWFUL nice?—I *know* she is!"

"Your judgment is quite correct, considering your age," said Mrs. Mayton, exhibiting more interest in Budge than she had heretofore done. "But what makes you think she is nice? You are rather younger than her male admirers usually are."

"Why, my Uncle Harry told me so," replied Budge, "an' he knows *everything*."

Mrs. Mayton grew vigilant at once, and dropped her book.

"Who is your Uncle Harry, little boy?"

"He's Uncle Harry; don't you know him? He can make nicer whistles than my papa can. An' he found a turtle —"

"Who is your papa?" interrupted the old lady.

"Why, he's papa— I thought everybody *knows* who *he* was."

"What is your name?" asked Mrs. Mayton.

"John Burton Lawrence," promptly answered Budge.

Mrs. Mayton wrinkled her brows for a moment, and finally asked: "Is Mr. Burton the uncle you are looking for?"

"I don't know any Mr. Burton," said Budge, a little dazed. "uncle is mamma's brother, an' he's been livin' at our house ever since mamma an' papa went off visitin', an' he goes ridin' in our carriage, an' —"

"Humph!" remarked the lady, with so much emphasis that Budge ceased talking. A moment later she said:

"I didn't mean to interrupt you, little boy; go on."

"— An' he rides with just the loveliest lady that ever was. *He* thinks so, an' I *know* she is. An' he *spects* her."

"What?" exclaimed the old lady.

"—Spects her, I say—that's what *he* says. I say *spect* means just what I call *love*. Cos if it don't, what makes him give her hugs an' kisses?"

Mrs. Mayton caught her breath, and did not reply for a moment. At last she said:

"How do you know he—gives her hugs and kisses?"

"Cos I saw him, the day Toddie hurt his finger in the grass-cutter. An' he was so happy that he bought me a goat-carriage next morning—I'll show it to you if you come down to our stable, an' I'll show you the goat too. An' he bought——"

Just here Budge stopped, for Mrs. Mayton put her handkerchief to her eyes. Two or three moments later she felt

a light touch on her knee, and, wiping her eyes, saw Budge looking sympathetically into her face.

"I'm awful sorry you feel bad," said he. "Are you 'fraid to have your little girl ridin' so long?"

"Ye!" exclaimed Mrs. Mayton, with great decision.

"Well, you needn't be," said Budge, "for Uncle Harry's awful careful an' smart."

"He ought to be ashamed of himself!" exclaimed the lady.

"I guess he is, then," said Budge, "cos he's everything he ought to be. He's awful careful. T'other day, when the goat ran away, an' Toddie an' me got in the carriage with them, he held on to her tight, so she couldn't fall out."

Mrs. Mayton brought her foot down with a violent stamp.

"I know you'd 'spect *him*, if you know how nice he was," continued Budge. "He sings awful funny songs, an' tells splendid stories."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed the angry mother.

"They ain't no nonsense at all," said Budge. "I don't think it's right for to say that, when his stories are always about Joseph an' Abraham, an' Moses, an' when Jesus was a little boy, an' the Hebrew children, an' lots of people that the Lord loved. An' he's awful 'fectionate, too."

"Yes, I suppose so," said Mrs. Mayton.

"When we says our prayers we prays for the nice lady what he 'spects, an' he likes us to do it," continued Budge.

"How do you know?" demanded Mrs. Mayton.

"Co he always kisses us when we do it, an' that's what my papa does when he likes what we pray."

Mrs. Mayton's mind became absorbed in earnest thought, but Budge had not said all that was in his heart.

"An' when Toddie or me tumbles down an' hurts ourselves, 'taint no matter what Uncle Harry's doin', he runs right out an' picks us up an' comforts us. He froed away a cigar the other day, he was in such a hurry when a wasp stung me, an' Toddie picked the cigar up and ate it, an' it made him *awfu'* sick."

The last-named incident did not affect Mrs. Mayton deeply, perhaps on the score of inapplicability to the question before her. Budge went on:

"An' wasn't he good to me to-day? Just cos I was forlorn, cos I hadn't nobody to play with, an' wanted to die an' go to heaven, he stopped shavin', so as to comfort me."

Mrs. Mayton had been thinking rapidly and seriously, and her heart had relented somewhat to the principal offender.

"Suppose," said she, "that I don't let my little girl go riding with him any more?"

"Then," said Budge, "I know he'll be awful, awful unhappy, an' I'll be awful sorry for him, cos nice folks oughtn't to be made unhappy."

"Suppose then, that I do let her go," said Mrs. Mayton.

"Then I'll give you thousands of kisses for being so good to my uncle," said Budge. And assuming that the latter course would be the one adopted by Mrs. Mayton, Budge slumped into her lap and began at once to make payment.

"Bless your dear little heart!" exclaimed Mrs. Mayton; "you're of the same blood, and it is good, if it is rather hard."

John Hallerton.

THE DUTIES OF A SECRETARY.

(From "Nicholas Nickleby," by and permission of Messrs. Chapman & Hall.)

"I BROUGHT this card from the General Agency Office, sir," said Nicholas, "wishing to offer my self as your secretary, and understanding that you stood in need of one."

"That's all you have to say for us at present," said Mr. Gregsbury, eyeing him in some doubt.

Nicholas replied in the affirmative.

"You have no connection with any of those miserable papers I have seen," said Mr. Gregsbury. "You didn't get into the room to hear what was going forward, and put it in print, did you?"

"I have no connection, I am sorry to say, with anything at present," rejoined Nicholas,—politely enough, but quite at his ease.

"Oh!" said Mr. Gregsbury. "How did you find your way up here, then?"

Nicholas related how he had been forced up by the deputation.

"That was the way, was it?" said Mr. Gregsbury. "Sit down."

Nicholas took a chair, and Mr. Gregsbury stared at him for a long time, as if to make certain, before he asked any

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further questions, that there were no objections to his outward appearance.

"You want to be my secretary, do you?" he said at length.

"I wish to be employed in that capacity, sir," replied Nicholas.

"Well," said Mr. Gregsbury; "now, what can you do?"

"I suppose," replied Nicholas, smiling, "that I can do what falls usually to the lot of other secretaries."

"What's that?" inquired Mr. Gregsbury.

"What is it?" replied Nicholas.

"Ah! What is it?" retorted the member, looking shrewdly at him, with his head on one side.

"A secretary's duties are rather difficult to define, perhaps," said Nicholas, considering. "They include, I presume, correspondence?"

"Good," rejoined Mr. Gregsbury.

"The arrangement of papers and documents."

"Very good."

"Occasionally, perhaps, the writing from your dictation; and possibly, sir," said Nicholas, with a half smile, "the copying of your speech for some public journal, when you have made one of more than usual importance."

"Certainly," rejoined Mr. Gregsbury. "What else?"

"Really," said Nicholas after a moment's reflection, "I am not able, at this instant, to recapitulate any other duty of a secretary, beyond the general one of making himself as agreeable and useful to his employer as he can, consistently with his own respectability, and without overstepping that line of duty which he undertakes to perform, and which the designation of his office is only understood to imply."

Mr. Gregsbury looked fixedly at Nicholas for a short time, and then, glancing warily round the room, said in a suppressed voice.

"This is all very well, Mr. — What is your name?"

"Nickleby."

"This is all very well, Mr. Nickleby, and very proper, so far as it goes — so far as it goes, but it doesn't go far enough. There are other duties, Mr. Nickleby, which a secretary to a parliamentary gentleman must never lose sight of. I should require to be crammed, sir."

"I beg your pardon," interposed Nicholas, doubtful whether he had heard aright.

"--- To be crammed, sir," repeated Mr. Gregsbury.

"May I beg your pardon again, if I inquire what you meant, sir?" said Nicholas.

"My meaning, sir, is perfectly plain," replied Mr. Gregsbury, with solemn aspect. "My secretary would have to make himself master of the foreign policy of the world as it is mirrored in the newspapers; to run his eye over all accounts of public meetings, all leading articles, and accounts of the proceedings of public bodies; and to make notes of anything which it appeared to him might be made a point of in any little speech upon the question of some petition lying on the table, or anything of that kind. Do you understand?"

"I think I do, sir," replied Nicholas.

"Then," said Mr. Gregsbury, "it would be necessary for him to make himself acquainted, from day to day, with newspaper paragraphs on passing events, such as, 'Mysterious disappearance and supposed suicide of a potboy,' or anything of that sort, upon which I might found a question to the Secretary of State for the Home Department. Then he would have to copy the question, and as much as I remembered of the answer (including a little complimentary about independence and good sense); and to send the manuscript in a frank to the local paper, with perhaps half-a-dozen lines of leader, to the effect that I ~~was~~ always to be found in my place in Parliament, and never shrunk from the responsible and arduous duties, and so forth. You see?"

Nicholas bowed.

"Besides which," continued Mr. Gregsbury, "I should expect him, now and then, to go through a few figures in the printed tables, and to pick out a few results, so that I might come out pretty well on timber-duty questions, and finance questions, and so on; and I should like him to get up a few little arguments about the disastrous effects of a return to cash payments and a metallic currency, with a touch now and then about the exportation of bullion, and the Emperor of Russia, and bank notes, and all that kind of thing, which it's only necessary to talk fluently about, because nobody understands it. Do you take me?"

"I think I understand," said Nicholas.

"With regard to such questions as are not political," continued Mr. Gregsbury, warming, "and which one can't be expected to care about, beyond the natural care of not allowing inferior people to be as well off as ourselves—else, where are our privileges?—I should wish my secretary to get together a few little flourishing speeches of a patristic cast. For instance, if any preposterous bill were brought forward for giving poor grubbing authors a right to their own property, I should like to say that I, for one, would never consent to opposing an insurmountable bar to the diffusion of literature among the *people*,—you understand?—that the creations of the pocket, being man's, might belong to one man, or one family; but that the creations of the brain, being God's, ought, as a matter of course, to belong to the people at large; and if I was pleasantly disposed, I should like to make a joke about posterity, and say that those who wrote for posterity should be content to be rewarded by the approbation of posterity; it might take with the House, and could never do me any harm, because posterity can't be expected to know anything about me, or my jokes either—do you see?"

"I see that, sir," replied Nicholas.

"You must always bear in mind, in such cases as this, where our interests are not affected," said Mr. Gregsbury, "to put it very strong about the people, because it comes out very well at election-time; and you could be as funny as you liked about the authors; because I believe the greater part of them live in lodgings, and are not voters. This is a hasty outline of the chief things you'd have to do, except waiting in the lobby every night, in case I forgot anything, and should want fresh cramming; and, now and then, during great debates, sitting in the front row of the gallery, and saying to the people about—'You see that gentleman, with his hand to his face, and his arm twisted round the pillar—that's Mr. Gregsbury—the celebrated Mr. Gregsbury,'—with any other little eulogium that might strike you at the moment. And for salary," said Mr. Gregsbury, winding up with great rapidity; for he was out of breath—"and for salary I don't mind saying at once, in round numbers, to prevent any dissatisfaction—though it's more than I've been accustomed to give—fifteen shillings a week, and find yourself. There!"

With this handsome offer, Mr. Gregsbury once more thr

himself back in his chair, and looked like a man who had been most profligately liberal, but is determined not to repent of it notwithstanding.

"Fifteen shillings a week is not much," said Nicholas, mildly.

"Not much! Fifteen shillings a week not much, young man!" cried Mr. Gregsbury. "Fifteen shillings a —"

"Pray do not suppose that I quarrel with the sum, sir," replied Nicholas; "for I am not ashamed to confess that, whatever it may be in itself, to me it is a great deal. But the duties and responsibilities make the recompense small, and they are so very heavy that I fear to undertake them."

"Do you decline to undertake them, sir?" inquired Mr. Gregsbury, with his hand on the bell-rope.

"I fear they are too great for my powers, however good my will may be, sir," replied Nicholas.

"That is as much as to say that you had rather not accept the place, and that you consider fifteen shillings a week too little," said Mr. Gregsbury. "Do you decline it, sir?"

"I have no alternative but to do so," replied Nicholas.

"Door, Matthews!" said Mr. Gregsbury, as the boy appeared.

"I am sorry I have troubled you unnecessarily, sir," said Nicholas.

"I am sorry you have," rejoined Mr. Gregsbury, turning his back upon him. "Door, Matthews!"

"Good morning, sir," said Nicholas.

"Door, Matthews!" cried Mr. Gregsbury.

The boy beckoned Nicholas, and, tumbling lazily downstairs before him, opened the door, and ushered him into the street.

Charles Dickens.

ABOUT BARBERS.

ALL things change except barbers, the ways of barbers, and the surroundings of barbers. These never change. What one experiences in a barber-shop the first time he enters one is what he always experiences in barber-shops afterwards till the end of his days. I got shaved this morning as usual. A man approached the door from Jones Street

as I approached it from Main -- a thing that always happens. I hurried up, but it was of no use: he entered the door one little step ahead of me, and I followed in on his heels and saw him take the only vacant chair, the one presided over by the best barber. It always happens so. I sat down, hoping that I might fall heir to the chair belonging to the better of the remaining two barbers--for he had already begun combing his man's hair, while his comrade was not yet quite done rubbing up and oiling his customer's locks. I watched the proceedings with strong interest. When I saw that No. 2 was gaining on No. 1 my interest grew to solicitude. When No. 1 stopped a moment to make change on a bath-ticket for a new owner, and lost ground in the race, my solicitude rose to anxiety. When No. 1 caught up again, and both he and his comrade were pulling the towels away and brushing the powder from their customers' cheeks, and it was about an even thing which one would say "Next!" first, my very breath stood still with the suspense. But when at the final culminating moment No. 1 stopped to pass a comb a couple of times through his customer's eyebrows, I saw that he had lost the race by a single instant.

* * * * *

At last my turn came. A voice said "Next!" and I surrendered to--No. 2 of course. It always happens so. I said meekly that I was in a hurry, and it affected him as strongly as if he had never heard it. He shoved up my head, and put a napkin under it. He ploughed his fingers into my collar, and fixed a towel there. He explored my hair with his claws, and suggested that it needed trimming. I said I did not want it trimmed. He explored again, and said it was pretty long for the present style--better have a little taken off; it needed it behind especially. I said I had had it cut only a week before. He yearned over it reflectively a moment, and then asked, with a disparaging manner, who cut it. I came back at him promptly with a "You did!" I had him there. Then he fell to stirring up his lather and regarding himself in the glass, stopping now and then to get close, and examine his chin critically or torture a pimple. Then he lathered one side of my face thoroughly, and was about to lather the other, when a dog-fight attracted his attention, and he ran to the window, and stayed and saw it out, losing two shillings on the result in bets with the other

barbers—a thing which gave me great satisfaction. He finished lathering, meantime getting the brush into my mouth only twice, and then began to rub in the suds with his hand; and as he now had his head turned, discussing the dog-fight with the other barbers, he naturally shovelled considerable lather into my mouth without knowing it—but I did.

He now began to sharpen his razor on an old suspender, and was delayed a good deal on account of a controversy about a cheap masquerade ball he had figured at the night before in red cambric and bogus emme, as some kind of a king. He was so grieved with being chaffed about some damsel whom he had smitten with his charms, that he used every means to continue the controversy by pretending to be annoyed at the chaffings of his fellows. This matter begot more surveyings of him self in the glass, and he put down his razor and brushed his hair with elaborate care, plastering an inverted arch of it down on his forehead, accomplishing an accurate “part” behind, and brushing the two wings forward over his ears with nice exactness. In the meantime the lather was drying on my face, and apparently eating into my vitals.

Now he began to shave, digging his fingers into my countenance to stretch the skin, making a handle of my nose now and then, bounding and tumbling my head this way and that as convenience in shaving demanded, and expectorating what may be termed pleasantly, all the while. As long as he was on the tough sides of my face I did not suffer; but when he began to rake, and rip, and tug at my chin, the tears came. I did not mind his getting so close down to me; I did not mind his garlic, because all barbers eat garlic, I suppose; but there was an added something that made me fear that he was decaying inwardly while still alive; and this gave me much concern. He now put his finger into my mouth to assist him in shaving the corners of my upper lip, and it was by this bit of circumstantial evidence that I discovered that a part of his duties in the shop was to clean the kerosene lamps. I had often wondered in an indolent way whether the barbers did that, or whether it was the boys.

About this time I was amusing myself trying to guess where he would be most likely to cut me, this shave, but he got ahead of me, and sliced me on the end of the chin before I had got my mind made up. He immediately sharpened

his razor—he might have done it before! I do not like a close shave, and would not let him go over me a second time. I tried to get him to put up his razor, dreading that he would make for the side of my chin, my pet tender spot, a place which a razor cannot touch twice without making trouble; but he said he only wanted to just smooth off one little roughness, and in that same moment he slipped his razor along the forbidden ground, and the dreaded pimple-signs of a close shave rose up smarting and answered to the call. Now he soaked his towel in bay rum, and slapped it all over my face nastily—slapped it over, as if a human being ever yet washed his face in that way. Then he dried it by clapping with the dry part of the towel—as if a human being ever dried his face in such a fashion; but a barber seldom rubs you like a Christian. Next he poked bay rum into the cut place with his towel, then choked the wound with powdered starch, then soaked it with bay rum again, and would have gone on soaking and powdering it for evermore, no doubt, if I had not rebelled and begged off. He powdered my whole face now, straightened me up, and began to plough my hair thoughtfully with his hands, and examine his fingers critically. Then he suggested a shampoo, and said my hair needed it badly, very badly. I observed that I shampooed it myself very thoroughly in the bath yesterday. I “had him” again. He next recommended some of “Smith’s Hair Glorifier,” and offered to sell me a bottle. I declined. He praised the new perfume “Jones’s Delight of the Toilet,” and proposed to sell me some of that. I declined again. He tendered me a tooth-wash atrocity of his own invention, and when I declined, offered to trade knives with me.

He turned to business after the miscarriage of this last enterprise, sprinkled me all over—legs and all, greased my hair in defiance of my protests against it, rubbed and scrubbed a good deal of it by the roots, and combed and brushed the rest, parting it behind and plastering the eternal inverted arch of hair down on my forehead; and then, while combing my scant eyebrows and defiling them with pomade, strung out an account of the achievements of a six-ounce black-and-tan-terrier of his, till I heard the whistles blow for noon, and knew I was five minutes too late for the train. Then he snatched away the towel, brushed it

lightly about my face, passed his comb through my eye-brows once more, and gaily sung out "Next!"

This barber fell down and died of apoplexy two hours later. I am waiting over a day for my revenge—I am going to attend his funeral.

THE STORY OF A GRIDIRON.

IT was the time I was lost in crassin' the broad Atlantic, comin' home," began Pat, deceived into the recital; "when the winds began to blow, and the sea to ~~roll~~, that you'd think the *Colleen dhoo* (that was her name) would not have a mast left but what would rowl out of her.

"Well, sure enough, the masts went by the board at last, and the pumps was chock'd and av course the weather gained an us, and throth, to be filled with wather is nather good for man or baste; and she was sinkin' fast, settlin' down, as the sailors calls it, and faith I never was good at settlin' down in my life and I liked it then less nor ever; accordingly we prepared for the worst, and put out the boat, and got a sack o' bishkits, and a cask o' pork, and a keg o' wather, and a thrifle o' rum aboard, and any other little matthers we could think iv in the mortal hurry we wor in—and, faith, there was no time to be lost, for my darlint, the *Colleen dhoo*, went down like a lump o' lead, afore we wor many sthrokes o' the oar away from her."

"Well, we dhripped away all that night, and next mornin' we put up a blanket and the ind av a pole as well as we could, and thin we sailed illigant, for we darn't show a stitch o' canvas the night before, bekase it was blowin' like murthur, savin' your presence, and sure it's the woudher of the world we worn't swally'd alive by the ragin' sea.

"Well, away we wint for more nor a week, and nothin' before our too good-looking eyes but the canopy iv heaven, and the wide ocean—the broad Atlantic—not a thing was to be seen but the sea and the sky; and though the sea and the sky is mighty purty things in themselves, throth they're no great things whin you've nothin' else to look at for a week together—and the barest rock in the world, so it was land—would be more welkim. And thin, sure enough, throth our provisions began to run low, the bishkits, and

the wather, and the rain—throth that was gone first of all, and oh! it was thin that starvation began to stare us in the face—‘Oh, murder! murder, captain darlint!’ says I, ‘I wish we could see land an’ ‘here.’ says I.

“‘More power to your elbow, Paddy, my boy,’ says he, ‘for sich a good wish, and throth, it’s myself wishes the same.’

“‘Oh, says I, ‘that it may plaze you, sweet queen in heaven, supposing it was only a dissolute island,’ says I. ‘Inhabited wid Turks, sure they wouldn’t be such ‘bad Christians as to refuse uz a bit and a sup.’

“‘Whisht, whisht, Paddy!’ says the captain, ‘don’t be talkin’ bad of any one,’ says he; ‘you don’t know how soon you may want a good word put in for yourself, if you should be called to quarters in th’ other world all of a sudden!’ says he.

“‘There for you, captain, darunt,’ says I. —I called him Darlint, and made I ee wid him, you see, bekase distress make uz all equal. ‘There for you, captain, jewel —I owe no man any spite’ —and throth, that was only throth. Well, the last bishkit was served out, and the wather itself was all gone at last, and we passed the night mighty cowlid. Well, at the brake o’ day the sun riz most beautiful out o’ the waves, that was as bright as silver and as clear as crysthal. But it was only the more crule upon uz, for we wor beginnin’ to feel terrible hungry; when all at wanst I thought I spied the land—I thought I felt my heart up in my throat in a minuit, and ‘Thunder and turf, captain,’ says I, ‘look to leeward,’ says I.

“‘What for?’ says he.

“‘I think I see the land,’ says I. So he ups with his bring ‘um-near (that’s what the sailors call a spy-glass, sir) and looks out, and, sure enough, it was.

“‘Hurra!’ says he; ‘we’re all right now; pull away, my boys,’ says he.

“‘Take care you’re not mistaken,’ says I; ‘maybe it’s only a fog-bank, capt. in darlint,’ says I.

“‘Oh, no,’ says he; ‘it’s the land in airnest.’

“‘Oh, then, whereabouts in the wide world are we, captain?’ says I; ‘maybe it id be in Roosia or Proosia, or the German Ocean,’ says I.

“‘Tut, you fool,’ says he—for he had that consaited way

wid him, thinkin' himself cleverer nor any one else—'that's France,' says he.

"'Tare and ouns,' says I, 'do you tell me so? and how do you know it's France it is, captain dear?' says I.

"'Bekase this is the Bay o' Bishky we're in now,' says he.

"'Throth, I was thinkin' so myself,' says I, 'by the rowl it has; for I often heerd av it in regard o' that same;' and throth, the likes av it I never seen before nor since.

"Well, with that my heart began to grow light, and when I seen my life was safe, I began to grow twice hungrier nor ever—so says I, 'Captain, jewel, I wish we had a gridiron?'

"'Why, then,' says he, 'thundher and turf,' says he, 'what puts a gridiron into your head?'

"'Bekase I'm starvin' with the hunger,' says I.

"'And sure, bad luck to you,' says he, 'you couldn't ate a gridiron,' says he, 'barrin you wor a pelican o' the wilderness,' says he.

"'Ate a gridiron I' says I; 'och, in troth, I'm not such a gommoch all out as that, anyhow. But sure if we had a gridiron we could dress a beef-steak,' says I.

"'Arrah! but where's the beef-steak?' says he.

"'Sure, couldn't we cut a slice off the pork?' says I.

"'By the powers, I never thought o' that,' says the captain. 'You're a clever fellow, Paddy,' says he, laughing.

"'Oh, there's many a thrue word said in joke,' says I.

"'Thru for you, Paddy,' says he.

"'Well, thin, says I, 'if you put me ashore there beyant' (for we were nearin' the land all the time), 'and sure I can ask thim for to lind me the loan of a gridiron,' says I.

"'Oh, by jabbers, the butther's comin' out o' the stir-about in ainst now,' says he; 'you gommoch,' says he, 'sure I towld you before that's France—and sure they're all furriners there,' says the captain.

"'Well,' says I, 'and how do you know but I'm as good a furriner myself as any o' thim?'

"'What do you mane?' says he.

"'I mane,' says I, 'what I towld you, that I'm as good a furriner myself as any o' thim.'

"'Make me sinsible,' says he.

"'Bedad, maybe that's more nor me, or greater nor me, could do,' says I—and we all began to laugh at him, for I

thought I'd pay him off for his bit o' consait about the German Ocean.

"'Lave aff your humbuggin',' says he, 'I bid you, and tell me what it is you mane at all at all.'

"'Parley voo frongsay,' says I.

"'Oh, your humble sarvant,' says he, 'Why, you're a scholar, Paddy.'

"'Throth, you may say that,' says I.

"'Why, you're a clever fellow, Paddy,' says the captain, jeerin' like.

"'You're not the first that said that,' says I, 'whether you joke or no.'

"'Oh, but I'm in airnest,' says the captain—'and do you tell me, Paddy,' says he, 'that you spake Frinch?'

"'Parley voo frongsay,' says I.

"'By the powers, that bangs Banagher. I never met the likes o' you, Paddy,' says he. 'Pull away, boys, and put Paddy ashore.'

"'So with that, it was no sooner said nor done—they pull'd away and got close into shore in less than no time, and run the boat up in a little creek; and a beautiful creek it was, with a lovely white strand, an illegant place for ladies to bathe in the summer—and out I got; and it's stiff enough in my limbs I was after bein' cramped up in the boat, and perished with the cold and hunger, but I contrived to scramble on, one way or the other, tow'ards a little bit iv a wood that was close to the shore, and the smoke curlin' out of it, quite temptin' like.

"'By the powders o' war, I'm all right,' says I; there's a house there—and sure enough there was, and a parcel of men, women, and childer, ating their dinner round a table quite convenient. So I went up to the dure, an' I thought I'd be very civil to thim, as I heerd the Frinch was always mighty p'lite intirely—and I thought I'd show them I knew what good manners was.

"'So I took off my hat, and making a low bow, says I, 'God save all here,' says I.

"'Well, to be sure, they all stopt ating at waust, and begun to stare at me, and faith they almost looked me out of countenance—and I thought to myself it was not good manners at all—more be taken from furriners, which they call so mighty p'lite; but I never minded that, in regard of wantin'

the gridiron; 'and so,' says I, 'I beg your pardon,' says I, 'for the liberty I take; but it's only bein' in disthress in regard of ating,' says I, 'that I make howld to throuble yez; and if you could find me the loan of a gridiron,' says I, 'I'd be intin'ly obleeged to ye.'

"By jabbers, they all stared at me twice worse nor before, and with that," says I (knowing what was in their minds), 'indeed it's throe for you,' says I; 'I'm satthered to pieces, and God knows I look quare enough, but it's by reason of the storm,' says I, 'which dhruv us ashore here below, and we're all starvin'.' says I.

"So thin they began to look at each other agin, and myself, seein' at waist dirty thoughts was in their heads, and that they tuk me for a poor beggan coming to crave charity—with that," says I, 'Oh I not at all,' says I, 'by no mane; we have plenty o' mate ourselves, there below, and we'll dhress it,' says I, 'if you would be plazed to lend us the loan of a gridiron,' says I, makin' a low bow.

"Well, sir, with that, throth they stared at me twice worse nor ever, and rath I beg an to think that maybe the captain was wrong, and that it was not France at all at all," and so, says I, to a fine ould man, with a head of hair as white as silver—"maybe I'm muller or mistake," says I, 'but I thought I was in France, sir, aren't you furriers?' says I. *Partly voo froustity.*

"We, munseer," says he.

"Then would you find me the loan of a gridiron," says I, 'if you plaze!'

"Oh, it was thin that they stared at me as if I had aivin heads, and faith myself began to feel flustered like, and onaisy—and so," says I, makin' a bow and scrape agin, 'I know it's a liberty I tak', sir,' says I, 'but it's only in the regard of bein' cut away; and if you plaze, sir,' says I. *Partly voo froustity.*

"We, munseer," says he, mighty sharp.

"Then would you find me the loan of a gridiron," says I, 'and you'll obleege me!'

"Well, sir, the ould chap began to munseer me, but not a bit of a gridiron he'd gie me, and so I began to think they wa' all meygars, for all their fine manners; and throth my blood began to rise, and," says I, 'By my sowl, if it was you was in disthress,' says I, 'and if it was to ould Ireland you

kem, it's not only the gridiron they'd give you if you ax'd it, but something to put an it too, and a dhrup of dhrink into the bargain, and *cead mille faillte*."

"Well, the word *cead mille faillte* seemed to stbreck his heart, and the ould chap cocked his ear, and so I thought I'd give him another offer, and make him sensible at last and so, says I, want more, quite slow, that he might anderstand—" *Parly—voo—froungsay, munseer.*"

"We, munseer," says he.

"Then hind me the loan of a gridiron," says I, "and bad scran to you."

"Well, bad win' to the b' of it he'd gi' me, and the ould chap begin bowin' and scrapin', and said something or other about a long tongs."

"Phoo!" says I, "I don't want a tongs at all at all; but can't you listen to raison?" says I—" *Parly voo froungsay.*"

"We, munseer."

"Then hind me the loan of a gridiron," says I, and howld your prate."

"Well, what would you think, but he shook his ould uoddle as much as to say he wouldn't; and so says I, "Bad co's to the likes o' that I ever seen—throth if you were in my country it's not that a-way they'd use you; the curse o' the crows on you, you ould sanner," says I.

"So he seen I was vex'd, and I thought as I was turnin' away, I see him begin to relint, and that his conscience throbbed him; and says I, turnin' back, "Well, I'll give you one chance more—you ould thref—are you a Christhian at all at all? are you a furiner?" says I, "that all the world calls so p'hte! Bad luck to you, do you anderstand your own language?"—" *Parly voo froungsay,*" says I.

"We, munseer," says he.

"Thin, thunder and turf," says I, "will you hind me the loan of a gridiron?"

"Well, sir, never a bit of it he'd gi' me—and so with that, "The curse o' the hungry on you, you ould negardly villain," says I, "the back o' my hand and the sowl o' my foot to you; that you may want a gridiron yourself yet," says I; "and wherever I go, high and low, rich and poor, shall hear o' you," says I; and with that I lift them there, sir, and kem away—and in throth it's often since that *I thought that it was remarkable.*"

Samuel Lover.

MY LOST DOG.

THIS was the cause of all the trouble :--

LOST. -On the 10th instant, a small Terrier Dog, with a brass collar upon his neck, and the tip of his tail gone. Answers to the name of "Jack." Five dollars reward will be given to the person who returns him to John Quill, No. 84, Rickety Row

I inserted the above in the *Daily Flipflap*, in the hope that I might recover the animal, to which I was much attached. The *Flipflap* goes to press at five a.m. At half past six I was awakened by a pull at my door-bell. I got up and opened the window. As I looked out I saw a man standing in my front yard, with a mongrel dog tied to a rope. He gazed up and observed -

"Hello! Are you the fellow who lost a dog?"

"Yes, I am."

"Well, then, I've fetched him," said the man.

I then explained to the wretched human being that my dog was a terrier, while his looked more like a log of wood with half the bark off, and propped up on four sticks, than a dog of any kind.

"Well, ain't you going to take him?"

"I wouldn't take him as a gift. And I want you to move off now, or I'll call the police."

"Now, I guess you think you're smart, don't you? You don't know a good dog when you see him, you don't!" and he went out after ripping the palings off the fence.

In about a half-hour there was another ring at the bell. I went down. There was a man with six dogs, of a variety of breeds.

"Wh-wh-which of 'em's him, b-b-boss," said this fellow, for he stuttered as if he would strangle on a small syllable.

"Neither of them."

"Y-you said his name was J-Jack, d-didn't you?"

"Yes, that's it."

"W-well then, wh-wh-what d'ye call th-that?" says he, as he sang out "Jack," and the whole six dogs looked up and wagged their tails like a lot of yavin oxen in fly time.

"Why, I call it nonsense to expect me to take the whole six dogs because they're named Jack. I don't want to start

a sausage-mill, you understand. Mince-meat isn't in my line."

"W-w-w-well, ain't you going to take him?"

"Certainly not; do you suppose I'm a gibbering idiot?"

"W-w-w-well, you sh-shan't have him now, if you want him. I w-w-wouldn't trust a decent d-d-dog with a m-m-man like you, anyway."

And the six canines fell into line, and trotted down the street after him.

I had not got fairly into the house before there was another ring. Seedy-looking man with a semi-decayed yellow dog. His ribs stuck out so, that he looked as if he had gorged himself with a spiral spring.

"You advertise for a dog, I believe, Well, I caught him around here in the alley, after a desperate struggle. Fine dog, sir."

"Well, I don't think he is. He looks to me as if he wasn't well. He is too ethereal for this world, young man, depend upon it."

"Not at all, sir. Only shedding his coat, sir: all good dogs do at this time of the year. See that, sir," said this seedy Caucasian, holding the dog by the cuff of the neck. "See how he yelps; that's a sign of pluck, that dog would fight a million wild cats, he would, and lick 'em too, sir."

"Get out!" I exclaimed, and the dog put his tail between his legs and ran for the gate.

"See that, sir, see that!" said the man, as he seized him; "that's a sign he's well trained; no raw dog behaves like that, I want you to know. Now, s'pose you fork over that five."

"Not much! I don't want him, my friend."

"You won't do it? Well, then take him for seventy-five cents, and say no more about it. He's a valuable animal. You'll never get another such a chance."

"I tell you I won't have him."

"Well, don't then," said the man, as he kicked the animal over on my flower-pots and broke three of them, while the brute dashed madly down the middle of the street.

Just then a big ruffian in a slouched hat came up with a bull-dog, sprung in the knees and lamenting the entire loss of his tail. When the ruffian spoke to him he wagged the whole of the last half of him.

"I've brought that there dog," was the observation made

by the ruffian, "and I'll finger them there stamps, I reckon."

"My friend," said I, "that is not my dog."

"Yes it is, though."

"But it is not."

"Don't I tell you it is? Didn't you say the tip of his tail was gone? Well, just look at him, will you?"

"Well, I won't have him, anyhow."

"You want to cheat me, do you? I'll fix you. Sick him, Bull!" said this outrageous ruffian, as the dog flew at me, giving me barely time to get inside and shut the door on his frontispiece. I guess I squeezed the nose of that dog. But the man flung a brick at the door and went away.

In less than twenty minutes another ring. Small pock-marked man in a red shirt this time. And a speckled dog that looked as if he had been out without an umbrella when it was raining ink. Says this victim of the small-pox—

"You know that dog you advertised for. Well, here he is."

"Oh, pshaw!" said I, "you know that isn't my dog."

"You're name's Quill, ain't it?"

"It is," said I.

"Well, then, this here is the dog. He's the best ratter you ever seen. Sling them around like he was amusin' hisself, he does, and---"

"But he is not my dog."

"And he's a bully watch-dog. Look at him! Look at him now,—he's watching now! Why, he'll sit there and watch and watch, until he goes stone-blind, he will. He'll watch all night if you only let him. You never see a watcher like him. I'll jest chain him up while you go in and get the V."

"No, you needn't," said I. "I'll blow his brains out if you don't take him away."

"Well, say, stranger—I'm a little strapped to-day; jest lend me five on him till morning, will you? I'll pay you to-morrow."

"See here, now, you just get out of here," I said, for I began to get excited, you know.

"Aw! you ain't worth a cent, you actually ain't," said the pock-marked man, as he walked off, after clipping the dog over the head with one of my fence-palings.

Not a minute after up comes a man with a mastiff as big as a small horse.

"Say, boss, I want that five," was all he remarked by way of introducing the subject.

"Well, you can't get it; and if you don't leave I'll call the police," I exclaimed in despair.

"Watch him, Zip!" said the man instantly; and the dog flew at me, threw me down, and bit a slice of muscle out of my leg, and disfigured my nose for life. Then the assassin who owned him called him off and went away laughing.

I didn't answer any more rings that day; but about four o'clock in the afternoon I looked out of the second-story window, and the yard was full of men with all kinds of dogs, — black dogs, white dogs, yellow dogs, variegated dogs; flea-bitten dogs, dogs with tails, dogs without tails, rat-terriers, bull-pups, poodles, fox hounds, spaniels, Newfoundlands, mixed breeds, pointers, setters, and a multitude of other varieties, all growling yelping, barking, snapping, and jumping about until there wasn't a flower pot left in the place and the noise was worse than a menagerie at meal time.

I haven't got my dog yet. I don't want him either. I don't care if I never see another dog between this and the silent grave.

Mark Twain.

THE CHARITY DINNER.

TIME: half past six o'clock. Place: The London Tavern. Occasion: Fifteenth Annual Festival of the Society for the Distribution of Blankets and Top Boots among the Natives of the Cannibal Islands.

On entering the room, we find more than two hundred noblemen and gentlemen already assembled; and the number is increasing every minute. There are many well-known City diners here this evening. That very ordinary-looking personage, with the rubicund complexion and pimply features, is old Money Penny, senior partner of the great firm of Money Penny, Blodgers & Wobbles, corn factors of Mark-lane. He began the world as a fellowship porter, and always makes a rule of attending the principal dinners at the London Tavern, "because," as he says confidently to Wobbles, "don't you see, my boy, it's a very cheap way of

"Coming into good society." He is talking now to Sir Sandy Haggis, a Scotch baronet, with a slender purse and a large appetite, with whom he has scraped an acquaintance, and presented with a spare ticket for the festival; knowing that the Scotchman is "varra fond o' a gude dinner, specially when it costs a mon nothing at all." The preparations are now complete, and we are in readiness to receive the chairman. After a short pause, a little door at the end of the room opens, and the great man appears, attended by an admiring circle of stewards and toadies, carrying white wands, like a parcel of charity-school boys bent on beating the bounds. He advances smilingly to his post at the principal table, amid deafening cheers.

He is a very popular man, this chairman; for is he not the Earl of Mount Stuart, late one of her Majesty's Cabinet Ministers?—and his wealth and party influence are known to be enormous.

The dinner now makes its appearance, and we yield up ourselves to the enjoyments of eating and drinking. These important duties finished, and grace having been beautifully sung by the vocalists, the real business of the evening commences. The usual loyal toasts having been given, the noble chairman rises, and after passing his fingers through his hair, he places his thumbs in the armholes of his waistcoat, gives a short preparatory cough, accompanied by a vacant stare round the room, and commences as follows:—

"MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,—It is with feelings of mingled pleasure and regret that I appear before you this evening: of pleasure, to find that this excellent and world-wide-known Society is in so promising a condition; and of regret, that you have not chosen a worthier chairman; in fact, one who is more capable than myself of dealing with a subject of such vital importance as this. (Loud cheers.) But, although I may be unworthy of the honour, I am proud to state that I have been a subscriber to this Society from its commencement; feeling sure that nothing can tend more to the advancement of civilization, social reform, fireside comfort, and domestic economy among the Cannibals, than the diffusion of blankets and top-boots. (Tremendous cheering, which lasts for several minutes.) Here, in this England of ours, which is an island surrounded by water, as I suppose you all know—or, as our great poet so truthfully and

beautifully expresses the same fact, 'England bound in by the triumphant sea,'—what, down the long vista of years, have conduced more to our successes in arms, and arts, and song, than blankets? Indeed, I never gaze upon a blanket without my thoughts reverting fondly to the days of early childhood. Where should we all have been now but for those warm and fleecy coverings? My Lords and Gentlemen! Our first and tender memories are all associated with blankets: blankets when in our nurses' arms, blankets in our cradles, blankets in our cribs, blankets to our French bedsteads in our schooldays, and blankets to our four-posters now. Therefore, I say, it becomes our bounden duty as men—and, with feelings of pride, I add, as Englishmen—to initiate the untutored savage, the wild and somewhat uncultivated denizen of the prairie, into the comfort and warmth of blankets; and to supply him, as far as funds permit, with those reasonable, seasonable, luxurious, and useful appendages. At such a moment as this, the lines of another poet strike familiarly upon the ear. Let me see, they are something like this—

“Blankets have charms to soothe the savage breast,
And to—to do—a —”

I forget the rest. (Loud cheers.) Do we grudge our money for such a purpose? I answer, fearlessly, No! Could we spend it better at home? I reply, most emphatically, No! True, it may be said that there are thousands of our own people who at this moment are wandering about the streets of this great metropolis without food to eat or rags to cover them. But what have we to do with them? Our thoughts, our feelings, and our sympathies are all wafted on the wings of charity to the dear and interesting Cannibals in the far-off islands of the green Pacific Ocean. (Hear, hear.) Besides, have not our own poor the workhouses to go to; the luxurious straw of the casual wards to repose upon, if they please; the mutton broth to bathe in; and the ever toothsome, although somewhat scanty, allowance of 'toko' provided for them? And let it ever be remembered that our own people are not savages and man-eaters; and, therefore, our philanthropy would be wasted upon them. (Overwhelming applause.) To return to our subject. Perhaps some person or persons here may wonder why we should not send out side-springs and bluchers, as well as top-boots. To

THE CHARITY DINNER.

those I will say, that top-boots alone answer the object desired—namely, not only to keep the feet dry, but the legs warm, and thus to combine the double uses of shoes and stockings. Is it not an instance of the remarkable foresight of this Society, that it purposely abstains from sending out any other than top-boots? To show the gratitude of the Cannibals for the benefits conferred upon them, I will just mention that, within the last few weeks, his illustrious Majesty, Hokee Pokoy Waukey P'm the First—surrounded by his loving subjects, 'The Magnificent,' from the fact of his wearing, on Sundays, a shirt-collar and an eyeglass as full Court costume—has forwarded the president of the Society a very handsome present, consisting of two live alligators, a boa constrictor, and three pots of preserved Indian, to be eaten with toast; and I am told, by competent judges, that it is quite equal to Russian caviare.

"My Lords and Gentlemen,—I will not trespass on your patience by making any further remarks; knowing how incompetent I am—no, no! I don't mean that—knowing how incompetent you all are—no! I don't mean that either—but you all know what I mean. Like the ancient Roman lawgiver, I am in a peculiar position; for the fact is, I cannot sit down—I mean to say, that I cannot sit down without saying that, if there ever *was* an institution, it is *this* institution; and, therefore, I beg to propose, 'Prosperity to the Society for the Distribution of Blankets and Top Boots among the Natives of the Cannibal Islands.'"

The toast having been cordially responded to, his Lordship calls upon Mr. Duffer, the secretary, to read the report. Whereupon that gentleman, who is of a bland and oily temperament, and whose eyes are concealed by a pair of green spectacles, produces the necessary document, and reads, in the orthodox manner—

"'Thirtieth Half-yearly report of the Society for the Distribution of Blankets and Top Boots to the Natives of the Cannibal Islands.

"'The Society having now reached its fifteenth anniversary, the committee of management beg to congratulate their friends and subscribers on the success that has been attained.

"'When the Society first commenced its labours, the generous and noble-minded natives of the islands, together

with their King—a chief whose name is well known in connexion with one of the most stirring and heroic ballads of this country—attired themselves in the light but somewhat insufficient costume of their tribe—viz., little before, nothing behind, and no sleeves, with the occasional addition of a pair of spectacles; but now, thanks to this useful association, the upper classes of the Cannibals seldom appear in public without their bodies being enveloped in blankets, and their feet encased in top-boots.

“When the latter useful articles were first introduced into the islands, the Society's agents had a vast amount of trouble to prevail upon the natives to apply them to their proper purpose; and, in their work of civilization, no less than twenty of its representatives were massacred, roasted, and eaten. But we persevered: we overcame the natural antipathy of the Cannibals to wear any covering to their feet; until, after a time, the natives discovered the warmth and utility of boots, and now they can scarcely be induced to remove them until they fall off, through old age.

“During the past half-year, the Society has distributed no less than 71 blankets and 128 pairs of top-boots; and your committee, therefore, feel convinced that they will not be accused of inaction. But a great work is still before them; and they earnestly invite co-operation, in order that they may be enabled to supply the whole of the Cannibals with these comfortable, nutritious, and savoury articles.

“As the balance-sheet is rather a lengthy document, I will merely quote a few of the figures for your satisfaction. We have received, during the half-year, in subscriptions, donations, and legacies, the sum of £5,403 6s. 8 $\frac{3}{4}$ d. We have disbursed for advertising, &c., £222 6s. 2d. Rent, rates, and taxes, £305 10s. 0 $\frac{1}{4}$ d. Seventy-one pairs of blankets, at 20s. per pair, have taken £71 exactly; and 128 pairs of top-boots, at 21s. per pair, cost us £134 some odd shillings. The salaries and expenses of management amount to £1,307 4s. 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ d.; and sundries, which include committee meetings and travelling expenses, having absorbed the remainder of the sum, and amount to £3,268 9s. 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ d. So that we have expended on the dear and interesting Cannibals the sum of £205, and the remainder of the sum—amounting to £5,198—has been devoted to the working expenses of the Society.”

reading concluded, the secretary resumes his seat amid hearty applause, which continues until Mr. Alderman Gobbleton rises, and, in a somewhat lengthy and discursive speech—in which the phrases, “the Corporation of the City of London,” “suit and service,” “ancient guild,” “liberties and privileges,” and “Court of Common Council,” figure frequently, states that he agrees with everything the noble chairman has said; and has, moreover, never listened to a more comprehensive and exhaustive document than the one just read; which is calculated to satisfy even the most obtuse and hard-headed of individuals.

Gobbleton is a great man in the City. He has either been Lord Mayor, or Sheriff, or something of the sort; and, as a few words of his go a long way with his friends and admirers, his remarks are very favourably received.

“Clever man, Gobbleton!” says a common councilman, sitting near us, to his neighbour, a languid swell of the period.

“Ya-as, vewy! Wemarkable styël of owatowy—gweat fluency,” replies the other.

But attention, if you please!—for M. Hector de Longuebeau, the great French writer, is on his legs. He is staying in England for a short time, to become acquainted with our manners and customs.

“Milors and Gentleman!” commences the Frenchman, elevating his eyebrows and shrugging his shoulders. “Milors and Gentleman—You excellent chairman, M. Le Baron de Mount-Stuart, he have to say to me, ‘Make de toast.’ Den I say to him dat I have no toast to make; but he nudge my elbow ver soft, and say dat dere is von toast dat nobody but von Frenchman can make proper; and, derefore, wid you kind permission, I vill make de toast. ‘De breveté is de sole of de feet,’ as you great philosophers, Dr. Johnson, do say, in dat amusing little vork of his, de Pronouncing Dictionnaire; and, derefore, I vill not say ver moch to de point. Ven I vas a boy, about so moch tall, and used for to promenade de streets of Marseilles et of Rouen, vid no feet to put onto my shoe, I nevare to have exposé dat dis day would to have arrivé. I vas to begin de vorld as von gargon—or, vat you call in dis countrie, von vaitaire in a café—vere I vork ver hard, vid no habillemens at all to put onto myself, and ver little food to eat, excep von old bleu blouse vat vas

give to me by de proprietaire, just for to keep myself fit to be showed at; but, tank goodness, tings dey have changé ver moch for me sinse dat time, and I have rose myself; seulement par mon industrie et perseverance. (Loud cheers.) Ah; mes amis! ven I hear to myself de flowing speech, de oration magnifique of you Lor' Maire, Monsieur Gobbledown, I feel dat it is von great privilege for von étranger to sit at de same table, and to eat de saine food, as dat grand, dat majestique man, who are de terrour of de voleurs and de brigands of de metropolis; and who is also, I for to supposé, a halternian and de chief of you common scoundrel. Milors and gentlemans, I feel dat I can perspire to no greater honneur dan to be von common scoundrelman myself; but, hélas! dat plaisir are not for me, as I are not freeman of your great cité, not von liveryman servant of von of you compagnies joint-stock. But I must not forget de toast. Milors and Gentlemans! De immortal Shakispeare he have write, 'De ting of beauty are de joy for nevermore.' It is de ladies who are de toast. Vat is more entrancing dan de charmante smile, de soft voice, de vinking eye of de beautiful lady? It is de ladies who do sweeten de cares of life. It is de ladies who are de guiding stars of our existence. It is de ladies who do cheer but not inebriate; and, derefores, vid all homage to dere sex, de toast dat I have to propose is, 'De Ladies! God bless dem all!'

And the little Frenchman sits down amid a perfect tempest of cheers.

A few more toasts are given, the list of subscriptions is read, a vote of thanks is passed to the noble chairman; and the Fifteenth Annual Festival of the Society for the Distribution of Blankets and Top Boots among the Natives of the Cannibal Islands is at an end.

Litchfield Mosley.

(Published by Messrs. Warne & Co.)

DEATH OF PAUL DOMBEY.

PAUL closed his eyes with those words, and fell asleep. Then he awoke; the sun was high, and the broad day was clear and warm. He lay a little, looking at the windows, which were open, and the curtains rustling in the air.

and waving to and fro. Then he said, "Floy, is it to-morrow! is she come?"

Someone seemed to go in quest of her. The next thing that happened was a noise of footsteps on the stairs, and then Paul woke, woke mind and body, and sat upright in his bed. He saw them now about him. There was no grey mist before them, as there had been sometimes in the night. He knew them everyone and called them by their names. "And who is this?—is this my old nurse?" asked the child, regarding with a radiant smile a figure coming in. "Yes, yes. No other stranger would have shed those tears at sight of him, called him her dear boy, her pretty boy, her own poor blighted child. No other woman would have stooped down by his bed, and taken up his wasted hand, and put it to her lips and breast, as one who had some right to fondle it. No other woman would have so forgotten everybody there but him and Floy, and been so full of tenderness and pity.

"Floy! this is a kind, good face; I am glad to see it again. Don't go away, old nurse. Stay here. Good-bye!"

"Good-bye, my child," cried Mrs. Pipchin, hurrying to the bed's head, "Not good-bye!"

"Ah, yes, good-bye! Where's papa?"

He felt his father's breath upon his cheek before the words had parted from his lips. The feeble hand waved in the air as if it cried "good-bye" again.

"Now lay me down, and Floy, come close to me, and let me see you!"

Sister and brother wound their arms around each other, and the golden light came streaming in, and fell upon them locked together.

"How fast the river runs between its green bank and the rushes, Floy! But, its very near the sea, I hear the waves! They always said so!"

Presently he told her that the motion of the boat upon the stream was lulling him to rest, how green the banks were now, how bright the flowers growing on them, how tall the rushes! Now, the boat was out at sea, but gliding smoothly on. And now, there was a shore before him.

Who stood on the bank?

He put his hands together, as he had been used to do, at

his prayers. He did not remove his arms to do it, but they saw him fold them so, behind his sister's neck.

"Mamma is like you, Floy, I know her by the face. But tell them that the picture on the stairs at school is not divine enough. The light about the head is shining on me as I go!"

The golden ripple on the wall came back again, and nothing else stirred in the room. The old, old fashion, the fashion, that came in with our first garments, and will last unchanged until our race has run its course and the wide firmament is rolled up like a scroll. The old, old fashion death!

Oh! thank God, 'all who see it, for that older fashion yet of immortality. And look upon us, angels of young children, with regards not quite estranged, when the swift river bears us also to the Ocean!

Charles Dickens.

OUR CURATE.

THE spiritual care and guidance of our village folk rests entirely with the curate, as our vicar is known to us by name only. True, one of our villagers once asserted that he had seen him; but after the matter had been duly considered by the entire population, it was unanimously resolved that from that time forth no reliance should be placed upon his word.

The very best curate we have ever had, within my recollection, was the Rev. Lionel Fern—he *was* a curate.

He was such a fine fellow to look at, to begin with—tall, broad-shouldered, and athletic. If I stood at my gate on a dark night, I could always identify his step in the village street. It was so firm, so regular; if you had heard it once you must always know it. Then he was such a worker! He was never tired; he would tramp miles and miles to visit the sick; he never left a task undone. And yet I somehow felt that he was not the right man for the place.

I can hardly tell you what it was that led me to think so; it was an air of discontent, or rather of impatience, arising, I believe, from his great bodily strength. He felt that his

might have been a greater one had his lot been cast in another place; he chafed and fretted at being kept in a little parish such as ours; and thus it was that although he was as kind-hearted, cheerful, and hearty as it is possible for a man to be, there was lacking in his manner towards the sick, the sorrowful and the poor, that gentle sympathy, that graceful kindness and kindly grace, emanating from something nobler and better, something grander, manlier, and higher than a mere good-natured flow of animal spirits.

By common consent we never called him Mr. Fern: he was always spoken of as "our curate;" so it is as our curate that I shall write of him now, although he left us so long ago that the young rose planted over him by loving hands is now a knotted, gnarled old bush.

Our curate didn't live in the village; he lodged at a farmhouse about a mile and a-half away; and three times a week he came swinging into the village at seven o'clock in the morning to meet the postman, who always had a letter for him those mornings. Of course, we used to laugh a little, and say they must be very important letters that brought him into the village a full hour before the time for matins in the church.

One morning he hired the gig from the Dragon, and drove away over the hill to the nearest railway station. Of course we watched eagerly for his return, and by-and-by we were rewarded by seeing him drive into the village with a young lady by his side. He showed her his church with pardonable pride, and she cried a little because, she said, it was so strange, and so very delightful that he was good enough to preach Christianity, and clever enough to work a parish, and yet he could love her and find pleasure in her society. Then they wandered away into the woods together, and in the evening he drove with her over the hill again, and returned with his face perfectly radiant with happiness.

I need hardly tell you what she was like—they are all very much alike, the women who are loved by these large-hearted, broad-shouldered, muscular fellows. She was little and slight, timid and trusting—she was just the little woman to enslave a man like our curate.

And, oh, how he loved her!

Of course I have been writing of the summer time; but

summer must always pass by, to make way for the coming of winter. If life were only perpetual summer—if it were only all green lanes and laziness, sunshine and love, what a happy, happy world ours would be! and, oh! what a very poor preparation for the next!

Our village is on the sea-coast, and in winter time we often have very severe weather; but no matter how cold the wind blew across the bay, our curate met the postman just the same as before, and received his dearly-prized letter. But one of our villagers said he often looked grave and troubled after he had read it.

One morning there was no letter for him. Poor fellow! he seemed so miserable all the day, that though we laughed at him a little, we pitied him all the same; and though the following morning was not one of the mornings on which his letters came, he met the postman again.

"I guess your letter's missed the mail this time, sir," said the postman. And our curate said, "Yes, I guess it has. I daresay the mail service will be very irregular; there is so much snow about." Then he strode down to the beach, undressed, and had a swim.

But the letters often missed the mail now, or, at all events, they didn't come; and at last he met the postman every morning for a fortnight, and there was no letter at all. After that he came to meet him no more.

"You do seem poorly, like, sir," said the postman, one morning in May, as he left the letters at the farmhouse. "Here's a letter for you, sir, in the old handwriting."

So there was; but it was only the writing that was the same. It was just a short note to tell him she was going to be married, and asking him to forgive and forget her. Our curate spent the night on his knees in the silent, dark, empty church, praying that his reason might not forsake him; and the next morning he was gone.

We saw him no more for many weeks. An old college friend of his came to take his duty, and we heard that he was abroad; but when the reaper put in his sickle, and all the country round about us was lovely with the loveliness of harvest, he came back to us. Yes, he came back with the same firm step and manly bearing, with the same pleasant words and hearty manner; and yet he was altogether changed. All the old discontent, the fretting and

had vanished. He was meek, patient, and gentle towards all, but almost Christlike when he went among the sick and the poor. His whole life was given up to his work, and that work was done in such a way that all the village worshipped him; and if it had been necessary that one of us should lay down his life for him, I rather think we should have fought for the honour. So our curate endeared himself to us, and so he lived, and suffered, and overcame in our midst for three long years.

Never, within my recollection, has there been such a winter for storms and wrecks upon our coast as the winter of 18—. Ship after ship was cast upon the rocks and dashed to pieces; and many a night were we called upon to entertain the castaways, and help them to regain their homes.

One night, when the wind was blowing very heavily, I was awakened by the noise caused by the lifeboat being drawn through the village street to the beach. Accompanying it came the tramp of many feet, but, above all, I could distinguish the firm regular step of our curate. I hurried down to the shore, and found it already alive with men, women, and children. Our curate, dressed in white flannels, stood with his arms folded and one foot upon the gunwale of the boat, looking the finest fellow of them all.

It appeared there was a ship on the rocks, rapidly going to pieces, so no time was lost in getting the boat afloat. Our curate lifted his cap for a moment, then, without a word, he stepped in and took the stroke oar. It was no child's play, pulling through that awful sea. It seemed hours before the boat returned, crowded with her living freight. The vessel, it appeared, was a passenger steamer, bound to London, and driven out of her course by the gale. We had made a big fire on the beach, and by its light we could now watch the boat take its way a second time to the doomed ship. She had got within a few yards of her, when the steamer suddenly collapsed and went down. Then the lifeboat's crew began to throw out oars, bolts, and ropes, and I saw a tall, white figure rise in the boat and plunge overboard. I knew it was our curate.

The boat came back without him. It had done good work, but could not reach him. But in a very few minutes he was flung upon the sand, with a human form clasped tight in his arms.

Oh, strange, oh, wonderful vision! He had held her in his arms, as he had done long, long ago—the love who had slighted and forgotten him; who had given him so heavy a cross to bear. But the slight arms were tight round his neck now, and the fair hair strayed among his crisp, chestnut curls, like rays of sunlight over a wondrous autumnal landscape.

Did they live? There is not a more charitable, open-hearted woman, nor a more earnest church worker, in our village to-day, than Mrs. Wilbraham, the widow lady whose husband went down with that ill-fated vessel; but our curate had laboured earnestly and well, so God promoted him to a better living.

("Young Folks' Paper.")

W. G. Squire.



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